★ Oct. 18, 1947

THE NEW YORKER

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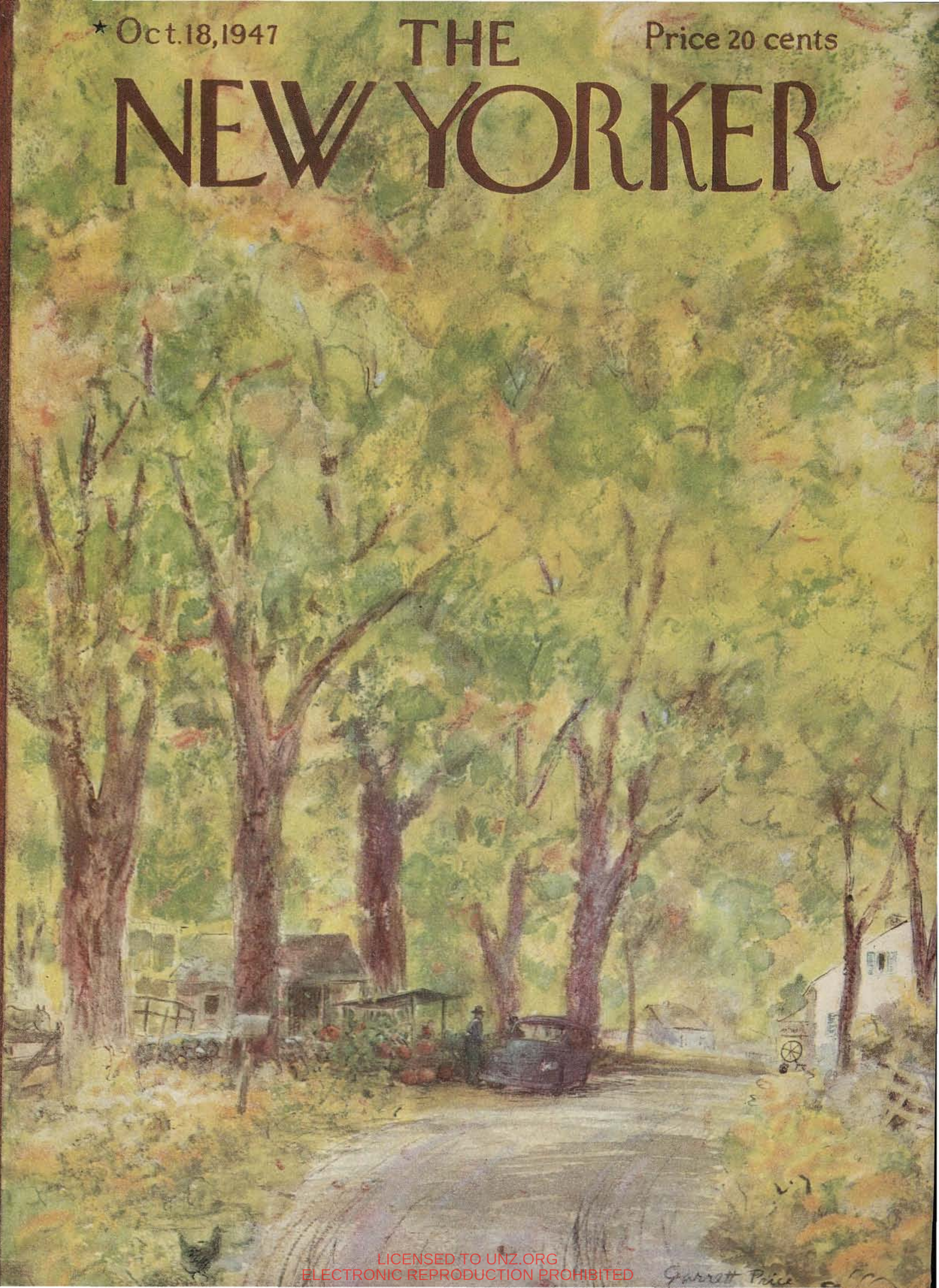
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ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MATINEE TODAY

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All My Sons—Arthur Miller's well-meant, sometimes eloquent play dealing with war profits and war ideals, which could do with a leaner and less tricky plot. Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance, for the Stage Relief Fund, Sunday evening, Oct. 19.)

Command Decision—This play about a heroic officer and the tragic choice he has to make may remind you of a lot of others, but it is still a good, tense piece of work. Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, Paul McGrath, and Edmond Ryan. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Dear Judas—Robinson Jeffers' mystical apology for the Betrayal is totally unsuited to the stage, in spite of Michael Myerberg's skillful production. With Margaret Wycherly, Roy Hargrave, and Ferdi Hoffman. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Heiress—Ruth and Augustus Goetz, aided by Jed Harris's intelligent direction, have turned this Henry James novel about the brutal jilting of a plain girl into an absorbing play. Wendy Hiller, Basil Rathbone, and Patricia Collinge are in the excellent cast. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How I Wonder—Donald Ogden Stewart has attempted to apply nonsense humor to a discussion of world affairs, with really disastrous results. Raymond Massey heads a cast that includes Everett Sloane, Carol Goodner, and Meg Mundy. Garson Kanin is the director. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

John Loves Mary—There are some laughs, and a number of bogus characters and situations, in this dapperly tailored farce by Norman Krasna. With Nina Foch, William Prince, Margaret Bannerman, and Loring Smith. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Man and Superman—Mr. Shaw's 1903 essay on women and marriage has been given a splendid production by Maurice Evans, who also stars in it, but it still shows its age. Frances Rowe, Carmen Mathews, Malcolm Keen, and Chester Stratton. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Our Lan'—This drama, interspersed with spirituals, has to do with the Negroes' attempt to get their "forty acres and a mule" after the Civil War. The theme is interesting and the singing is good, but the play itself seems rather primitive for Broadway. Eddie Dowling has directed a cast that includes Muriel Smith, William Veasey, Valerie Black, and Julie Haydon. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Young Man's Fancy—No need to give it a second thought. It broods vaguely over life in a summer camp for boys, and gets better acting than it deserves. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**born yesterday:** Paul Douglas and Judy Holliday in the piece about a conniving junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **burlesque:** The old one concerning a drunken comedian, who is played by Bert Lahr. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **happy birthday:** Helen Hayes as a girl who has herself a hell of a time at a bar. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **harvey:** Frank Fay, Josephine Hull, and that rabbit. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the voice of the turtle:** The sergeant on a weekend pass. Harvey Stephens, Phyllis Ryder, and Peggy French are the cast these days. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:35.)

MUSICALS

Allegro—You are not apt to find much to remind you of "Oklahoma!" in this elaborate account of thirty-five years in a man's life, which might have made a good soap opera. Richard Rodgers' songs are better than Oscar Hammerstein's book or Agnes de Mille's dances, but even they are rather disappointing. The principals are Annamary Dickey, John Battles, John Conte, Roberta Jonay, Kathryn Lee, Muriel O'Malley, and Lisa Kirk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

Brigadoon—Scottish accents run wild in this rich, handsome fantasy, which has melodious music, a tender spirit, and not much in the way of comedy. David Brooks and Pamela Britton. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Button Shoes—Nanette Fabray's piercing birdcalls and Jerome Robbins' hilarious Mack Sennett ballet are the high points of this one, but it is all pretty good fun. George Abbott has directed a cast that includes Phil Silvers, Joey Faye, Jack McCauley, and Mark Dawson. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Medium and **The Telephone**—Two graceful and ingenious chamber operas, composed and written by Gian-Carlo Menotti and performed flawlessly by Marie Powers, Frank Rogier, and Marilyn Cotlow. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Music in My Heart—A little something that may or may not have happened to Tschaikowsky, set to a vulgarization of his music. With Charles Fredericks, Vivienne Segal, and Martha Wright. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Under the Counter—This British musical is funny enough when Cicely Courtneidge can get out from under the plot. Unfortunately, there's quite a lot of plot. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**annie get your gun:** The life of a lady sharpshooter. Mary Jane Walsh is substituting for Ethel Merman through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **call me mister:** Converting G.I.s to civilian use. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **finian's rainbow:** A leprechaun in the Deep South. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **oklahoma!:** It's indestructible. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so you'd do well to check with the newspapers before making definite plans.)

Medea—Judith Anderson, John Gielgud, and Florence Reed in Robinson Jeffers' adaptation of the Euripides play. Directed by Mr. Gielgud, and produced by Robert Whitehead and Oliver Rea. Opens Monday, Oct. 20. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

An Inspector Calls—A play by J. B. Priestley, with a cast that includes Thomas Mitchell, Melville Cooper, Doris Lloyd, and John Buckmaster. Directed by Cedric Hardwicke, and produced by Courtney Burr and Lassor H. Grosberg. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 21. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30 Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter.)

The Druid Circle—Leo G. Carroll in a new play written and directed by John van Druten. The producer is Alfred de Liagre, Jr. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 22. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Ballet—Alicia Markova, Anton Dolin, and their company, in three performances. (Metropoli-

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NEW YORK BEVERLY HILLS DETROIT

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, Oct. 17-19, at 8:30.)

Anna Lucasta—A return engagement of Philip Yordan's all-Negro play, with Isabelle Cooley, Warren Coleman, and other members of the old cast. Produced by John Wildberg and directed by Harry Wagstaff Gribble. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 18.)

Icetime of 1948—Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Rodeo—The usual mélange of cowboys, irascible horses, and formidable Brahma bulls, along with Gene Autry and his horse Champion, both of whom are even-tempered. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Asadata Dafora—With his group, in a program of African dances. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 17. Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Oct. 22-23, at 8:40.)

Children's Entertainment—Susan Reed, the folk singer, in a special program for youngsters. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 17. Sunday afternoon, Oct. 19, at 3:30.) . . . ¶ The first of two concert programs for children under nine presented by the Philharmonic-Symphony Society, with Walter Hendl conducting members of the Philharmonic. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447. Saturday morning, Oct. 18, at 11.) . . . ¶ Films of interest to small fry are shown on Saturday mornings at 11 at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre (Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180). The Beacon Theatre (Broadway at 74th St., TR 4-9132) provides children's films and vaudeville every Saturday from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—The orchestra of Lary Siry, who's as much of a Park Avenue landmark as the Ambassador itself, and a rumba band play for dancing in the Trianon Room.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Lanny Ross and his *bel canto* are the principal embellishments of the Bowman Room. Two dance orchestras.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58th St. (PL 5-9223)—Lucienne Boyer, with a new sheaf of those terribly sad or terribly gay French songs. Jimmy Savo will take over starting Friday, Oct. 24. Abbey Albert's orchestra for dancing.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras, rapping out their pleasant music for God, for country, and especially for Yale.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8760)—All that glitters is not gold, but the customers here can almost fool you. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—There's an unelaborate show at dinner and supper in the Cotillion Room. Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays for tea dancing daily and during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—Liberace, the comic pianist, is in the Persian Room at dinner and supper, and there is dancing all evening to Joel Herron's and Mark Monte's orchestras.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Harold Sandler's string orchestra during dinner in the Oval Room; no dancing.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the opulent Iridium Room, Paul Sparr's orchestra plays for dancing. This year, evening dress is required on the dance floor. . . . ¶ Downstairs, in the Maisonette, Beryl Davis proves that English torch singers are just like American torch singers with an accent. Two small orchestras furnish dance music.

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Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—In the urbane Café Lounge, Irving Conn's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band provide non-stop music. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A play pen for kiddies who seem to have no bedtime at all. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Dwight Fiske, a grown-up Peter Pan, being just as naughty as he can be. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band for dancing.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Sert Room offers Jean Sablon at supper, and music all evening by Nat Brandwynne's and Mischa Borr's orchestras. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Piano playing after nine o'clock by Cy Walter, and at cocktails and dinner by Les Crosley. . . . **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Sprightly music by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band in this lively corner. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano music. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox, playing the piano after ten-thirty. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Piano music. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Dagger-dancing, vigorous violin music, and other jolly-peasant entertainment. . . . **DORSET BAR,** 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): Les Crosley at the piano after eight-thirty. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Lou Hawkins at the piano after ten. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54th St. (CI 7-2700): The unique Joe Mooney Quartet, giving an intellectual Spike Jones treatment to some of your favorite old songs. . . . **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Jules Lande's orchestra plays for dinner dancing, and Belle Gale supplies piano music after nine. . . . **ST. MORITZ,** 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): An unpretentious sort of place, with a small dance orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler at the piano after nine-thirty. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An agreeable and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin atmosphere and Latin music. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Nellie Lutcher, a leading exponent of the come-here-baby brand of lyric, dominates the show in this ancient Village cellar. Dance music, too.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): Ray Bolger, looking as wry and gangling as ever, in the center of a show that at times resembles a professional hurley match. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, spinning jokes about race horses, headwaiters, and Broadway characters, to the robust delight of the customers, who seem to get all the references. Dance music by Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Willie Howard, who invented vaudeville just after the Civil War, and a floor show invented in 1492.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): An engaging assemblage of youngsters—Alice Pearce, the Three Flames, Amanda Lane, Phil Gordon, and the Ellis Larkin Trio—all neat as pins and bright as buttons. . . . **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan's still, small voice is as fetching as ever. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Chippie Hill, bringing back memories of the twenties at the top of her lungs; Jay Marshall, contributing humor of the forties. Dancing. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Words and music by Sheila Barrett and Spivy herself, who haven't an illusion about life left between them. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Louise Howard, as much at home with a bit of comedy as with a mournful song.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Georg Brunis, Wild Bill Davison, Peanuts Hucko, and others, all in good tongue. On Tuesday evenings, associate professors of the art are likely to drop in. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Russell, Muggsy Spanier, and their colleagues, blowing their little hearts out. Thursday night is visitors' night here. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney Bechet's trio, turning out an amiable din. A jam session every Sunday afternoon. . . . **FAMOUS DOOR,** 56 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8148): A slightly phrenetic quintet headed by Roy Eldridge, and Stuff Smith's knockdown trio.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Richard Himber's orchestra. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Claude Thornhill's orchestra will be replaced by Johnny Long's on Monday, Oct. 20. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

Georges Braque—A handsome display of paintings owned by private collectors; also, ballet sketches by Picasso. (Arnold Seligmann-Helft, 11 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 22.)

Carlyle Brown—First one-man showing of paintings by a man whose taste isn't always as sure as his technique. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 25.)

Charles Burchfield—Landscapes in water color, demonstrating his progression from realism toward, in some cases, sheer whimsey. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through Nov. 1.)

Minna Citron—A new show of abstractions. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 18.)

Norman Daly—Abstract paintings, a number of them with considerable depth of feeling, based on Southwest Indian motifs. (Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 1.)

Louis Eilshemius—A privately owned collection of his paintings, not the best examples one could wish for. (Chinese, 32 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 25.)

Vladimir Golschmann Collection—A small, well-balanced assortment of French moderns, some of them never exhibited before, belonging to the conductor of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 25.)

Groups—At the **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.: Oils by Douglas Gorsline, Sol Wilson, and others; through Oct. 25. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57th St.: A show of new work by the gallery's

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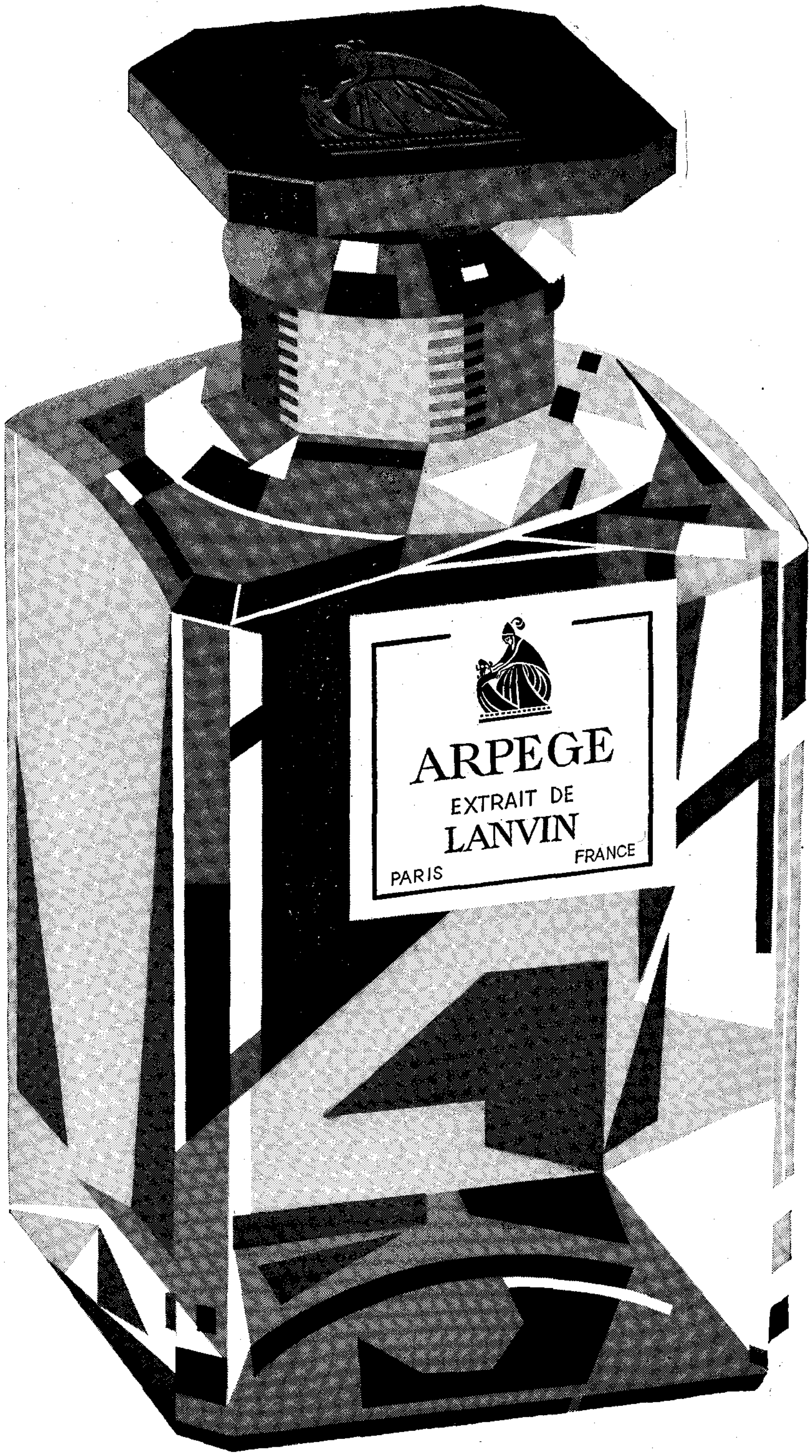
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DE PINNA

FIFTH AVENUE at 52nd ST., N. Y. 19

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

group and guest artists; daily, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 17. . . . DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: Twenty-second annual fall showing, with a new picture by each of the gallery's members; through Oct. 18. . . . NEW-AGE, 133 E. 56th St.: The first group exhibition in the gallery's new, midtown establishment; through Oct. 25. . . . NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.: Recent paintings by Mario Carreño, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Stuart Davis, and other members of the school's art faculty; Mondays through Fridays, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through Oct. 18. . . . NORLYST, 59 W. 56th St.: Paintings, some of them marked by a good deal of freshness, by a group of younger Midwestern and Eastern artists; through Oct. 18.

IRENE HAMAR—Uninvolved, graceful semi-abstract sculptures in stone and wood. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 18.)

HENRI LAURENS—The dean of French abstract sculptors, in his first exhibit here in ten years. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 18.)

MIRIAM MCKINNIE—First one-man show here, of paintings that mingle modern simplifications with a touch of Italian Renaissance in a fairly pleasant way. (Salpeter, 128 E. 56th St.; through Oct. 25.)

PAUL MELTSNER—Impressionist paintings of life in New York; a benefit for the Sister Elizabeth Kenny Foundation. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 25.)

NINETEENTH-CENTURY AMERICAN—Eakins, Homer, Blakelock, and fourteen others, in a celebration of this gallery's thirty-eighth year on 57th Street. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 25.)

AMÉDÉE OZENFANT—New paintings, marred a little by their mystical style, by one of the early leaders of the abstract movement. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 1.)

PAINTINGS OF THE YEAR—The fourth Pepsi-Cola Annual, crisper and better-organized than any of its predecessors. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesday and Thursday evenings, 7 to 10 P.M.; through Nov. 2.)

CARLOS PRADO—Paintings, mostly of tropical town life, full of freshness and motion. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 25.)

RUDOLF RAY—Oils intended to portray women's minds and emotions. The artist is probably the only person who can say whether they are successful. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 1.)

JACK YEATS—Canvases by this Irish artist that sometimes carry Expressionism to the point of splashiness. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Oct. 25.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Picasso, done before 1907; through Nov. 8. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58th St.: Camille Bombois; through Nov. 8. . . . A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Tromka; through Nov. 1. . . . LEVITT, 16 W. 57th St.: Leon Zouté; through Nov. 1. . . . KOOTZ, 15 E. 57th St.: Byron Browne; through Nov. 1. . . . PARSONS, 15 E. 57th St.: Boris Margo; through Nov. 1. . . . MATISSE, 41 E. 57th St.: Jean Dubuffet; through Nov. 1. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: William Palmer; through Oct. 31. . . . JULIEN LEVY, 42 E. 57th St.: Kay Sage; through Nov. 3. . . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57th St.: Allen Tucker; through Nov. 1. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Portraits of Jimmy Savo; through Oct. 25.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan collection of paintings by thirteen contemporary British artists, including Henry Moore, Graham Sutherland, and John Tunnard; through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Sculptures by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans; through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ A collection of nineteenth-century American glass; through Nov. 15. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A compact but comprehensive show of paintings by Ben Shahn; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Drawings, blueprints, models, and photographs in a retrospective exhibition of work by Mies van der Rohe, the architect; through Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—Paintings by Albert Ryder, from the Museum's permanent collection. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 30.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Thursday evening, Oct. 16, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 17, at 8:45: "Salome." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 18, at 8:15: "Rigoletto." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 19, at 2:30: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 19, at 8:15: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 23, at 8:15: "Don Giovanni." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 24, at 8:45: "Ariadne." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 25, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Leopold Stokowski conducting: Thursday evening, Oct. 16, at 8:45; Friday afternoon, Oct. 17, at 2:30; and Sunday afternoon, Oct. 19, at 3 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 23, at 8:45; and Friday afternoon, Oct. 24, at 2:30 (both with Nathan Milstein, violin soloist). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 25, at 8:45 (no soloists).

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA—Edgar Schenkman conducting. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday evening, Oct. 17, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call AC 2-6100.)

SAIDENBERG LITTLE SYMPHONY—Daniel Saidenberg conducting. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 17. Sunday evening, Oct. 19, at 8:40.)

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Leonard Bernstein conducting, with Arnold Eidus, violin soloist. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Monday and Tuesday evenings, Oct. 20-21, at 8:30.)

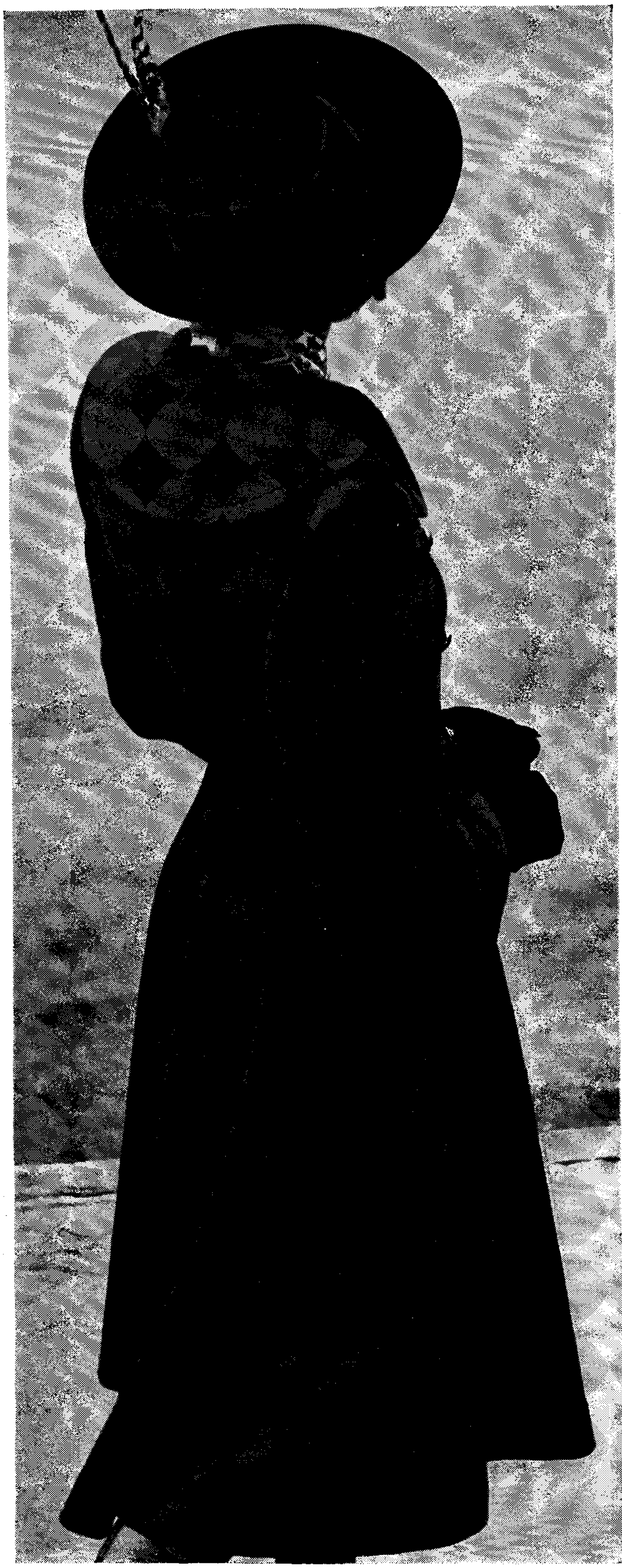
LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas K. Scherman conducting, with Claudio Arrau, piano soloist. (Town Hall. Monday evening, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

MONTREAL WOMEN'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Ethel Stark conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTANTE—Michel Nazzi conducting this chamber group. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday evening, Oct. 24, at 8:45.)

RECITALS

TOM SCOTT—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Thursday evening, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ARNOLD EIDUS—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

ALEXANDER BOROVSKY—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, Oct. 18, at 2:30.)

MISCHA ELMAN—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday evening, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

ANDOR FOLDES—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday evening, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

TOSSY SPIVAKOVSKY—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

ROSALYN TURECK—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday evening, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

ANATOLE KITAIN—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

STANLEY HUMMEL—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, Oct. 25, at 2:30.)

COMPOSERS FORUM—Lukas Foss, piano; Lucy Brown, piano; and others, in a program of music by Mr. Foss and Ulysses Kay. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, ext. 543. Saturday evening, Oct. 25, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

MISCELLANY

KING COLE TRIO—Jazz recital. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, Oct. 18, at 6 P.M.)

VARIETY CONCERT—Houdini, the Calypso singer, along with Cozy Cole, and others. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Oct. 18, at 11:30.)

JAZZ CONCERT—With Illinois Jacquet, Shadow Wilson, and others. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Oct. 25, at 11:30.)

SPORTS

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, OCT. 18: Army vs. Virginia Tech, at West Point, at 2 P.M.; Cornell vs. Navy, at Ithaca, at 2 P.M.; Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover, at 2 P.M.; Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge, at 2 P.M.; N.Y.U. vs. West Virginia, at Yankee Stadium, at 2 P.M.; Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia, at 2 P.M.; Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2 P.M.; Rutgers vs. Fordham, at New Brunswick, at 2 P.M.; Yale vs. Wisconsin, at New Haven, at 2 P.M. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 25: Colgate vs. Brown, at Hamilton, at 2 P.M.; Columbia vs. Army, at Baker Field, at 2 P.M.; Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2 P.M.; Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 2 P.M.; Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton, at 2 P.M.; Yale vs. Springfield, at New Haven, at 2 P.M.

DOG SHOW—National Capital Kennel Club. (Chevy Chase, Md., Sunday, Oct. 19.)

HORSE SHOW—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa., Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 21-25.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa., Saturday, Oct. 18.) . . . ¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa., Saturday, Oct. 25.)

POLO—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase, N.Y.: Sundays at 3:30 P.M. . . . BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury, L.I.: Sunday, Oct. 19, at 3:30 P.M. (last match of the season).

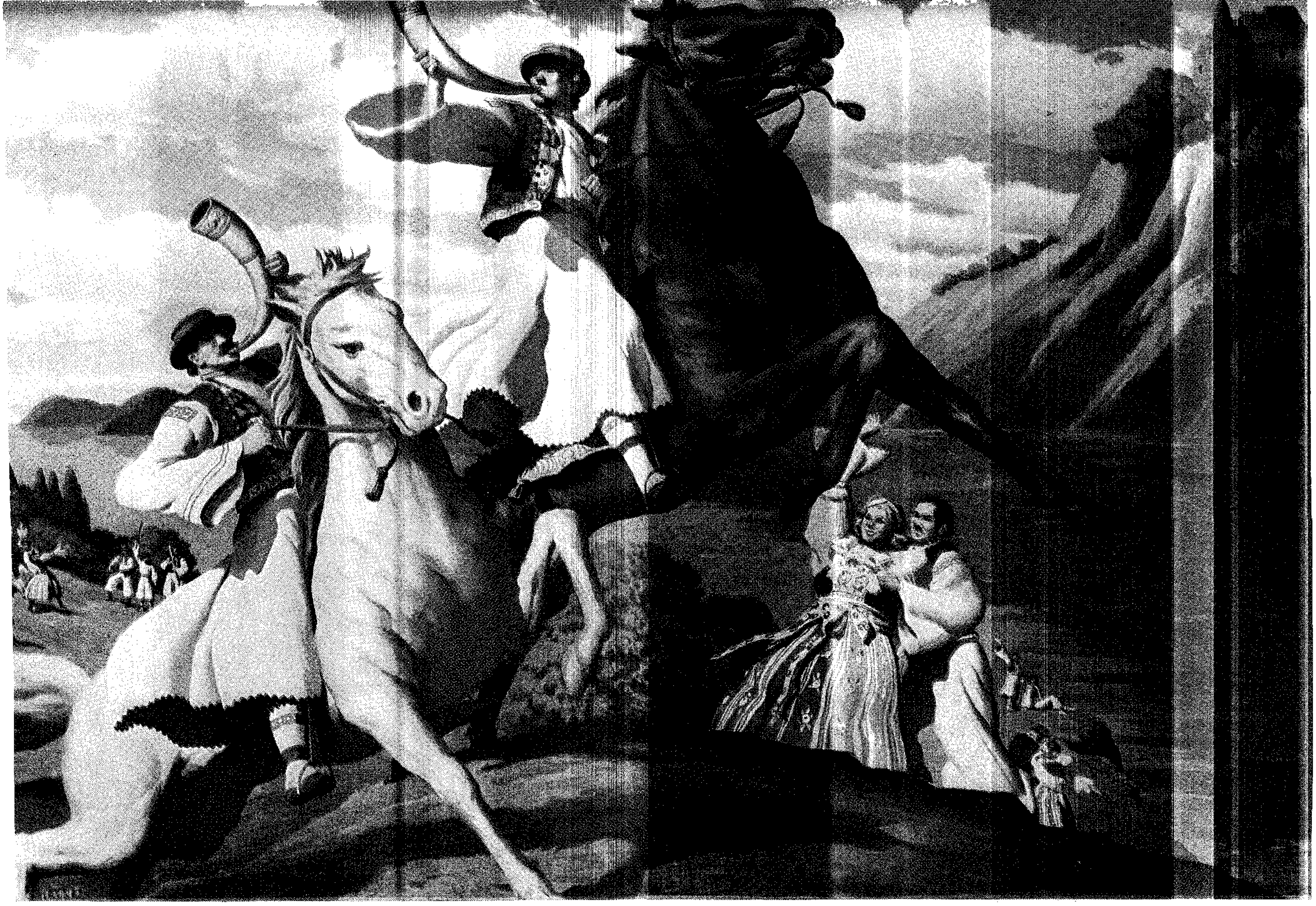
PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Dodgers vs. Buffalo. (Ebbets Field, Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:30 P.M.)

RACING—At Jamaica: Weekdays at 1:15 P.M.; through Oct. 28. The Frizette Stakes, Oct. 18; the Gallant Fox Handicap, Oct. 25. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mondays through Fridays between 11:10 A.M. and 1:10 P.M., and Saturdays between 10:47 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I.: Daily at 8:40 P.M.; through Saturday, Oct. 18. (A special train leaves Penn Station daily at 7:03 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—About six hundred visitors are admitted to each plenary meeting of the General Assembly. For tickets, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, early on the day before you want to go. Trains leave Penn Station at half-hour intervals for the special United Nations stop at Flushing Meadow. . . . ¶ Committees of the General Assembly meet at Lake Success, in rooms accommodating up to a hundred onlookers. About twice that number of visitors continue to be admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic



"The Moldau," symphonic poem from the cycle, "My Country," by Friedrich Smetana, interpreted for the Capehart Collection by Robert Riggs. In the foreground, the artist portrays the huntsmen, sounding the horns heard in the music. Below, on the banks of the Moldau, is a wedding party, and high across the majestic river, a legendary castle. Reproductions from the Capehart Collection may be obtained at nominal cost from your Capehart dealer, or the Capehart Division.

The River that speaks Czech Freedom kindled the blood of the great Czech composer, Friedrich Smetana, and with the new Capehart you can hear, as you have never heard outside the symphonic hall, the yearning cry of his native land. This magnificent instrument transports you to Bohemian fields and meadows, the coiling brook which becomes the Moldau, the jocular dancing of the peasantry, a place determined upon liberty. Here is music as the composer created it . . . vibrant, pulsating, panchromatic . . . on the most nearly perfect instrument for musical reproduction.

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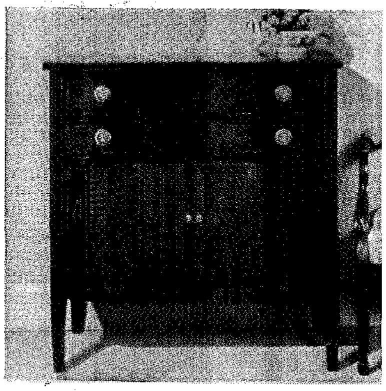

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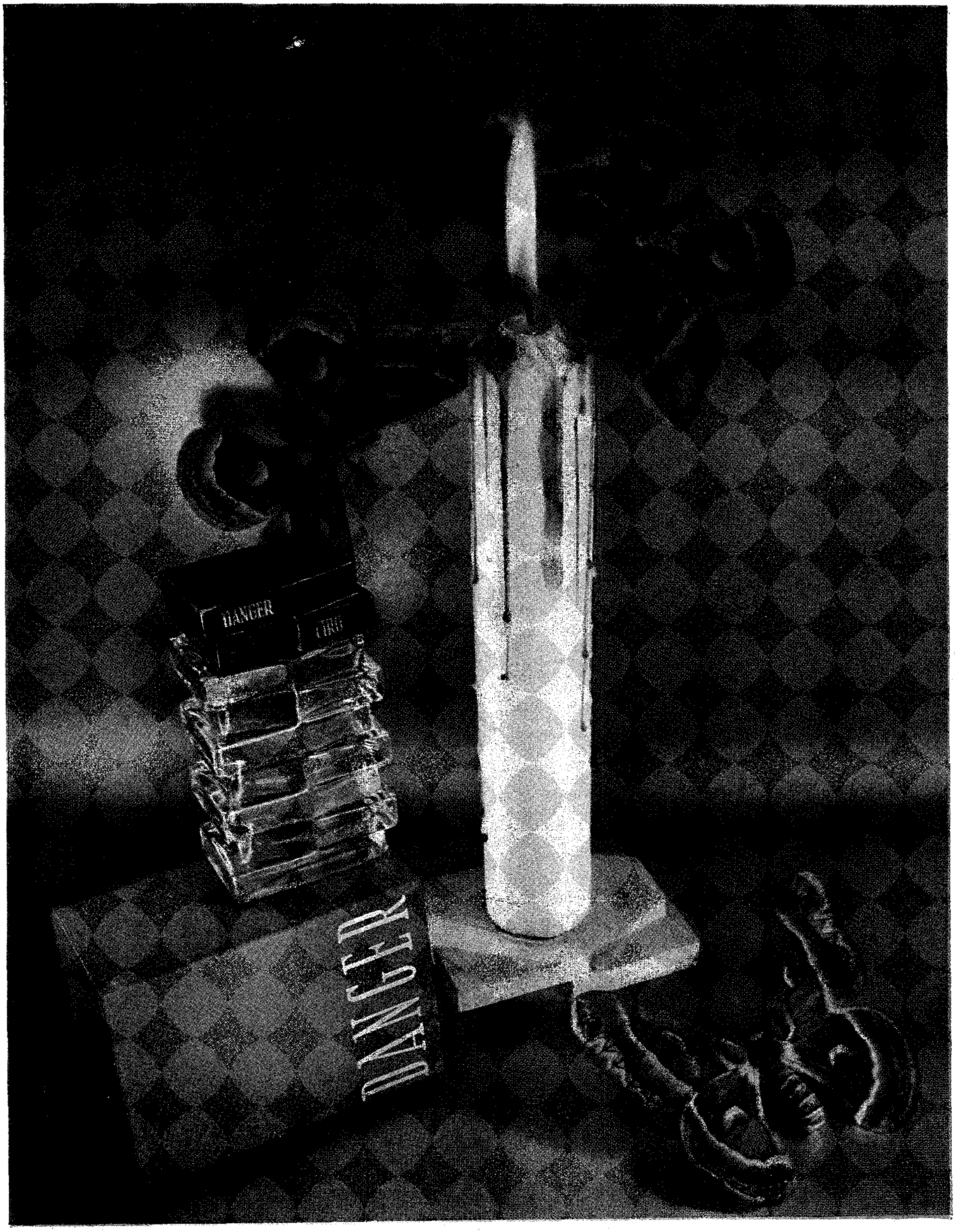

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, after 3 P.M. on the day before you want to go. Frequent trains from Penn Station to Great Neck are met by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW—Outdoor plantings of hardy chrysanthemums, and the competitive exhibits of the Eastern States Chrysanthemum Society. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 24-26, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

ANTIQUE SHOWS—The first annual exhibit of the Art and Antique Dealers League. (Hotel Shelton, Lexington Ave. at 49th St. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 16-17, from 11 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.) . . . ¶ The New York Antiques Fair. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Friday, Oct. 20-24, from 1 to 11 P.M.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. —A display of rare copies of eighteen classics, including an edition of Plato printed in Venice in 1513 and a manuscript of the Declaration of Independence in Jefferson's own hand. (Main Hall. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 31.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Park W. at 76th St.—An exhibition, commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the consolidation of Greater New York. There are maps, old photographs, and other memorabilia of the five boroughs which recall the days when one could reach a friend in Brooklyn by addressing a letter to him "near the Episcopal Church." (Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is called "Fall Skies." (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57th St.: Egyptian scarabs, sculptures, and other objects of art, from the collections of M. A. Mansoor and Thomas E. H. Curtis. (Auction, Thursday, Oct. 16, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ English eighteenth-century furniture and objects of art, owned by the late Herbert L. Satterlee and others. (Exhibition, Thursday, Oct. 16, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Nineteenth- and twentieth-century etchings and engravings, including some plates by Whistler, and a number of prints by Dürer and Rembrandt, from the collections of Mrs. Dudley Olcott and others. (Exhibition, Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 16-18, and Monday, Oct. 20, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 21-22, at 8 P.M.) . . . ¶ French eighteenth-century and Italian Renaissance furniture, collected by Mrs. Dudley Olcott and others. (Exhibition, Saturday, Oct. 18, and Monday through Thursday, Oct. 20-23, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, at 2 P.M.) . . . **KENDE GALLERIES**, at Gimbel's, Broadway at 33rd St.: A hundred and fifteen autograph letters of George Washington, collected by Edward A. Armstrong. (Exhibition, Thursday, Oct. 16, from 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; auction, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, at 2 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC.

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sunday, Oct. 19, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Karl Krueger conducting, Sunday, Oct. 19, at 8 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Milton Katims conducting, Saturday, Oct. 18, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Juilliard Orchestra, Edgar Schenkman conducting, Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC.

SPORTS—Football: Army vs. Virginia Tech, Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2 P.M., WHN, WNYC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Raymond Swing, Sundays at 1:15 P.M., WJZ.

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FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

Crossfire—There wouldn't be a great deal to this mystery film if it didn't offer some startlingly frank talk about anti-Semitism. Robert Ryan is effectively villainous as a Jew-baiter, and Sam Levene is wholly convincing as his victim. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Oct. 22.)

Extenuating Circumstances—A band of veteran character actors make a fairly merry item out of this French piece, which is based on a preposterous tale of a retired judge and a gang of crooks. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, GR 5-9738; starting Oct. 18.)

The Hucksters—There's a trifle too much of Clark Gable's determined charm in this adaptation of Frederic Wakeman's book about advertising, but Sydney Greenstreet and Adolphe Menjou work up some amusing scenes. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 17.... ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Oct. 18.... ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Oct. 19-21.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Oct. 21.... ¶ Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; starting Oct. 22.)

Kiss of Death—In spite of its silly title, an exciting and brutal gangster film. The cast includes Victor Mature and Richard Widmark, who plays a singularly ferocious gunman. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through Oct. 19.)

Life with Father—An exact and completely enjoyable transfer of the play to the screen. In Technicolor, with William Powell, Irene Dunne, and Zasu Pitts. (Warner, B'way at 51st, CI 7-5545.)

The Macomber Affair—Closer to Hemingway than most reworkings of the great man's stuff in the past, and consequently much more stimulating. With Robert Preston, Joan Bennett, and Gregory Peck. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, CH 3-9395; through Oct. 17.... ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting Oct. 21.)

Man's Hope—This Spanish film isn't as impressive as the French novel from which it stems, but it is quite exciting anyway. André Malraux wrote the script and directed the picture in Barcelona in 1938. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, GR 5-9738; starting Oct. 18.)

Monsieur Verdoux—In this unofficial biography of M. Landru, the French Bluebeard, Charles Chaplin is preoccupied more with message than with mirth, but once in a long while he comes up with a touch of the comedy that once made him such a great clown. (State, B'way at 45th, BR 9-1957; tentative, through Oct. 22.)

Open City—A powerful account of the operations of the Roman underground. In Italian. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Outlaw—A burlesque Western about Billy the Kid that is rather long but that has some hilarious moments. Walter Huston and Thomas Mitchell treat the plot with the disrespect it deserves, while Jane Russell and Jack Buetel, the hero and heroine, play it straight. (Broadway, B'way at 53rd, CI 7-2887.)

Perils of Pauline—Betty Hutton nearly explodes in her attempt to duplicate some of the feats of Pearl White, the serial queen. Billy De Wolfe, William Demarest, Constance Collier, and several old-time Mack Sennett comedians assist Miss Hutton. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Oct. 19.... ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Oct. 20.)

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty—Danny Kaye romping through a confused version of the James Thurber story and often being quite funny about it. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642.)

Shoe-Shine—A restrained and memorable tragedy of street children in postwar Rome. In Italian. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, BR 9-2659.)

Tawny Pipit—Ornithology in general and bird watching in particular provide a lot of simple fun in this English picture. The villain is as criminal a type as has turned up in years—a member of the Royal Ornithological Society who steals rare eggs. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

REVIVALS

The Birth of a Nation (1915)—Lillian Gish in D. W. Griffith's big job. (Republic, B'way at 51st, CO 5-9647; through Oct. 18.)

The Black Swan (1942)—Pirates in Technicolor. Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara, and George Sanders. (77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; Oct. 20-21.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in René Clair's English film concerning a Scottish castle moved to America. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Oct. 22.)

I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang (1932)—The piece about prison life in the South. With Paul Muni. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; Oct. 20-21.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews involved in homicide. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; starting Oct. 22.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Oct. 21.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—Ben Hecht's wry story concerning a girl who thinks she's going to die. Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, RH 4-9786; through Oct. 18.)

The Raider (1946)—A British film about Allied merchant sailors on the wartime North Atlantic run. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 17-20.)

A Royal Scandal (1945)—Tallulah Bankhead as Catherine, Empress of All the Russias. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; starting Oct. 22.)

The Son of the Sheik (1926)—The old one, with Rudolph Valentino. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 16.)

South Riding (1938)—Yorkshire life, with Edna Best and Ralph Richardson. An English picture. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through Oct. 17.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Oct. 18-20.... ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Oct. 22.)

That Hamilton Woman! (1941)—Vivien Leigh playing Emma to Laurence Olivier's Lord Nelson. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Oct. 17-20.... ¶ Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; Oct. 19-21.)

They Were Five (1938)—A French film concerning a lottery and a country inn. With Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 16.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock derring-do. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, RH 4-9786; through Oct. 18.)

A Walk in the Sun (1946)—The war as the infantry fought it in Italy. Dana Andrews. (Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; Oct. 18-21.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Oct. 16, at 3, 5:30, and 8 P.M.: "Harvest" (1939), directed by Marcel Pagnol.... ¶ Oct. 17-18, at 3 and 5:30 P.M., and Oct. 19, at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.: "L'Hippocampe" (1934), "L'Amitié Noire" (1944), and "Le Retour" (1945), three French documentary films.... ¶ Starting Oct. 20, at 4 P.M.: "The Treasure of Arne" (1919), and "The Phantom Chariot" (1920), two Swedish films. Reservations can be made at the Museum.

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY.

Broadway, B'way at 53rd. (CI 7-2887)
THE OUTLAW.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"The Swordsman," Larry Parks, Ellen Drew.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"Green Dolphin Street," Lana Turner, Richard Hart, Van Heflin.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Fun and Fancy Free," Walt Disney film.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9349)
"Nightmare Alley," Tyrone Power, Coleen Gray.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Song of Love," Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid, Robert Walker.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
"Magic Town," James Stewart, Jane Wyman.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Variety Girl," all-star cast, including Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, and Barbara Stanwyck.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Unconquered," Gary Cooper, Paulette Goddard.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Oct. 21: "The Foxes of Harrow," Rex Harrison, Maureen O'Hara, Victor McLaglen.
From Oct. 22: "Forever Amber," Cornel Wilde, Linda Darnell, Richard Greene.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through Oct. 22 (tentative): **MONSIEUR VERDOUX.**

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"The Unsuspected," Joan Caulfield, Claude Rains, Audrey Totter.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
"Spirit of West Point," Doc Blanchard, Glenn Davis.

Warner, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
LIFE WITH FATHER.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Ride the Pink Horse," Robert Montgomery.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
SHOE-SHINE.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
Through Oct. 17: "The Girls in Småland" (in Swedish).
From Oct. 18: **EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES**; and **MAN'S HOPE.**

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Les Enfants du Paradis" (in French), revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
TAWNY PIPIT.

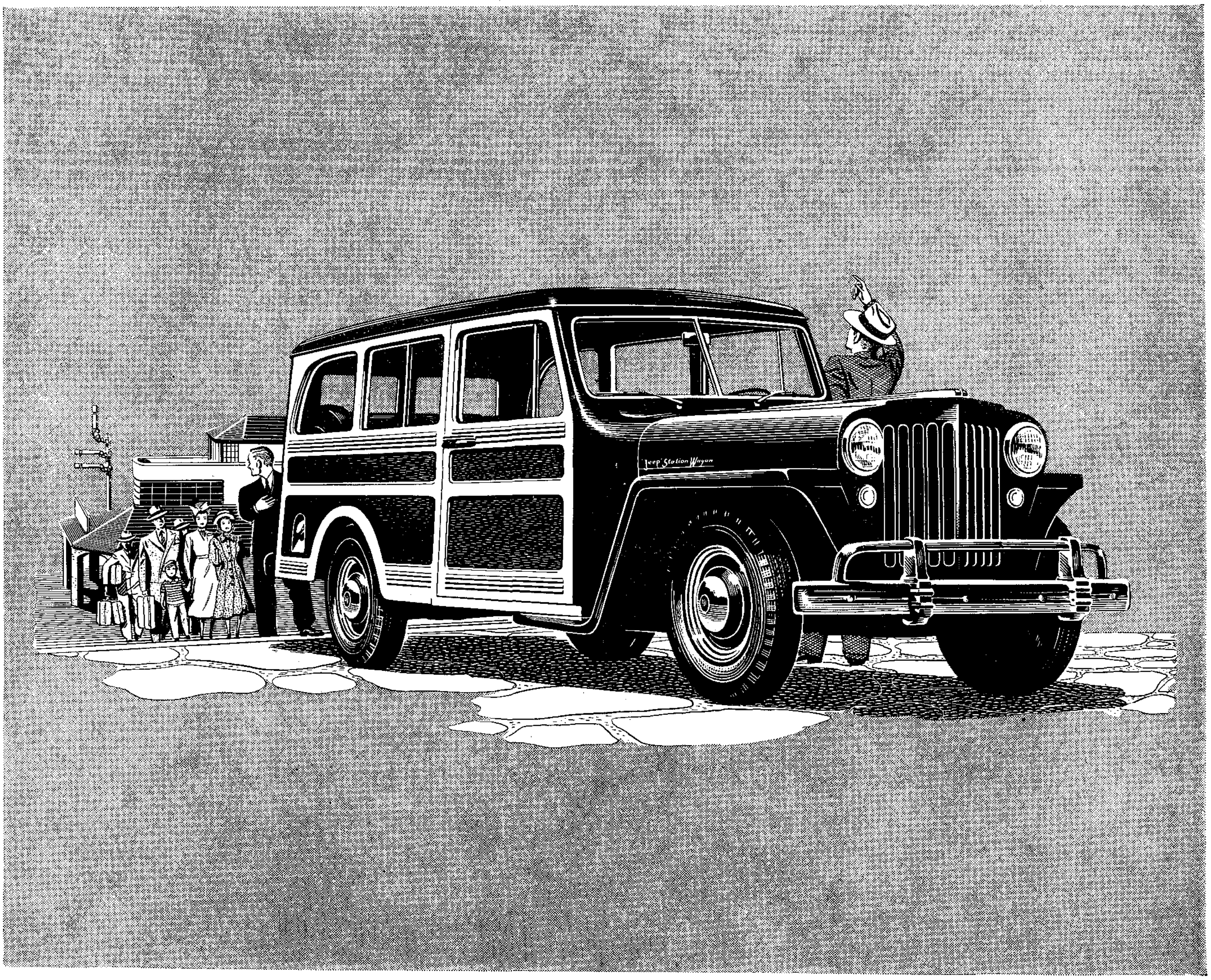
Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
"Hungry Hill," Margaret Lockwood, Jean Simmons, Cecil Parker.

Republic, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-9647)
Through Oct. 18: **THE BIRTH OF A NATION**, revival.
From Oct. 19: To be announced.

Studio 65, B'way at 65th. (EN 2-4660)
"Duel in the Sun," Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck, Joseph Cotten.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
"I Know Where I'm Going," Wendy Hiller, Roger Livesey.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
OPEN CITY.



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'Jeep' *Station Wagon*

The "Jeep" Station Wagon, with its steel body and top, appeals most to families who have driven station wagons for years.

To them, the gauge of a station wagon is its practical usefulness. For them, Willys-Overland designed a truly functional vehicle—the "Jeep" Station Wagon. It has a steel body and top for greater safety and longer lasting finish. It seats six* adults with extraordinary leg and head room, and all except the driver's seat are removable. Independent front-wheel suspension gives a smooth, comfortable ride.

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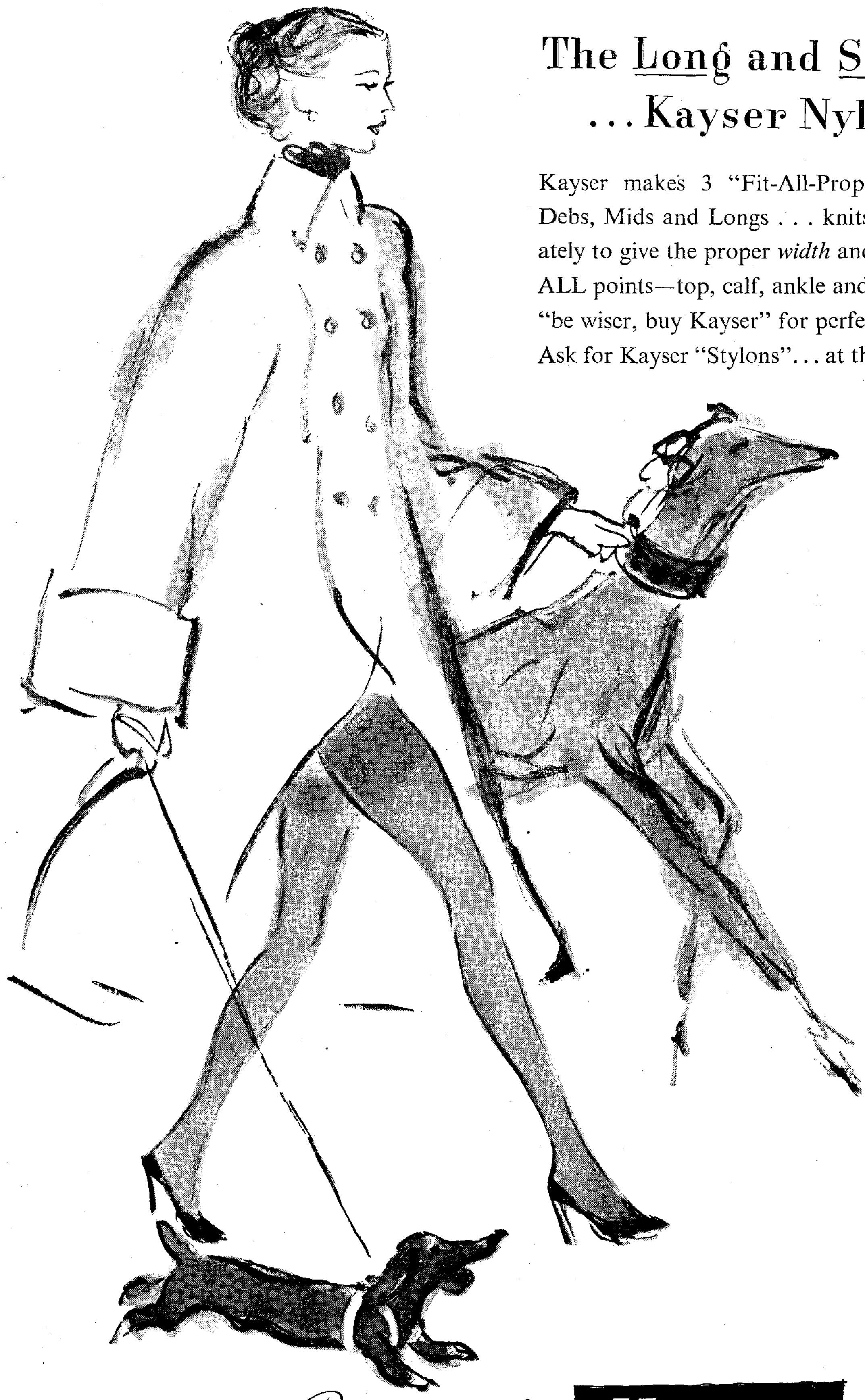
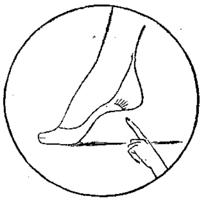


The Long and Short of it ... Kayser Nylons

Kayser makes 3 "Fit-All-Proportions"... Debs, Mids and Longs . . . knits them proportionately to give the proper *width* and *stretch* at ALL points—top, calf, ankle and instep. So . . . "be wiser, buy Kayser" for perfect fitting nylons! Ask for Kayser "Stylons"... at the nicest stores, 1.50



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Elizabeth Arden's new undercoat for nail lacquer is called FOOLPRUF . . . and is everything its name implies. It is easy to use. It discourages those annoying breaks and tears that nails are heir to, and allows filing without damage to nail lacquer. Best of all, FOOLPRUF UNDERCOAT holds lacquer fast . . . keeps lacquer flawless and beautiful for days longer.

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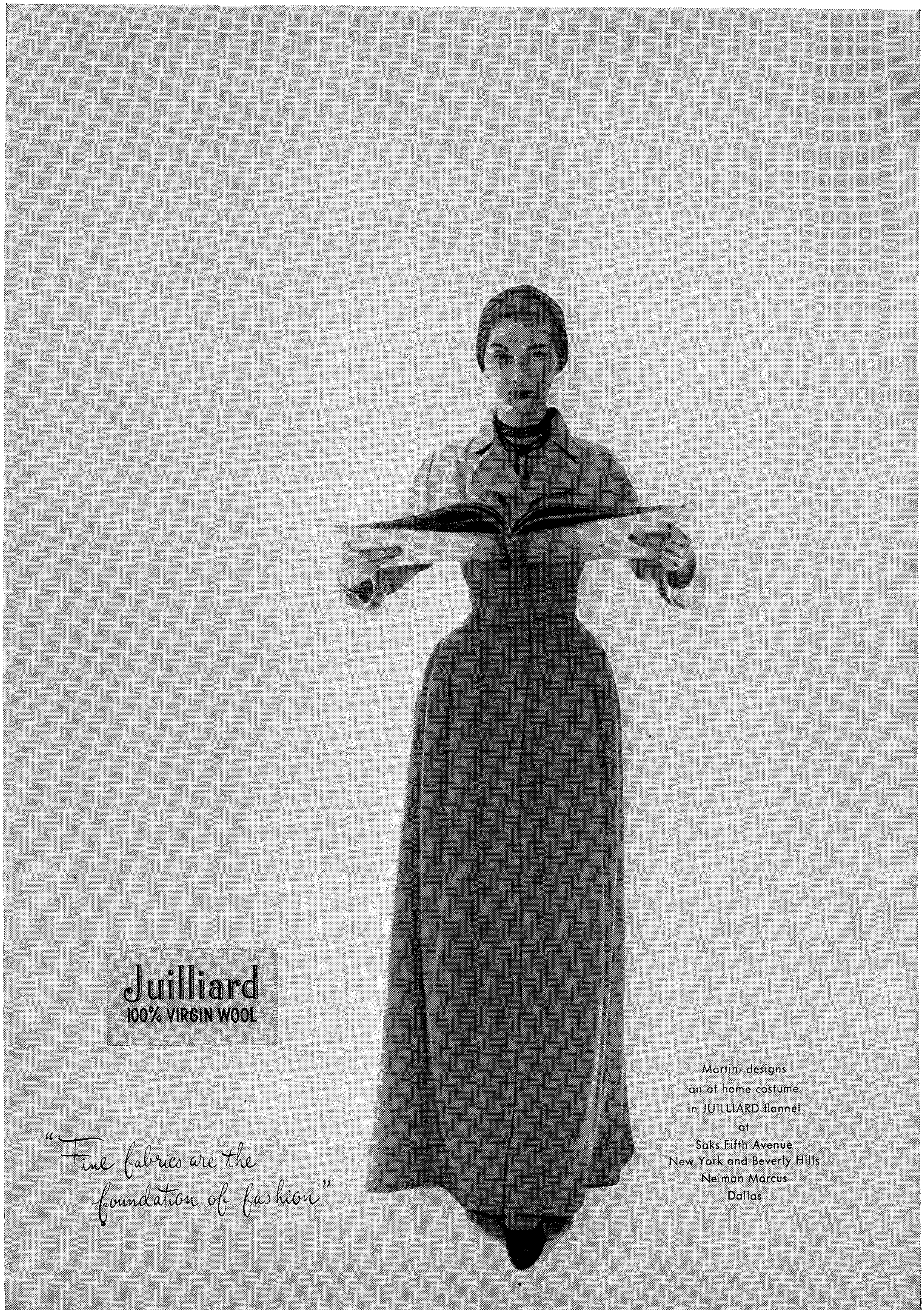
Elizabeth Arden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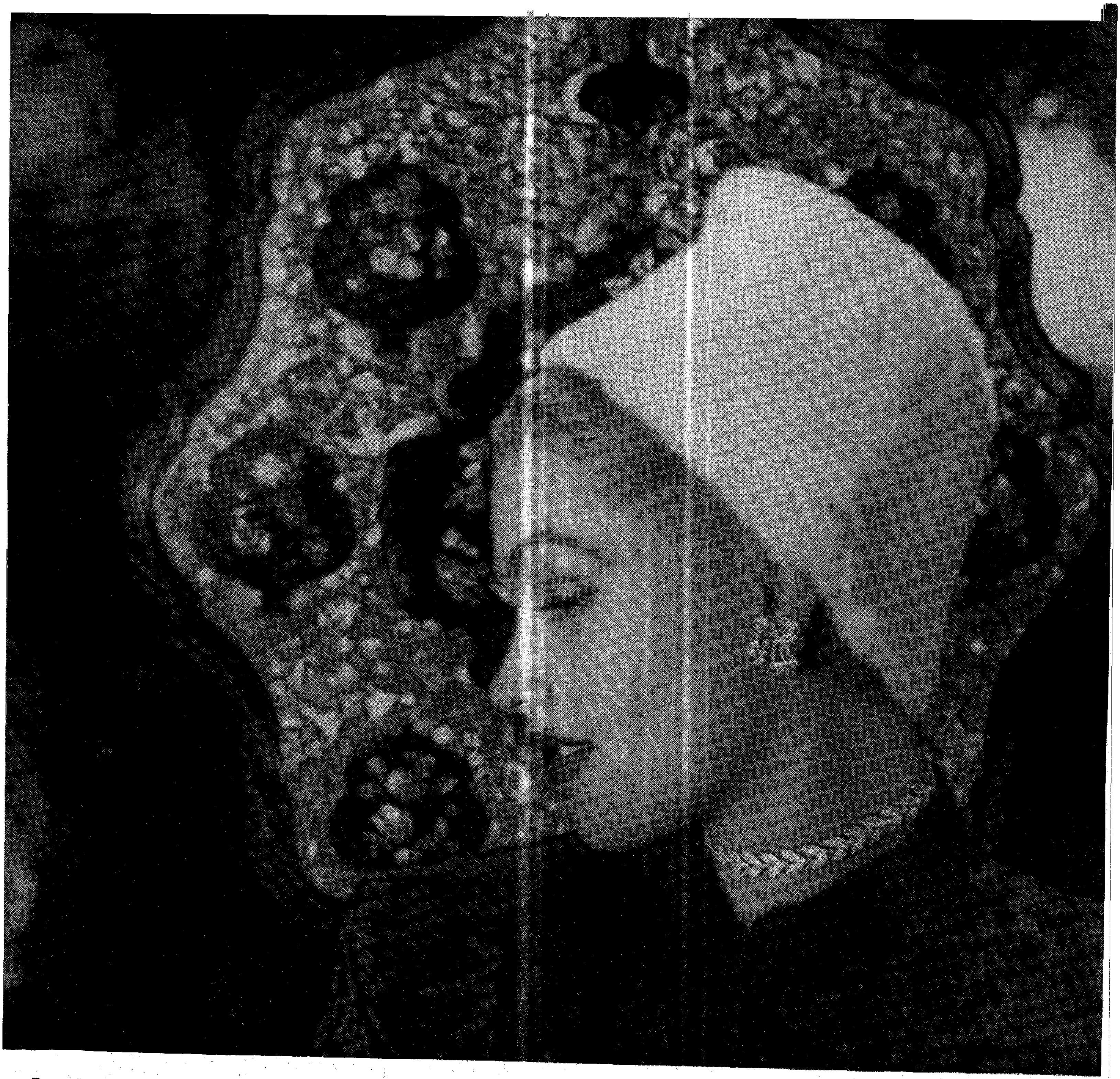

Lenthéric Paris, announces a distinguished new perfume

Broadtail Jacket by Maximilian

dark Brilliance de Lenthéric
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Languid splendour set to fragrance

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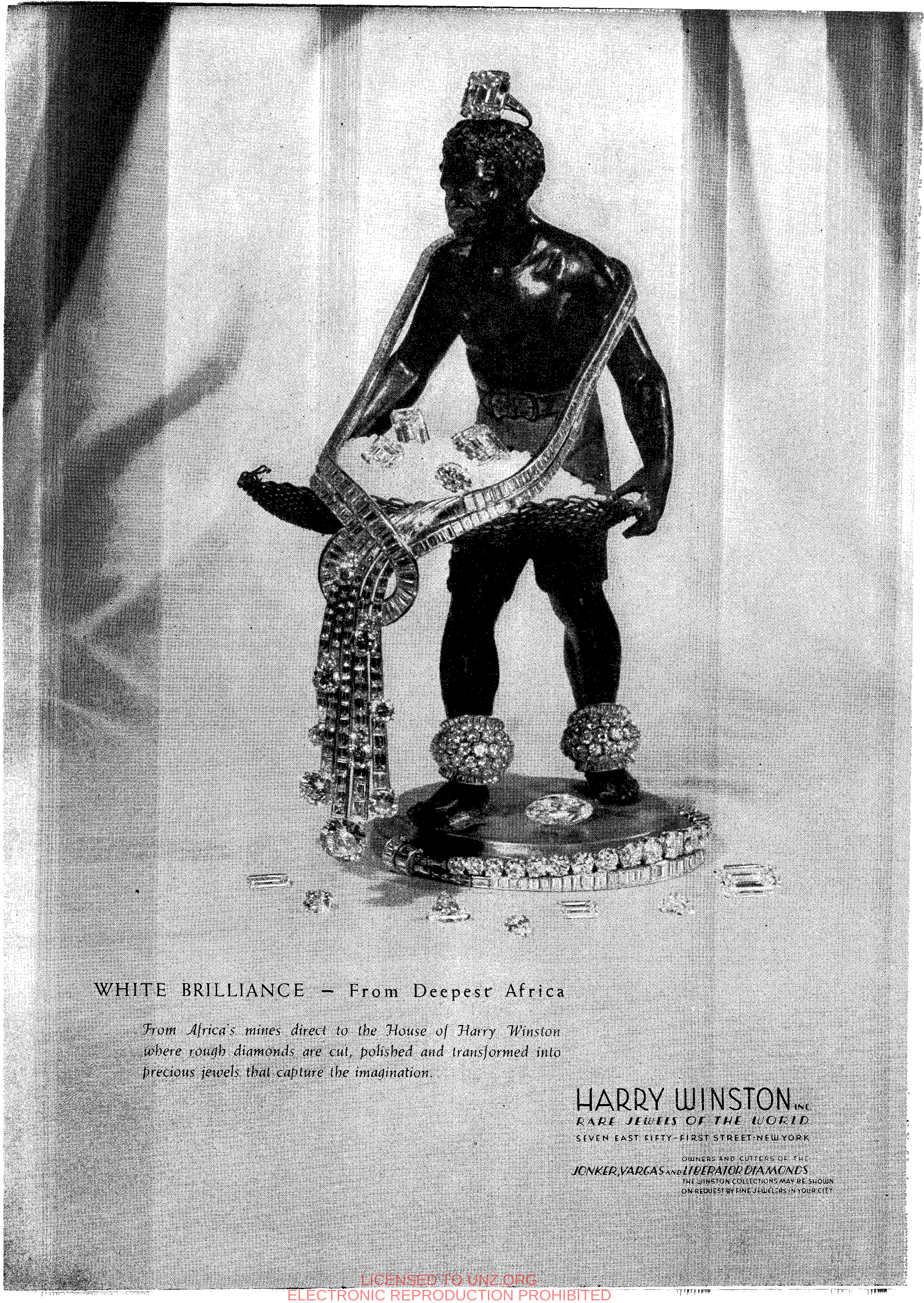

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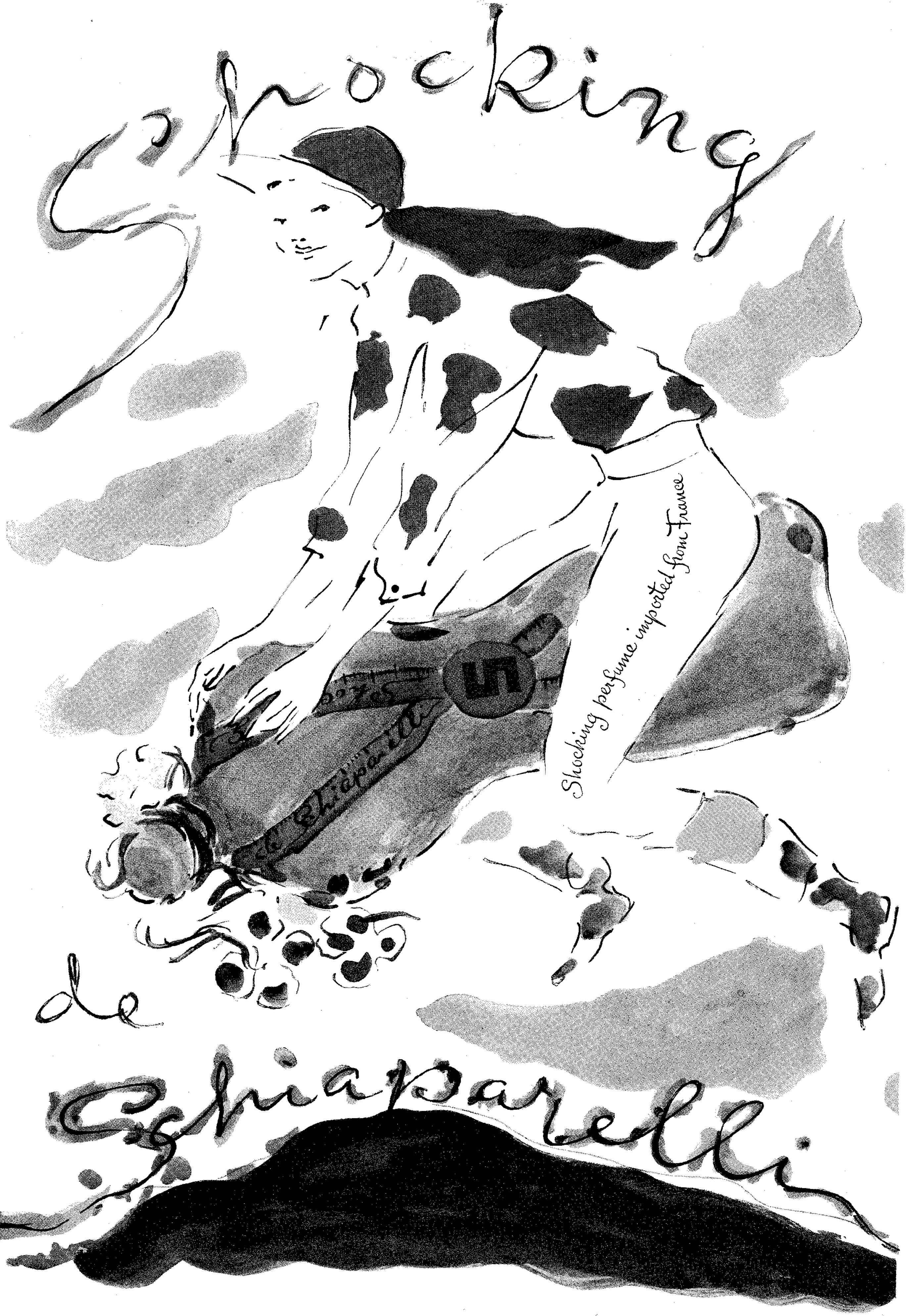
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Shocking perfume imported from France
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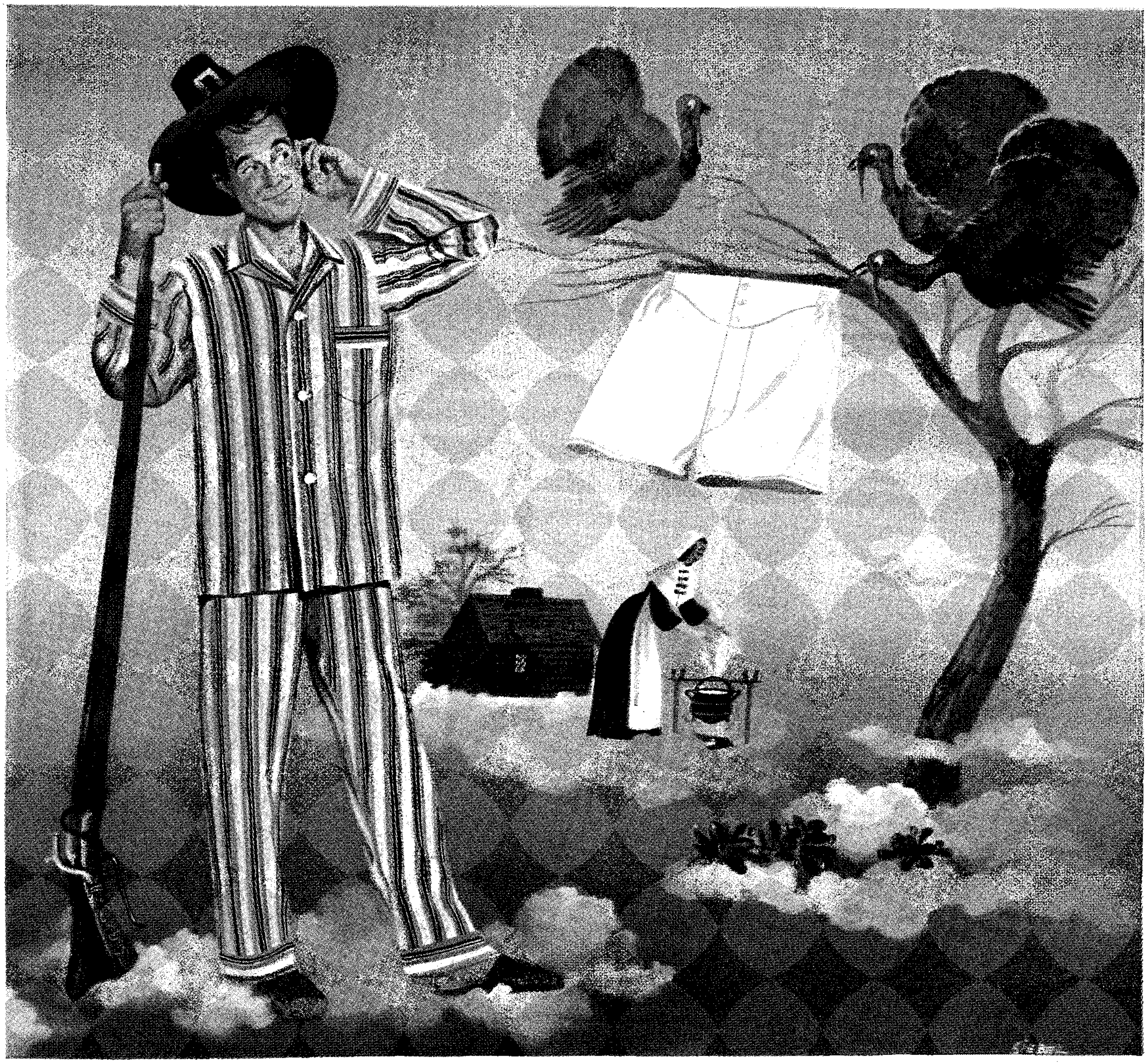

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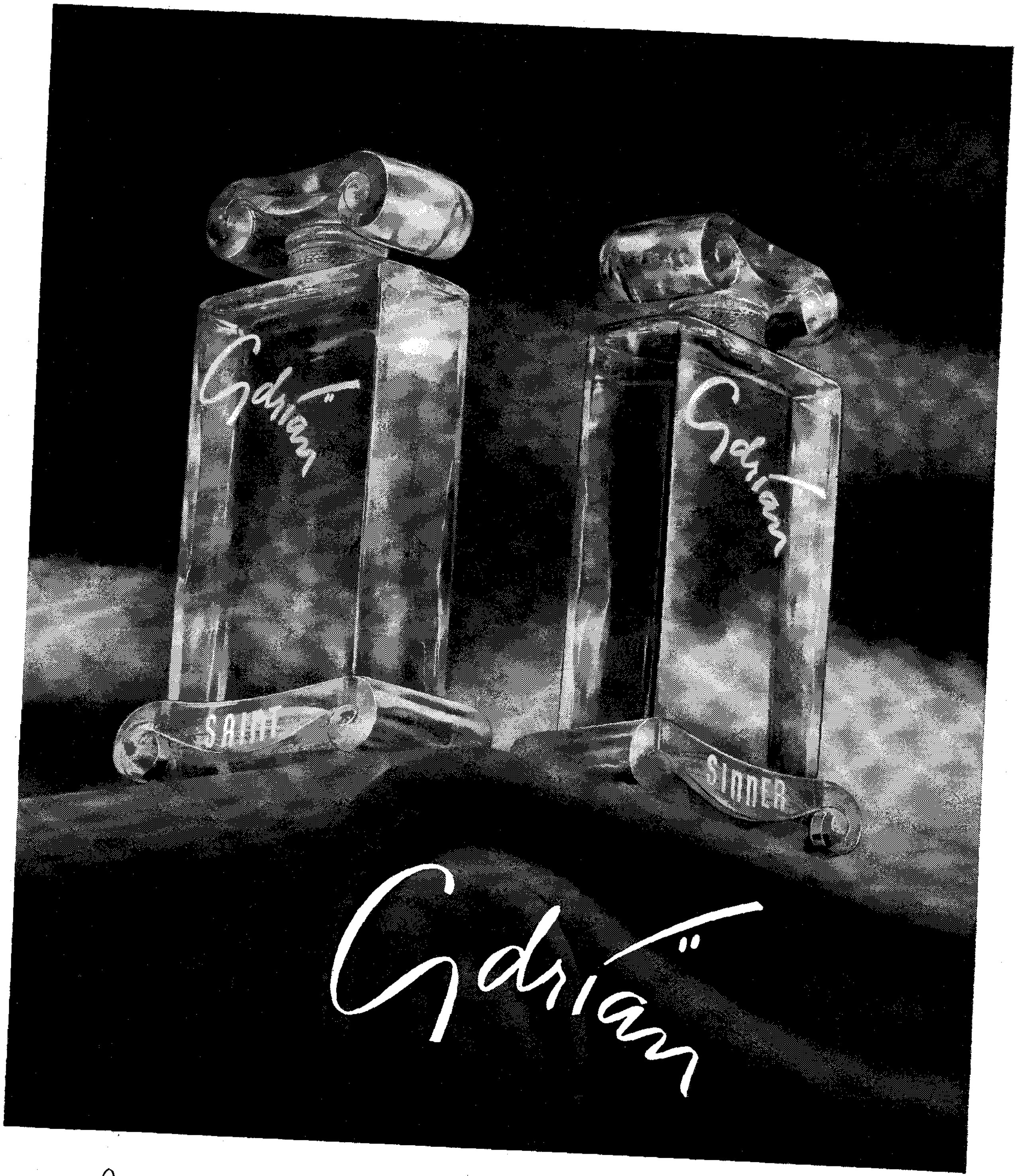
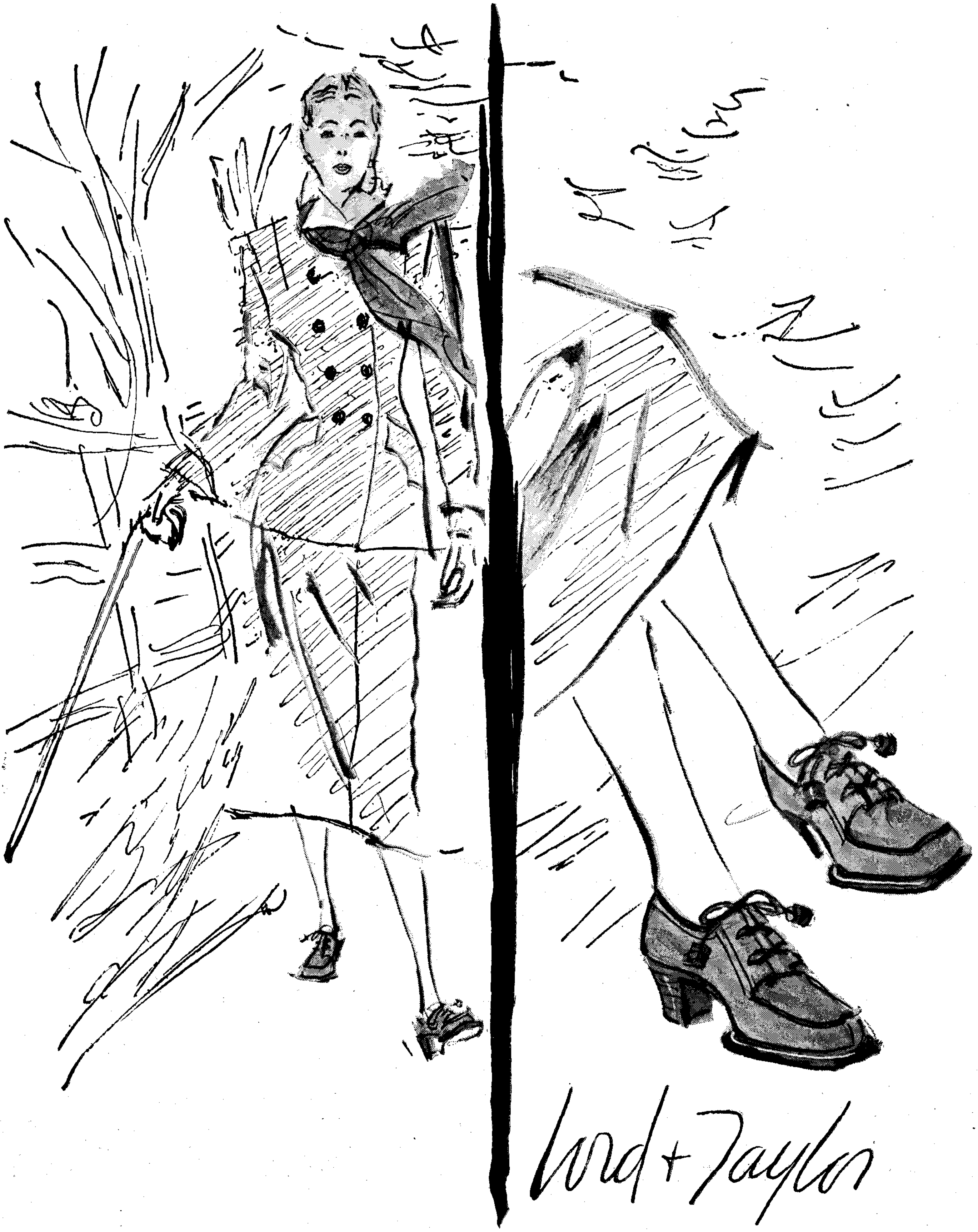

Adrian
SAINT
Adrian
SINNER
Adrian

Saint . . . to be loved and adored
Sinner . . . mischievous as a sidelong glance



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our newest **"Randoms" by Stetson,** handsome and high-rising, with an extension edge sole for design and durability. Reverse calf in grey, brown, black. 16.50 Fourth Floor

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breath of loveliness that's excitingly

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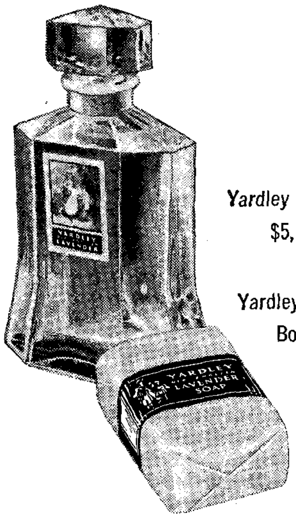
YARDLEY English Lavender



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$5, $2.50, $1.50, plus tax.

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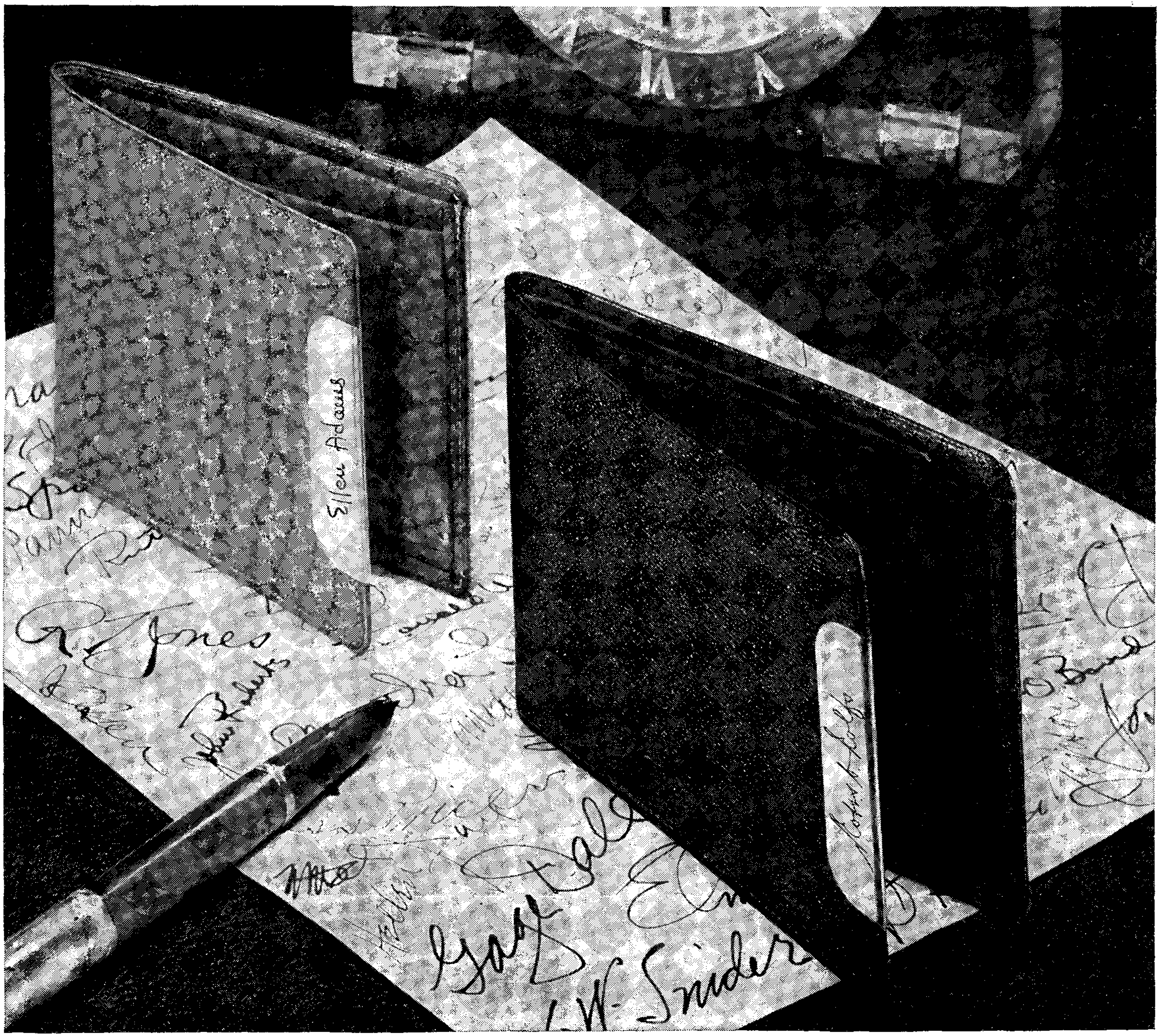

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In hand-grained Morocco (right), Black or Brown for him, Black or Red for her, $18.75*. Sand-tan Rhea (left) for her, $27.50*.

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After Shave Lotion,* 4 oz. $2.00, 8 oz. $3.50 . . . Cologne,* 4 oz. $3.00, 8 oz. $5.00 . . .

In Spiral bottles, or Personalized with your initials.

Shaving Bowl, $2.00...Lather Shave, $1.00...Brushless Shave, $1.00...Talc,* $1.50.

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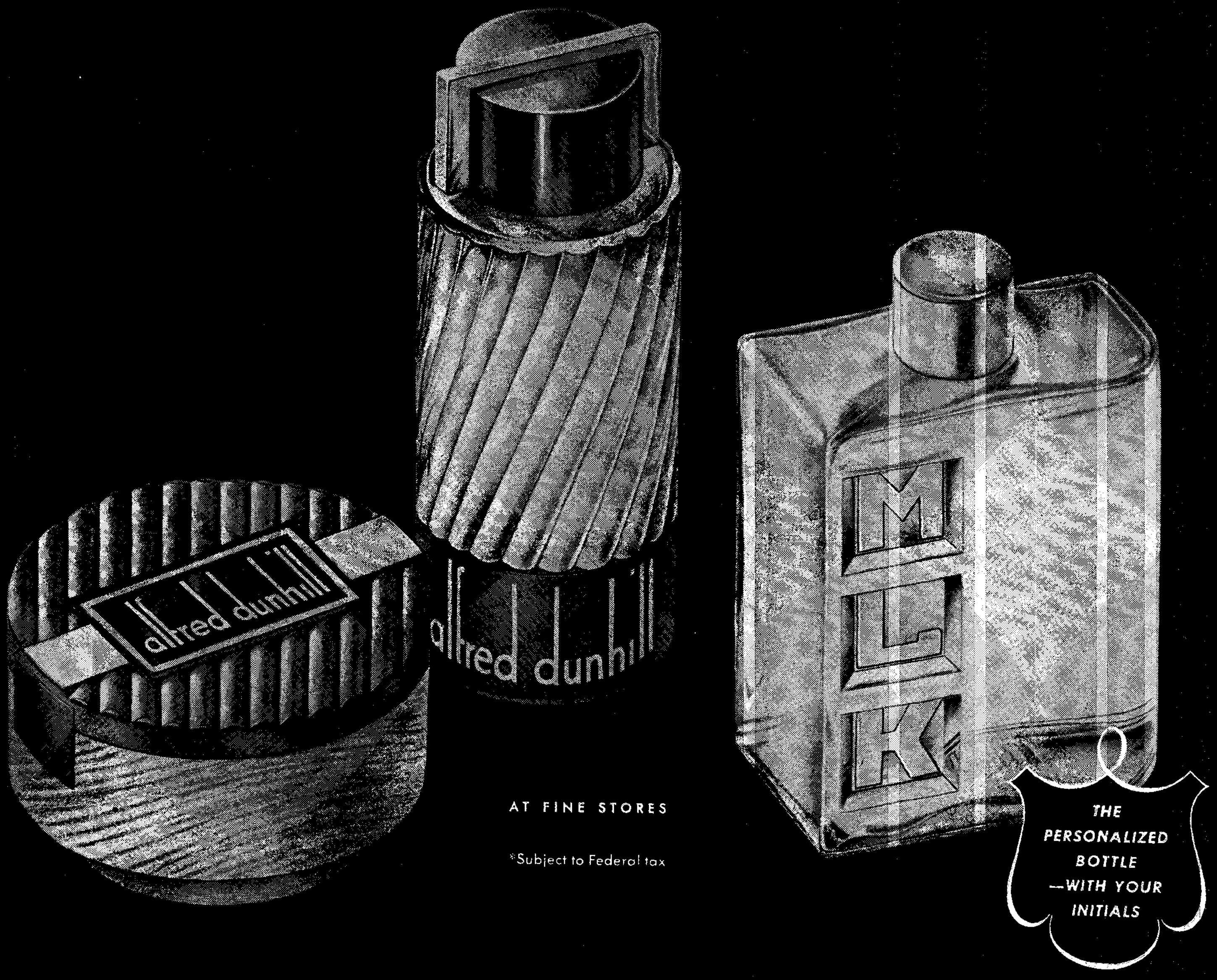
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

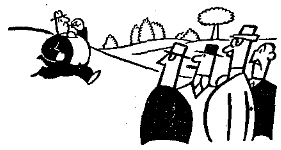
THE Associated Press reports a story about three American legislators travelling in Europe, Senator Carl Hatch and Representatives John Davis Lodge and Walter H. Judd: In Sofia, the three men bought a wreath, paying for it out of their own pockets (the A.P. carefully states), sneaked off to a cemetery, and anonymously laid it on the grave of Nikola Petkov, the executed Bulgarian democratic leader. Later, after they had arrived safely in Istanbul, the United States Consulate there revealed their action "in honor of one of the greatest democrats of all time." Advised that the act might instigate violence, one of the congressmen said, "We are as dispensable as anyone else."

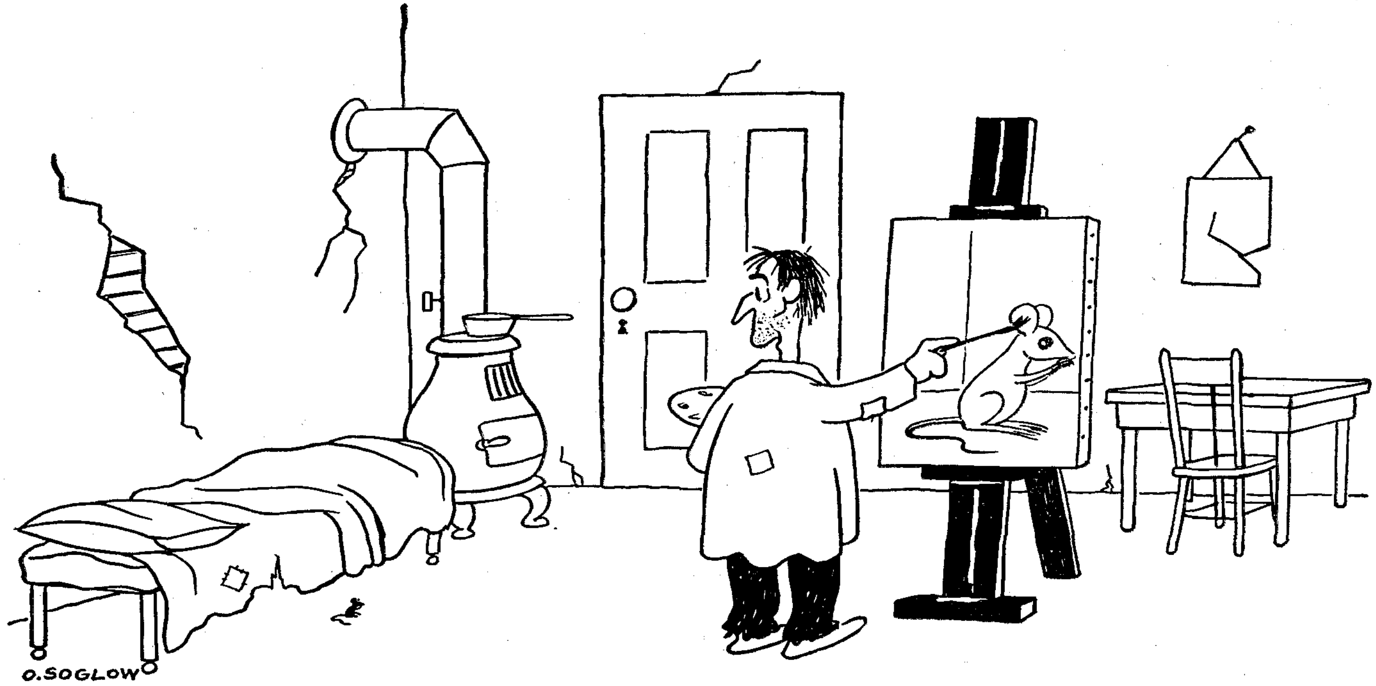
We are sorry to say that we don't believe a word of this anecdote. Everyone knows that no congressman ever did anything, worthy or unworthy, by stealth, that no congressman ever paid for anything out of his own pocket, that no congressman ever thought he was as dispensable as, say, a wartime commander-in-chief. Clearly, the Istanbul Consulate and the Associated Press have been taken in by three impostors, no doubt Russian *agents provocateurs*, trying to create an international incident. Senator Hatch and Representatives Lodge and Judd have probably been in Washington all the time, working quietly on a program for feeding starving Europeans.

AN album of American battle art is being prepared by the Government Printing Office, and for all we know to the contrary it will be a fine public document. The advance notice of it that arrived in the mail, however, is not a fine public document at all. It is written in the language of the direct-mail school and points out that in these old pictures of American wars the citizen and general reader will find "a deep charm and source of pride." It informs us that there "is nothing like this Album now in existence" and urges us to PLACE OUR ORDER NOW.

Maybe we are all turned around, but we didn't suppose the function of the Government Printing Office was to tell us when to buy a book or even to tell us whether the charm we would experience would be deep or shallow. We thought they were paid just to produce the goods and notify us when the goods were available. This particular advance notice is a pretty odd thing, really; in it the taxpayer is footing the bill for breaking down his own sales resistance. A small matter, of course, yet little straws show the wind better than big straws. In a war album, maybe we'll find deep charm and a source of pride, but in a printing office that needles the taxpayer to BUY NOW we find nothing but a source of anxiety.

AN invitation from Reginald T. Townsend, chairman of the St. Nicholas Society's Washington Irving Sunnyside Committee, sent us to the Society's recent party in Irvington to celebrate the pre-opening-day opening of Washington Irving's house as a museum. We discovered Mr. Townsend conferring with several other gentlemen in front of the house, a splendid architectural goulash scarcely a hundred yards from the New York Central tracks along the Hudson. He introduced us to Paul Thebaud, the Society's president; William Clearwater, its first vice-president; Lee Thompson Smith, its fourth vice-president; the Reverend Charles W. Baldwin, its chaplain; and William Floyd-Jones, chairman of its Medal of Merit Committee. All bowed. He then explained that the members of the Society are men with at least one pre-1785 New York City or State forebear; that its tieup with the day's activities stemmed from the fact that it had been founded by Washington Irving; that Mr. Floyd-Jones was going to make a speech extolling John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who had given five hundred thousand dollars for the purchase, restoration, and upkeep of the house; that the Society would then present Mr. Rockefeller with its Medal of Merit, awarded annually for distinguished service to the City of New York; and that this last was a terrific secret. "The purchase arrangement permits Louis Irving and his wife to go on living in the north wing of the house," another Society man told us, referring to an Irving great-grandnephew, from whom the mansion had been bought. "Shouldn't think they'd want to, with all those trains. Now, in 1835, when Irving bought it, I suppose there was one wood-burning locomotive in the morning and one in the evening. You could probably brace yourself for *them*." Mr. Floyd-Jones, from one of whose side pockets a box containing the medal protruded, paced about nervously, blocking out his speech on several sheets of orange paper. "Extraordinary man—Townsend," one of his fellows whispered to us. "Former president of the St. Nicholas Society, vice-president of the Union Club, president of the French Institute, president of the Circus Saints and Sinners, active in the Dutch Treat Club. His middle name is Townsend, too." A portly man in a light-brown suit rushed down a hill to where we were standing and gave several sharp blasts on a whistle. "There is some misunderstanding about this situation!" he yelled. "Members of the St. Nicholas





group were *told* to stay in the Rip Van Winkle Lounge until two-fifty-five. Please return there at once." "Don't you think that was a little rough?" asked President Thebaud mildly, stroking his waxed mustaches. Another Society officer advised us that the man with the whistle was Dr. Hugh G. Rowell, the museum's director. "He's a regular *Herr Direktor*," he said.

We trailed a hundred yards up the hill to the Rip Van Winkle Lounge, which is in a secondary building on the grounds, and joined three hundred other guests, many markedly Dutch in mien, at a buffet. "Any place for me to sit?" a shy, sharp-nosed, gentle-voiced young man asked a dignitary wearing the St. Nicholas orange ribbon and gold badge. The dignitary told him to go sit anyplace. "Who are you?" he asked. "I'm David Rockefeller," said the young man. "Go sit anyplace," the dignitary said again. Mr. Townsend introduced us to the current Washington Irving, who said he was on hand to represent his father, Louis, who was indisposed. At two-forty-five, Dr. Rowell's voice boomed over a loudspeaker, "Calling the lounge! First alert! Ten minutes!" A procession formed, consisting of a bewigged trumpeter in blue coat and orange pantaloons; a man with a mace; a St. Nicholas Society color guard carrying federal, state, city, and Society flags; four Negro retainers in yellow-and-black striped tunics and blue pantaloons; President Thebaud, wearing a black cocked hat that had belonged to Washington Irving; and half a dozen Society officers. "Our hired trumpeter, Joseph Losh, gets fifteen dollars for this," a man wearing the Society's rosette told us as we followed the procession to the museum. "Belongs to the Musicians Union. The retainers are all stewards from the Union League. They wear the service of the House of Nassau. Note that one of them is carrying a weathercock. It is carried at all our ceremonies, for reasons too complicated to go into."

"This is an eventive date," Dr. Rowell, now wearing blue serge, was saying as we reached the vicinity of the house. The guests took seats on the lawn. Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller were flanked by David, Mr. Irving, Mr. Townsend, Mr. Thebaud, and the Reverend Mr. Baldwin. After many a flowery talk by others, Mr. Floyd-Jones triumphantly rattled off his speech without notes, part of the time talking over the clatter of a passing freight train, and produced the Medal of Merit, which Mr. Rockefeller received with every evidence of astonishment. "This certainly is a great surprise to me, dear friends," he said. He sat down and put on a soft brown hat that may or may not have belonged to Washington Irving, while his wife smoothed a steamer rug over her knees. A lady in a hoop skirt got up and launched into "Annie Laurie," and everyone began to troop into the new museum.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The menu of the Sixty-eight Restaurant, at Fifth Avenue and Thirteenth Street, features "Omelette with Smothered Creole."

There's a new hair tonic on the market called Tress Moderne.

Chirp

WE shall now render a brief report on a product described to us as "the greatest advance in watchmaking since the advent of the wristwatch"—a statement we could swear we've heard somewhere before, but maybe it was something similar about something else. This horological wonder, or monster, is known as the Vulcain Cricket and is an *alarm* wristwatch. Mr. Bernard S. Lippman, president of the Vulcain Watch Company, tells us that it represents five years of struggle by engineers at the home plant, Fabrique Vulcain, in La Chaux-de-Fonds, Switzerland. "Always it was the problem of containing so much mechanism in so small a space," Mr. Lippman said, fingering a wristwatch he was wearing, which had a stopwatch attachment and told the time of day, month, and year but gave off no sound louder than a tick. "Our engineers were about to give the problem up," Lippman said, "and went off on a holiday. They decided to take a stroll to quiet their nerves and were walking along when suddenly they stop—chirp, chirp. They listen carefully—chirp, chirp, chirp. It is the crickets chirping. 'Why,' they say to each other, 'is it possible the cricket, which is so small, can make a noise so loud, yet we cannot get it into a watch three times as big?' They are inspired. They leave their holiday and go back to the plant." Crickets were captured and brought into the plant, the chirp was tracked to its source, and in three years the engineers came up with an alarm wristwatch, which has a total of thirty-two patents protecting it (proof of how much more complicated it is to be a watch than a cricket).

The watch will be on sale here in time for the Christmas season, for from a hundred to two hundred and ninety dollars, plus you know what. Lippman showed us one of the watches (hundred-dollar model), and it had the appearance of a normal wristwatch except for a button on the rim beside the winder, an alarm track marked in ten-minute divisions between each pair of hour numerals, and what looked like a sweep second hand, which is the alarm hand. To wind the watch, one turns the winder in the direction of six o'clock; to wind the alarm, in the direction of twelve o'clock. Mr. Lippman, who owns some thirty watches—pocket and wrist—and always made it a practice never to wear one two days in succession, wore a Cricket for several weeks in a row to test it. "I had to stop wearing it," he told us, "because whenever the alarm went off to remind me of some appointment I had to keep, people would want to know all about it and I would be late for the appointment." Mr. Lippman is a commuter, and he got in the habit of setting the alarm every afternoon at twenty minutes to his train time, six o'clock. One adjusts the alarm by depressing the button, which automatically pushes the winder out and engages it with the alarm hand. Then—in Lippman's case—the alarm hand is turned to the alarm-track calibration marked "40" between the numerals "5" and "6." When the winder is pushed back in, the button is automatically released, and the alarm will ring at the selected time. The alarm is turned off by pushing the button in again.

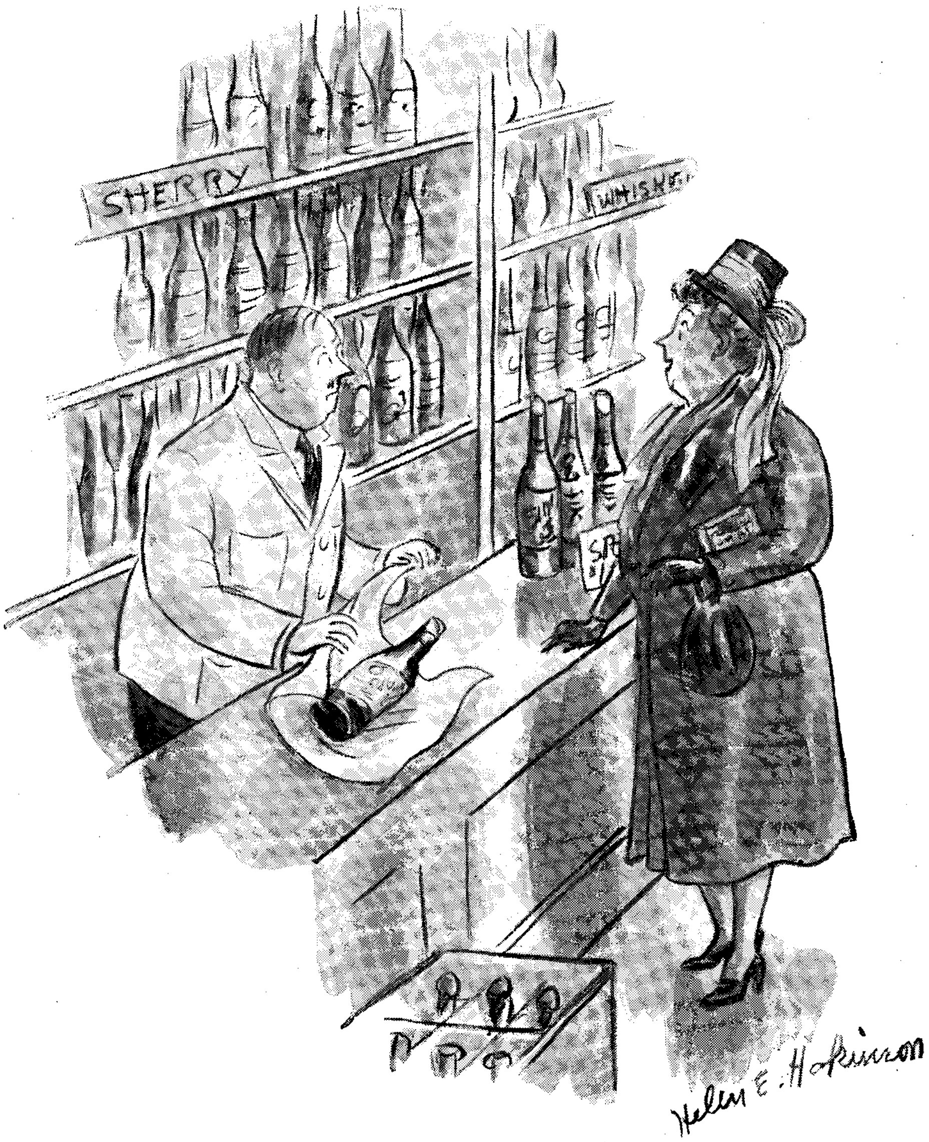
The engineers wanted to give the alarm a chirpy sound, in honor of the crickets who were its inspiration, but a metallic chirp was found to be unpleasantly shrill. The alarm is sounded by a hammer's striking one of the two backs of the watch, and it is amplified by the other back, which acts as a sounding board. (Crickets make their chirp by rubbing the filelike edge of one wing against a scraping surface on the other wing, and, come to think of it, we *still* don't know what they taught the engineers.) The alarm rings for twenty-six seconds. Lippman rang it for us, and it put us in mind of the way a doorbell sounds when we're just waking up. Lippman figures that wearers of the wristwatch will find dozens of uses for the alarm. "To tell you when it's time to keep an appointment," he said, "or when it's time to take your medicine, or to wake you in the morning, like a regular alarm clock. Or, if you have a bore in your office, you can set the alarm to ring in a few minutes and, when it rings, surreptitiously push in the button, pick up your phone, and say, 'Yes, J. B., I'll be right in.' But it is not for underwater wear. It was enough to get it to ring at all without worrying about whether it could be made to remind a man of something while he is swimming."

Speedup

A CERTAIN seven-year-old lad follows an evening routine of listening to "The Lone Ranger," reciting his prayers with his mother, and then climbing into bed. The other night, as his mother turned off the radio, he announced that it wouldn't be necessary for her to say prayers with him—he'd already got them out of the way. "You mean you said them while you were listening to 'The Lone Ranger'?" she asked. "Not then," the little fellow said. "It was when the commercial was on."

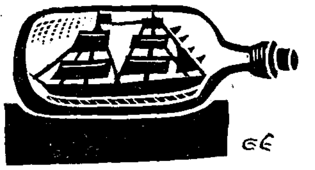
Houseparty

ENGINE COMPANY No. 65, our next-door neighbor on West Forty-third Street, entertained visitors from Baltimore last week—a detail of eleven firemen, headed by Battalion Chief Francis Patrick O'Brien, who drove up in a caravan composed of two red chiefs' cars and a shining white pumper trimmed with gold and blue, to help celebrate Fire Prevention Week. They were also here to commemorate the serv-



"You know, I've just read a book you'd enjoy, Mr. Shaw—'The Story of Mrs. Murphy.' It's all about alcohol."

ices rendered by New York firemen in the great Baltimore fire of 1904, a thoughtful, if peculiarly timed, interurban gesture. The visiting firemen and their apparatus took part in various ceremonies in the different boroughs and, when they occasionally ran out of ceremonies and boroughs, went to shows, napped, and sat around in the firehouse talking to the local men and waiting for calls.



Despite its central location, Engine Company No. 65 is not among the busiest firehouses in the city; it gets only fifty or sixty calls a month, whereas some of the firehouses in Harlem, for example, get twice that number. The buildings in its district are largely of steel and concrete construction and, aside from a few challenging old tombs like the Century Club, the Harvard Club, and the Yacht Club, none of which has shown so much as a wisp of smoke since the early days of the New Deal, offer no opportunity for a display of technical virtuosity. The visitors were nevertheless well pleased with their home away from home. They were comfortably quartered on the top floor, sleeping on beds borrowed from a city hospital; had a pleasant view of the employees' entrance of Stern's, through which, four times a day, hundreds of pretty girls went clattering; and were handy to several of the places they wanted to go—Toffenetti's, the Empire State Building, and the still-smoldering Grace Line pier. As a matter of fact, they'd scarcely got here when some bales of cotton on the Grace pier flared up into a blaze, and they rode over with the New York firemen to have a look at it, reporting afterward that it had been very neatly handled.

We paid a call on Chief O'Brien on Thursday, and found him in high spirits over a five-alarm fire that had broken out in a furniture warehouse in Long Island City at three that morning. "We all hopped out of bed and went over to it," O'Brien told us, his blue eyes shining. "We didn't take our pumper, because our hose connections wouldn't fit New York hydrants, but we got a big kick out of riding over with your firemen and watching them work. We've all been trained by men who were trained here in New York, so we follow just about the same system." We asked O'Brien what kind of time he and his men made coming up from Baltimore, and he said they'd proceeded at a conservative touring speed, putting on a burst and ringing their bells only a couple of times. We then inquired whether the Baltimore pumper had been painted white, gold, and blue for its visit here. "No," he said, "that's standard with us now. We used to paint our equipment red, but we find that white is just as easy to keep clean and we think it looks nicer. Maybe New York will change to white, too, now that it's seen ours. A lot of other cities are doing it. It's what you might call all the rage."

We introduced the subject of how great the great Baltimore fire had actually been. "Broke out on Sunday, February 7th, and by the time it was over, it had wiped out an area of eighty city blocks, with a destruction of twenty-five hundred buildings and a property loss estimated at one hundred million dollars," O'Brien said, without drawing a breath. "The Mayor wired the New York Fire Department for assistance on Sunday night. A hook and ladder and nine engines were loaded onto railroad flatcars here, and, along with two stock cars for horses and two passenger cars for the firemen, they reached Baltimore Monday noon. The fire was finally got under control on Tuesday. Only one fireman lost his life as a result of the fire, and that was a New York man named Kelly. He died of pneumonia." We congratulated O'Brien on his vivid memory of the occurrence, and he told us that he'd boned up on it in anticipation of being asked about it during his visit here, as, indeed, he had been in every single borough. "Lord love you," he said, "I wasn't more than thought of at the time. None of us were. The only man who knows much about the Baltimore fire is Henry Archer, your Second Deputy Fire Commissioner. *He* was there."

Advanced

A LADY went into an uptown bookstore the other day and, after looking around by herself for a while, approached a clerk and asked about books on art; she wanted something, she explained, that would be suitable for a nephew of hers who at the moment was studying painting at Pennsylvania Academy. The clerk's eye lighted on a new book of Cézanne reproductions, and he laid that out for the lady's inspection. She turned a few pages, staring at the French master's elegantly simplified, carefully distorted compositions, and then, rather regretfully, rejected it. "No," she said. "I'm afraid it won't do, really. He's been studying for quite some time, you know, and I'm afraid he's a little beyond this."

Admirer of the Brass

WILLIAM WISTER HAINES, author of "Command Decision," the new play about an American bombing outfit in England, travels by train whenever possible and hasn't the slightest interest in military strategy. Although he spent forty-one months in the Air Forces and emerged from the war a lieutenant colonel, he never regarded himself as anything more than a back-room clerk. "As a soldier," he told us over a highball one afternoon last week, "I was strictly synthetic. I used to stand around holding papers while the big brass sweated through decisions, and, believe me, those Joes had a tough time. They were up against the sort of thing Caesar must have been up against before he crossed the Rubicon—should he, shouldn't he, was his staff up to the job, and so on. I was attached to Arnold's staff and later to the Eighth Air Force, and I watched the top guys the way you'd watch flies on the wall. That's what gave me the notion of writing something about the effect on individuals of the pressures of command. An odd thing about my Army service: I never pulled a trigger the whole time I was in, and I'd been shooting ever since I was a kid in Des Moines."

Mr. Haines began to write his play on V-J Day. When he had it done, he sent it to Little, Brown, who had published a lot of his fiction, and asked if they thought he should make a novel out of it. They said he should and suggested that he hold the play in abeyance, which he did. The book made the best-seller lists and was bought by the movies, along with the play—which was then being prepared for production—on the understanding that the movie wouldn't be released until October, 1949, if the play opened. Haines thought it was a good idea to get the movie money, in case the play wasn't a hit. "Command Decision" isn't his first venture into playwriting. In 1938, he wrote a drama called "Happily Ever After," which dealt with the problems of a boy and girl who couldn't get married unless they lowered their standard of living. "The thing was never produced, thank God," said Mr. Haines. "Everybody said it was very depressing, and it sure depressed me. My agent told me to bury it deep, and I put it so far down it'll never be resurrected."

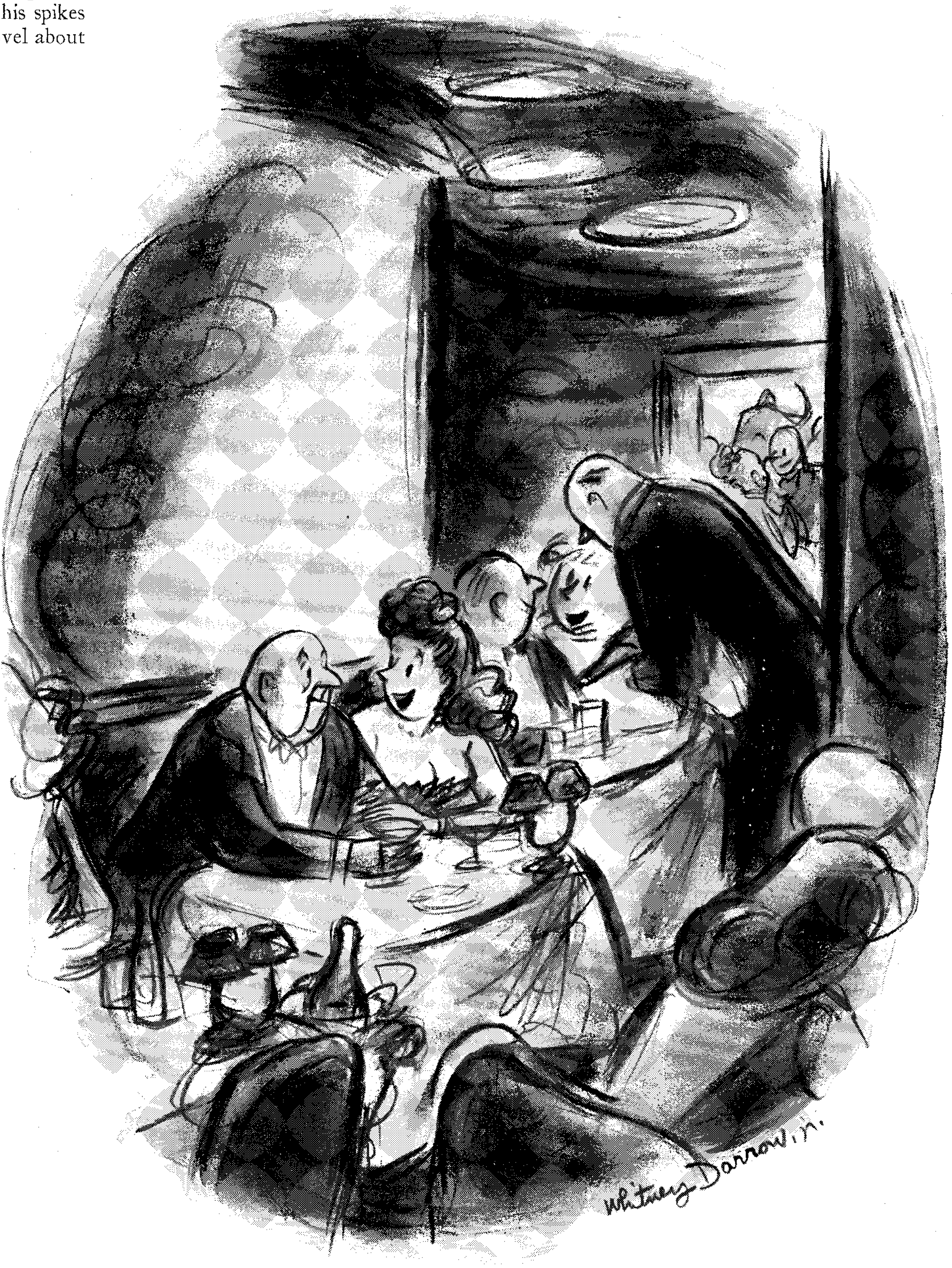
Mr. Haines, who is now thirty-nine,

descended from high-tension poles to become a writer. He took to climbing poles as a lineman while he was still in Des Moines, and after he graduated from the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, he took to climbing them again. "I was a B.S. in economics," he said, "but I didn't need the degree to figure out that no white-collar worker was going to make the kind of dough a lineman could in the middle of a depression." By 1933, Mr. Haines felt he had sold enough fiction to warrant putting aside his spikes and safety belt. He wrote a novel about linemen, called "Slim," and after it came out was invited to Hollywood to adapt it. He has lived there since, writing for the movies on and off. He was working on a picture a few months ago and got into a conversation with Alan Ladd, the hero of the piece, that has already gained a classic acceptance, like some of the colloquies Goldwyn has been a party to. Ladd asked Haines if he would be given a finished script before the shooting of the picture started. Haines assured him that he would. Ladd expressed great relief, and revealed that in preparing to make some of his previous pictures he had been able to get only a few pages to go by. "And how," he asked, "can an actor plan his wardrobe without a completed script?"

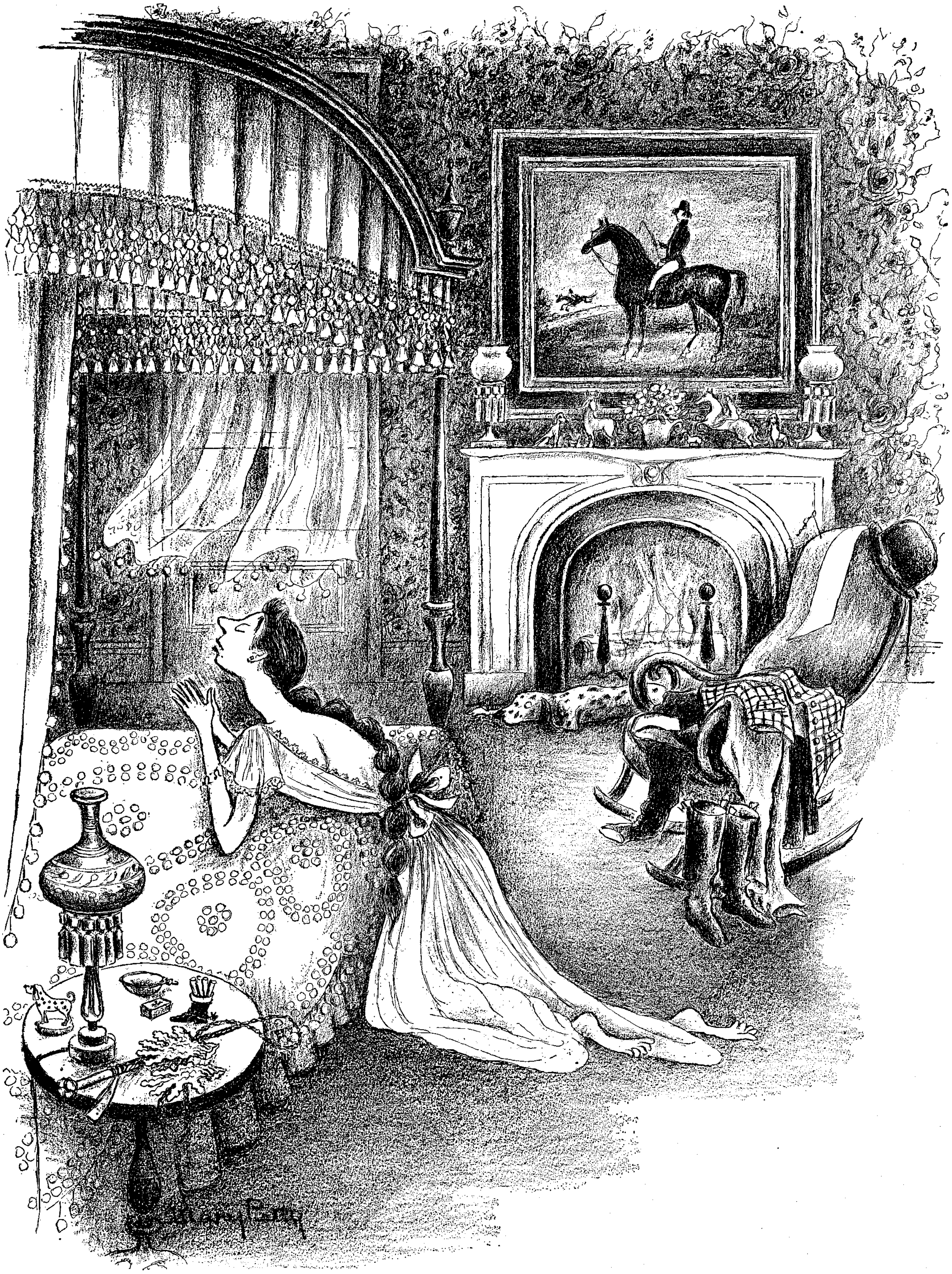
Mr. Haines is related on his mother's side to such eminent men as the late Owen Wister, who wrote "The Virginian," and John C. Wister, the celebrated horticulturist. He himself is something of an expert on hunting and has written a good many stories about it. Right now, he's anxious to relax in a duck blind. "That doesn't mean," he said, "that I'm going to retire because I've got 'Command Decision' behind me. Out in Laguna, where I live, I have two kids growing up, and I'll have to write something between here and the grave to keep them in shoes. I've been away from home since last summer, and my wife has been here since the middle of September. She hired a sitter for the kids when she left, and the sitter has established a world's record in that line, probably. I guess you'd call her a sleeper by now."

Clue

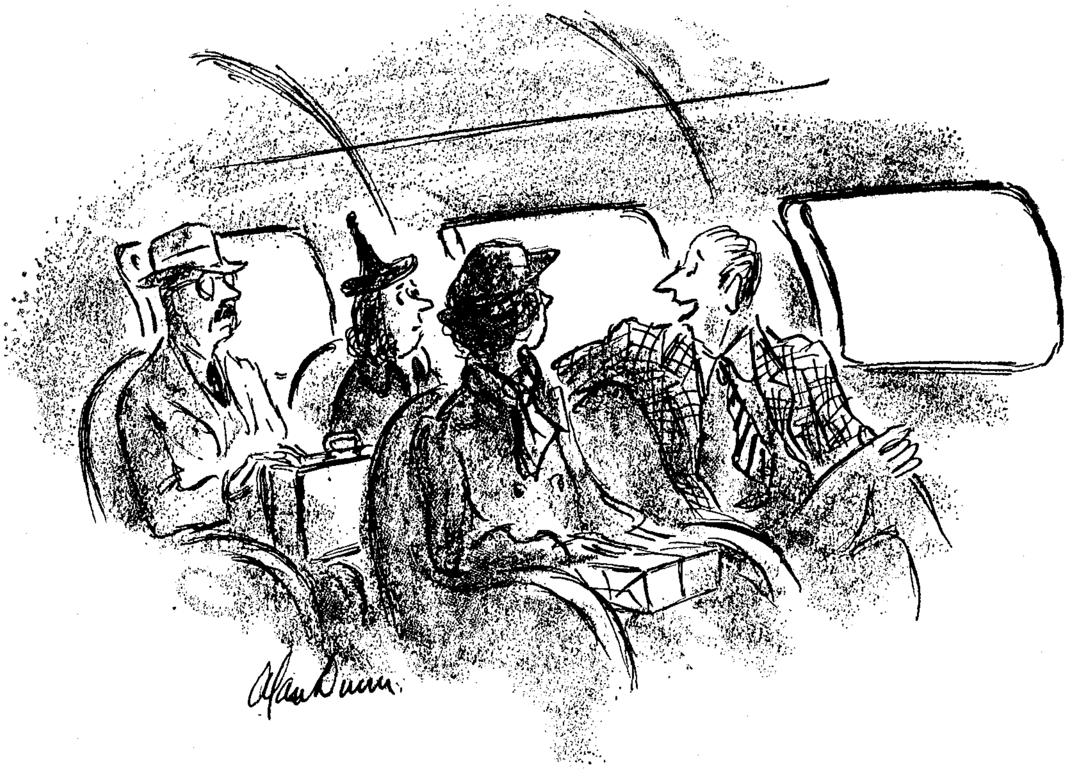
A MATRON of our acquaintance tells us that she and her sister employ the same cleaning maid, each of them having her services one day a week. Since our friend's sister is a hard-working businesswoman, they get together only rarely, and they depend on the maid to keep them in touch with each other. Recently, the maid remarked to our friend that her sister had certainly been losing a lot of weight. Our friend replied that she hadn't seen her sister for several weeks. "*I* haven't seen her for months," the maid said. "But she's buying smaller-size dresses."


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Goodness, Mr. Harrison, seventy-eight isn't old!"



". . . and please make me a better horsewoman. Amen."



"It's a quaint, unspoiled little place, off on a feeder airline."

only picture together Fay was sleeping with the director. She then married Allan, who was not in pictures, and Kirschner likewise married out of the profession.

"If I murdered Allan she'd fall right in my lap," he told himself. (He had not worked out any murder plans beyond planning to make it, in any case, look like an accident.) As the bereaved she would not want to do anything so gauche as to return to pictures, and she never had made much of a hit with Allan's friends, so she would be right in his lap.

Of his three possible victims the only one he wanted to murder with any violence was Allan, and that was Allan's own fault. Once in an embarrassing moment of frankness Allan had discussed the friendship that gave him such happiness: "One thing I do know, you Kirschners, and that is this—we're not friends just because I happened to marry a famous movie star. You especially, Kirsch, because you've had that almost all your life. I honestly, sincerely believe you like Fay for herself and me for myself. Julie and I, we're just a couple of Pasadena people, to begin with, but the funny part is, the four of us, we're all like just ordinary people together. You see what I mean, Kirsch?" Kirsch saw what he meant, all right, and he also saw Fay taking a sun bath almost every day.

There would be no murder, he well knew, and there would be nothing else. His wife and his un-had woman would hold towels in front of them when he appeared on the roof of his sun porch. The woman's husband would take him to football games and keep the conversation clean and faithful, if not exactly trusting. In two more weeks, Kirschner would start work on a new picture, and if there was anything there it would be all right, if it wasn't too much trouble. As for now, if he started back immediately, he probably would get to the house in time to shake up a nice Dubonnet cocktail for Fay and a nice Dubonnet frappé for Allan. Now one deep, health-giving breath of sea air before getting to his feet.

"Hullo."

Kirschner, abruptly aware that he had been half asleep, turned and saw a boy, perhaps three years old, standing to his right. "Hello, there," said Kirschner.

"What's in that package?"

"Cigarettes."

"Do you smoke them?"

"Oh, yes. Quite a good deal."

"I'm going to smoke, too," said the boy.

"Well, I think you ought to wait awhile."

"Is that a lighter that you turn and it lights up and you hold it near your cigarette?" said the boy.

"Zippo. Do you want to try it? I'll show you how. See? Now you try it."

The boy operated the gold lighter and held it to Kirschner's cigarette. "Thank you," said Kirschner.

"What's your name?"

"Paul," said Kirschner.

"My name is Billy. Do you want to see the famous splash in the water?"

"I do indeed," said Kirschner.

"Now watch." The boy ran to the water, spread out his arms, and flopped down. He came back.

"That was some splash, all right," said Kirschner.

"Oh, look, you have *white* hairs, too." The boy pointed to Kirschner's chest.

"That's right."

"Where do you live?"

"Way down the beach," said Kirschner.

"We don't. We live *that* way."

"I see. One of those white houses."

"No, no. That's the way we *came*. We came in our *car*."

"Oh, I get it," said Kirschner. "Is that your mother coming this way?"

"Yes. I have to go with her."

He went a little way in the direction of the young woman who was calling him, but then he turned around and came back to Kirschner. "I want to kiss you," the boy said.

"Please do," said Kirschner. The child kissed him on the cheek.

"Goodbye," said Kirschner.

"Goodbye, Paul."

"I have to go, too," said Kirschner. He stood up and waved a little while before going his own way. For the last time that day he spoke to himself aloud. "Nobody in Christ's world would believe it," he said.

—John O'Hara

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If the recipe as given serves six, then you just take one sixth of it and go merrily on with the directions. But I know what you are saying—"How in the world do you divide an egg?" That's easy! Just beat it enough that it loses its slipperiness and then you will find by measure, that the standard egg contains four tablespoons. A fourth egg is 1 tablespoon; a sixth egg is 2 teaspoons because there are three teaspoons in every tablespoon so in four tablespoons there would be 12 teaspoons and one fourth of that is 2 teaspoons.
—*Chicago Sun.*

You say this has to be done *merrily*?

THE DRY MURDERS

WHEN Kirschner went into the dining room for his breakfast, Julie and the cook were in conversation. Julie was dressed up. She turned, and so did the cook, but neither spoke to him; they concluded their conversation and the cook left. Then Julie spoke: "Do you want anything in Beverly Hills? I'm taking the children in to see Dr. Mull."

"No, unless you can get me a new pair of these," he said.

"Huaraches? Why don't you get them yourself? Nobody can buy shoes for somebody else," she said.

"They don't have to fit perfectly, you know. And I could draw an outline of my foot."

"Not this morning, you couldn't. This morning you couldn't draw flies."

"Ha ha ha," he said.

"Ha ha ha yourself," she said. "You don't think I'd waste a good gag on you, do you?"

"Not unless you were sticking it in my mouth, ha ha ha ha ha," he said. "Tell her I just want coffee." He nodded toward the kitchen door.

"You can do that yourself," she said.

"Be a kind, considerate helpmeet, gentle Julia. Take pity on your errant husband. Do this one last thing, make this final gesture . . ." She heard only half of what he said; she was in the kitchen.

She came back.

"You know damn well she hates me," he said. "She's only deaf when I ask her to do something."

"We're lucky to have her at all. I'm surprised she stays. You stiff every night since we've been down here, walking around the way you are now. Look at yourself."

He walked to a pier glass, and suddenly put up his hands in exaggerated horror that was not meant to be funny. "No, no! Don't force me to look at that—that—*thing!* That which was once a man."

"What are your plans?"

He sat at the table. "A cup of coffee, and then I have no plans."

"Well, just remember Fay and Allan are coming for lunch."

"I've just made some plans," he said. "I'm going for a swim."

"All right. I'll be back before lunch," she said. "Wait a minute. When are you going for your swim?"

"The minute I see Fay and Allan stepping off their porch."

"I *thought* so. You can't do that. You know they don't like to sit on the beach."

"That's one thing I know, all right," he said. "That's one thing I'm counting on."

"Oh, well, there's no use arguing with you. Your disgusting bad manners. Alienate those two and see who speaks to us." One of the children—they were hers by another marriage—called to her. "Go for your swim," she said to Kirschner. "I hope you drown."

"And so—do I," he said. "You know who writes dialogue like that? Do you know how much writers get? That write dialogue like that? I think I'll be a writer. The two of us team up, Julie. Both be writers." She hurried out, but he went on talking as though he were addressing a panel of prominent cameramen. "Take it away, Ruttenberg. Take it away, Daniels. Take it away, Shammy. No more a cameraman I. Take it away, Cronjager." The cook, carrying the coffee things, halted with the swinging door half open.

"Don't you want the coffee?" she said.

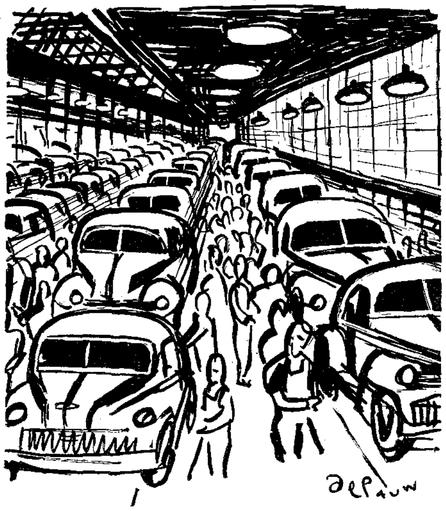
"Oh, sure. I was just trying to use extrasensory perception on my great friend Professor Leon Shamroy. He's miles away."

"I don't believe in that stuff. Telepathy."

"Oh, you mustn't say that, Mrs. Quinn. Professor Cronjager, Dr. Ruttenberg—"

"Mr. Kirschner, if it's all the same to you, my own husband, Mr. Quinn, he didn't used to sit around with his bathrobe open in front of me and I don't think you have any right to either."

"But I'm wearing bathing trunks, too, Mrs. Quinn. I really am." She saw, obviously to her surprise, that he was telling the truth and stalked back to the kitchen.



KIRSCHNER smoked while drinking two cups of black coffee, and left the house, taking with him cigarettes and sunglasses.

He dropped his bathrobe and huaraches on the beach in front of the house and began to walk away from his place and Allan's. In ten minutes he reached a promontory at which the beach narrowed, and beyond which he could not be seen from his house. Ahead of him there were shacks and cottages less elegant than the one in which he lived. He sat on the beach, his back against a rock, and remembered when there were no houses, elegant or otherwise, along this entire stretch. "This may well be the suburbs of Santa Barbara, or the Peninsula, or something," he said. He lit a cigarette and stretched his legs, and rested the back of his head against his clasped hands. "This is a rather unusual way to go about planning a murder," he said. "That's what you want to be by yourself for, isn't it? To plan a murder?" One murder, he was convinced, would be enough. If he were to murder Julie he would be rid of her, and automatically free of her cold, superior children. Their father could have them all the time then, if that's what he wanted—and it seemed to be, since he was always fighting to get them.

If he were to murder Fay, she would not be around to be wanted, to enjoy being wanted, to get excited with the knowledge of how very much she was wanted. "I was told," she once had said to Julie in his presence, "that I was the only actress Kirsch ever photographed that he didn't have an affair with. Star, of course, I mean. Or leading lady. I don't think it was a compliment, either. He never even made a pass at me, did you, Kirsch?"

"I *looked* quite a few, I remember," he had said.

"I guess I was too frightened of your reputation," Fay had said.

"As a cameraman or as a bum?" he had said.

"Both, I guess. I don't mean bum. Wolf."

It must have been a tiresome conversation for Julie, although she never had referred to it. Her friendship with Fay was of such a nature that it suited her, at various times, to believe and not care that he had had an affair with Fay, or to believe that he had not, which was the truth. It was also true that on their

THE EXILES

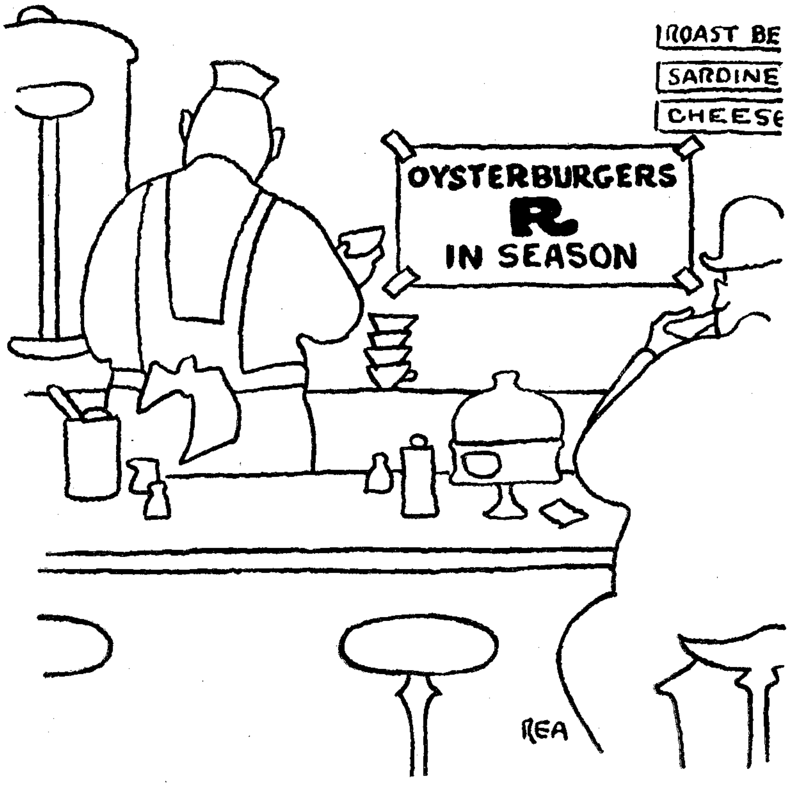
AT last, they made up their minds to it. They would go. It was a plunge at their time of life, as Arthur Stanbury said, but having decided to be bold, they set about it thoroughly and quickly. For months past, while they were still deliberating, they had had their names on the waiting list for a passage, and the final shove that pushed them over the brink of a decision was the fact that they had now been given a boat and a sailing date. They were, in black-and-white, Colonel and Mrs. Arthur Stanbury, first-class passengers from England to Durban on a certain day. In no time at all, they had let their flat, tidied up their loose ends of business, and broken the news to their friends.

It was a wrench parting with the flat, on the fifth floor of a gloomy mansion block in Westminster, where the hall porter was an old soldier who had been in Arthur Stanbury's regiment and where their names had stood so long on the notice board in the entrance that the painted letters had begun to fade. Though the corridors were daunting to timorous visitors, the fifth floor was sunny and had, from some of its windows, a pleasant view of the river and the Houses of Parliament. Big Ben reminded the Stanburys a dozen times a day how central they were, how delightfully at the heart of London—near Arthur's club, near the National Gallery (they were fond of pictures), and no distance at all from Whitehall, where the Colonel often bumped into an old crony heading for the War Office.

But now their home was theirs no longer. The new tenants had already dropped in two or three times to ask apologetically if they might take measurements of this and that—a fella, a pleasant young fella (as the Colonel described him later, with obvious loathing), and his painted-up, pretty little wife. "Going to South Africa, I understand?" said this juvenile, a harassed-looking civil servant of forty, as he crawled over the drawing-room floor with a tape measure. "Ah, how I envy you, sir! By Jove, Bunty," he said to the wife, "I think it will just take it." Take it? Take what, the Colonel wondered gloomily. He could imagine the kind of furniture these two would bring, the mess they would make of Violet's room. The little wife smiled at him brightly as she stood there with her pencil and notebook. "Think of that sunshine!" she cried. She bent down to her husband, and they murmured together of plugs for a radio and the color of a certain sofa, which, said the wife, she "saw *there*"—and she pointed her pencil straight at the heart of Arthur Stanbury's row of beloved first-edition Surtees. The Colonel could stand it no longer. He fled. And soon after that the men arrived to pull the Stanburys more completely, as it were, apart—to crate up the Surtees, the silver cups the Colonel had won at polo, the fine rugs, and the bits of his mother's things from the old home in Somerset, all of which later were to follow on, like faithful dogs tracking after the master and mistress, to the new house in the strange land.

THE two Stanburys had varied slightly, their friends might have noticed, in the reasons they gave for the step they were taking. To his acquaintances at the club, Colonel Stanbury said that his wife, with her weak throat, could not possibly face another winter in England like the last. She was delicate, and their flat had been, all those coalless months, an Arctic hut, a polar waste, where you could almost see the icy breath settling on the silver cups and the crackling chintzes. When he spoke of the sunshine, the warm African sunshine, a sort of tremor would shake the grizzled heads and the copies of the *Times*. A sort of groaning sigh would travel around the circle of leather armchairs as their occupants looked out at Pall Mall in the rain, at the gap of the bombed building opposite, and at the shabby young women hurrying along the sidewalks with their bare, splashed legs nakedly twinkling under their mackintoshes. Violet could do some shopping in Durban, the Colonel would say—fit herself out from top to toe with thin clothes for the hot weather. And again the tremor would seem to shake the copies of the *Times*, as though the elderly men whose veined, brown hands grasped them, around whose clear blue eyes harsh Indian light and Egyptian noons and the long hours of watching on duck-shooting mornings had engraved innumerable little sharp lines and furrows—as though these men, the Colonel's friends and contemporaries, felt mournfully in their bones that the Gulf Stream of the good days was turned away from England's shores forever.

Violet Stanbury made no particular mention of her weak throat when she spoke to people of their departure. Arthur, she said, felt that Things were so bad that they must get out while there was still time. Arthur felt Things very keenly, she would say. As she spoke, Things seemed to assume the shape of a dragon that was now firmly couched in its lair beneath the hitherto benign towers of Westminster. This dragon, she implied, was out to devour the Stanburys and their kind, to gobble their modest, honorable incomes, to push them to the wall and bar every path with the lashings of its hideously powerful tail. In time, Arthur felt, the monster of Things would get the whole country down, and he did not want to be there to see the sorry business. Already he was sufficiently upset by it all, Mrs. Stanbury said with a sigh. Maybe he was too old to adapt himself to the changes



—or *they* were too old, as she loyally, if not entirely truthfully, put it, for she was a gentle soul.

But Arthur had stalked around London, contemptuous and bitterly complaining, carrying his grumbles from the circle of leather armchairs facing Pall Mall to his wine merchant, from his bootmaker to Todhunter, the spectacled old man in Jermyn Street who had cut his hair for years and who could be trusted to say a few disgruntled words about Things before he had fairly tucked the towel around Colonel Stanbury's neck. There were no standards of craftsmanship today, the two of them would decide as Todhunter's scissors snipped away in the tiny old-fashioned shop while the people in the street passed and repassed behind the big green bottles of lotion and the shaving brushes that were displayed in the window. Look at this brush, now, Todhunter would say, fetching one to show the Colonel. Trash, at the price they were asking! In the old days, he wouldn't have had it in the place. And the dishonesty of everybody, not only artistically but actually. There was no honesty left in the people, there were no manners, there was nothing but this new, slipshod idea of working the shortest possible hours for the largest possible wage. Different in his young day, grunted old Todhunter, brushing the Colonel's erect back as he got up to go.

And, sure enough, bus conductors seemed to snap at Arthur Stanbury as soon as his cold blue eyes lighted upon them; he had only to put down a pair of pigskin gloves for a second on the seat of a railway carriage and they disappeared. His days were embittered with little insults, little pilferings, so that it really got almost to the point where he hated everybody and trusted nobody. It was then that Violet Stanbury began telling people that Durban seemed such an opportunity, with their nephew in South Africa, married and settled there for years, and only too anxious to make arrangements and pave the way for them.

"Having Walter and Eileen there will make all the difference," she said on one occasion. "And when we get settled in—Walter thinks there will be a chance of a house later on—and can have all our dear old things around us, it will really seem like home. I shall garden—I have always missed gardening, here in London—and Arthur will be able to ride again. We shall get so much *more* for our money, as Arthur says. And the climate is apparently quite ideal."

With such soothing reflections, such cozily optimistic word pictures, she contrived to rattle along through the days that led the Stanburys to their departure. They said their goodbyes, some painful. Chapman, the old hall porter, was almost touchingly upset at their going.

"When they drive a gentleman like the Colonel out of 'is own country, it's a sad business, and that's a fact," he said frequently.

Chapman also believed in Things that were bad and would get worse and be the finish of them all. His one eye glared mournfully, the points of his smartly waxed, faded mustache stuck out as though they intended to testify to the merits of spit-and-polish right up to the end. He brought his married daughter and her little girl from Stepney to say goodbye to the Stanburys; Mrs. Stanbury had always taken a friendly interest in the family. The little girl, Ivy, was sucking an orange as she stood staring around at the packing cases in the hall.

"Do you know, Ivy," said Mrs. Stanbury, "Colonel Stanbury and I are going to live in the country where oranges come from."

Ivy said nothing.

"Fancy that!" prompted her mother helpfully.

"Wouldn't you like to come, too, and be able to run out and pick an orange straight from the tree whenever you wanted one?" asked Mrs. Stanbury.

"Naow," said Ivy.

The child was unattractive, Violet Stanbury could not help thinking. But Arthur pursued the point with a strange, ponderous playfulness.

"Oh, come!" he said. "Wouldn't

CONFESSION TO BE TRACED ON A BIRTHDAY CAKE

Lots of people are richer than me
Yet pay a slenderer tax;
Their paragraph sevens yearly wane
As their paragraph sixes wax.
Lots of people have stocks and bonds
To further their romances;
I've cashed my ultimate savings stamp—
But nobody else has Frances.

Lots of people are stronger than me,
And greater athletic menaces;
They poise like gods on diving boards
And win their racquets and tennises.
Lots of people have lots more grace
And cut fine figures at dances,
While I was born with galoshes on—
But nobody else has Frances.

Lots of people are wiser than me
And carry within their cranium
The implications of Stein and Joyce
And the properties of uranium.
They know the mileage to every star
In the heavens' vast expanses;
I'm inclined to believe that the world is flat—
But nobody else has Frances.

Speaking of wisdom and wealth and grace,
As recently I have dared to,
There are lots of people compared to whom
I'd rather not be compared to.
There are people I ought to wish I was,
But under the circumstances
I prefer to continue my life as me—
For nobody else has Frances.

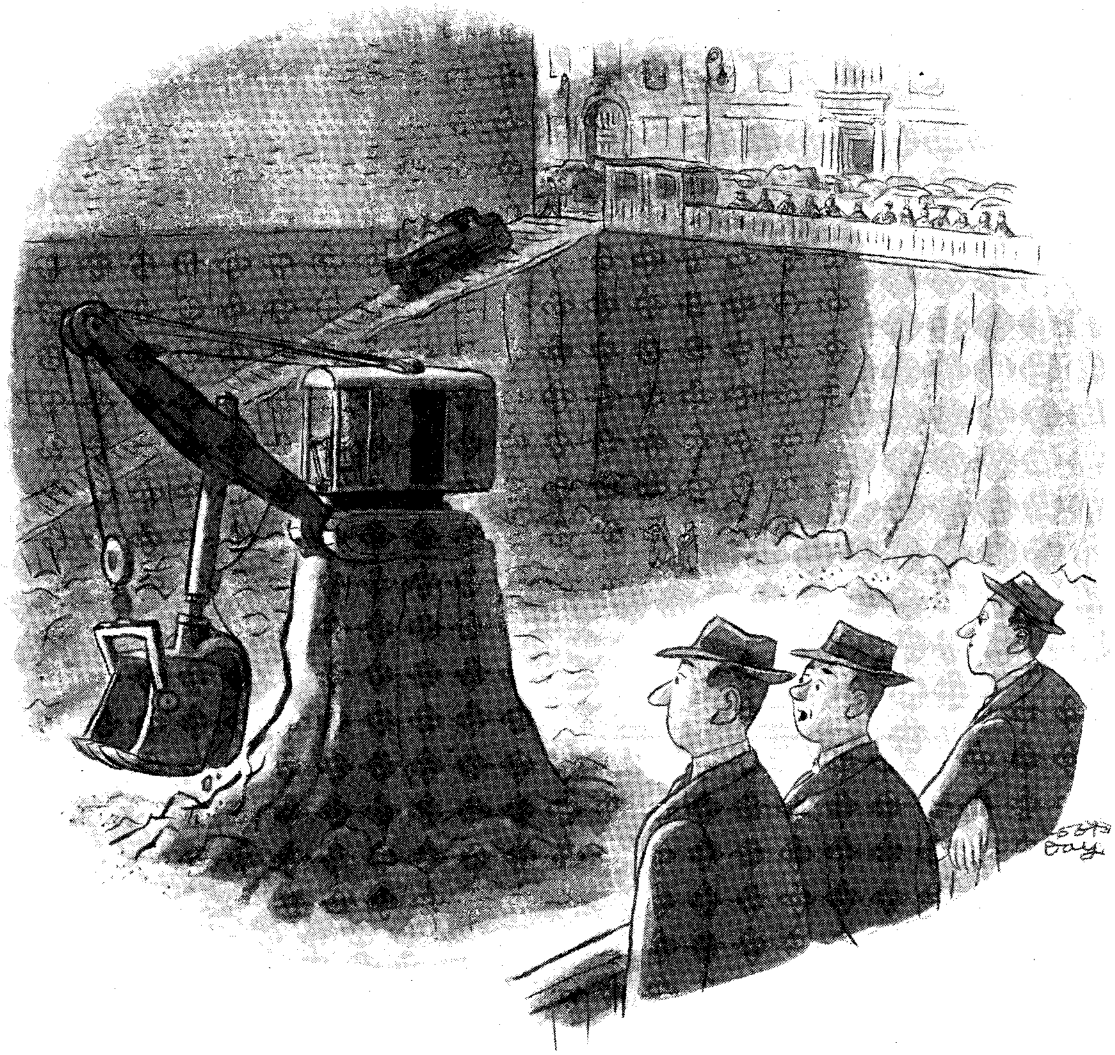
—OGDEN NASH

• •

you like to go on a big boat, Ivy, and wake up one morning to find blue skies, sunshine, and no more dirty old London? How about that, eh?"

"Naow," said Ivy.

Apologetic, Chapman shepherded his women to the door and dismissed the parade.



"I'm already half an hour late at the office, but I'm going to stick it out."

THE worst farewells, strangely enough, were to places rather than to people. The Stanburys were getting on in years, after all, and it was quite possible that they would never see these curiously living bits of stone and mortar again, these streets and spires that suddenly had personalities more intense than those of their dearest friends. One day toward the end, they paid their last visit to the National Gallery, and afterward, without asking each other where they were going, found themselves trudging off arm in arm, as though instinctively, to the Abbey. It was a beautiful afternoon, and the great, blackened building looked like some strong old ship, sailing on its green lawns, removed from and alien to the little red buses and the tiny Londoners swirling about it. Inside, the shadows were full of whispers from the feet of the people who strolled along the aisles. The Stanburys, too, strolled and stopped and moved on again, under the marble stares of the dead statesmen and soldiers. The place, in this golden light, seemed to whisper with more than the echo of shuffling feet, with something far away, infinitely old, and yet so personal that Arthur Stanbury felt like answering, "Yes?" He stood there, poker-straight and motionless, staring up at the soaring roof until his wife touched him on the arm and murmured that they must go.

On the way home, he said to her suddenly, "Oh, by the way, Vi, I ordered the *Times* and one or two of the weeklies today."

"Ordered the *Times*?" Mrs. Stanbury repeated rather blankly.

"To be mailed to us, I mean, every day."

"But won't there be good South African papers, dear?" she asked.

"No doubt," he said. "But one might as well keep in touch."

"Of course," she said.

"I dropped in at Todhunter's, too. He'll go on sending my special lotion, as usual."

"I do hope it won't get broken on the way," Mrs. Stanbury said.

"No reason why it should if he packs it up carefully," the Colonel said shortly.

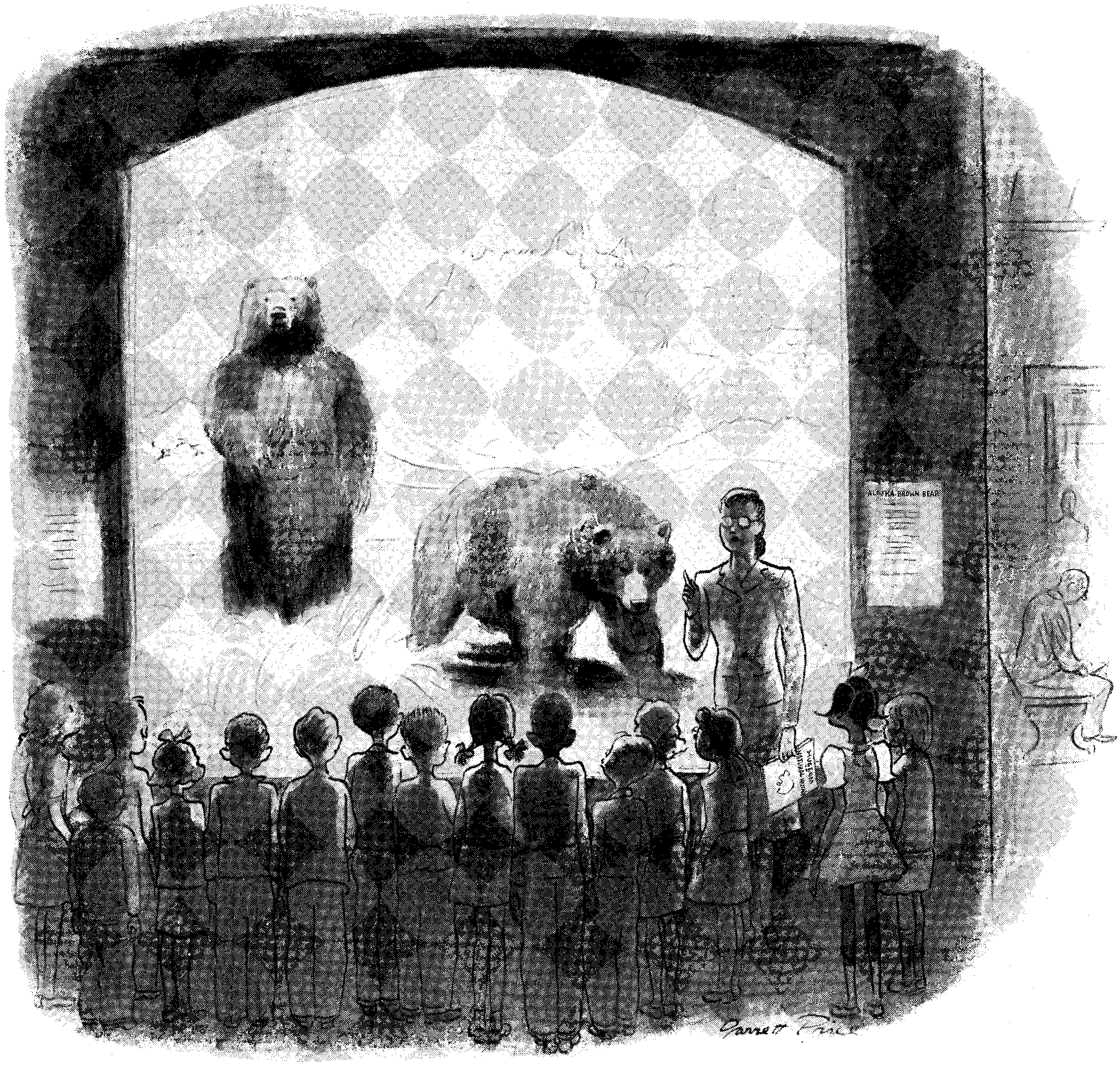
That night, lying in bed, Violet Stanbury found herself listening to Big Ben's strokes with unusual attention. She was so used to them that they never kept her awake normally, but tonight, perhaps because she was overtired with packing and arranging, she seemed to lie waiting for every quarter hour. The familiar voice boomed out, heavy and imperturbable, as though it spoke for something that would outlast the Stanburys, outlast Things, outlast the lot of them. From the rigidity of Arthur's shoulder, just touching hers in the bed, she knew that he was also awake. All the same, she asked in a hushed murmur, "Are you awake, dear?"

"Yes," came his deep voice.

"Can't you sleep, either? How provoking! I suppose we're too strung up by everything."

He gave a great sigh. They went on lying awake, stretched side by side, listening to the big clock measuring out, piece by piece, the time that was still left.

BUT at last there was no time left at all. They were in the taxi, driving to the station, having been shut in by Chapman with a final salute and a "Good luck, Colonel!" His kind, ratty little face, genuinely moved, faded from their sight. Mrs. Stanbury made a gallant attempt to laugh. She said waveringly to Arthur, "Well, it's begun!" After that, they sat in silence, looking out at the heartlessly bright streets, the crowds hurrying along, so strangely indifferent, so preoccupied with their own business. The taxi was held up by a po-



"A wild animal will not attack you without a reason: It may have little ones in the vicinity or it may be afraid of you."

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liceman who raised his arm to let a party of women, perhaps as many as twenty, cross the road. Violet Stanbury watched them with a curious intentness as they plunged across the taxi's path, clutching each other's arms, uttering loud screams of laughter and mock fright. They were mostly stout and middle-aged, and looked like charwomen, out together on some spree. Their hair was arranged in cast-iron waves and frizzy curls, as though newly released from the pins, and their jolly red faces shone as they shouted at the policeman.

"Ta-ta!" they yelled. "Be good now!"

Grinning, he turned and waved the Stanburys' taxi on. The Cockney voices, still yelling "Ta-ta!" as the driver grindingly shifted gears, seemed like the voice of London itself ironically speeding the travellers on their way. Quite suddenly, for the first time, Mrs. Stanbury began to cry. The tears streamed down her face while she fumbled quietly for her handkerchief. She did not want Arthur to see such a ridiculous display, and she glanced at him furtively as she rummaged in her bag. The Colonel looked as though he were noticing nothing. He was sitting in his corner, bolt upright, arms folded, looking out at the street along which they were driving. His face was expressionless, but suddenly Mrs. Stanbury noticed that his forehead was wet, as though it were a very hot day. She stopped trying to find her handkerchief and took his hand.

And thus silently united, Colonel and Mrs. Arthur Stanbury came at last to the place of their departure.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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"Whom do men say that I am?" is still the sixty-four dollar question.—*University of Michigan Daily.*

It isn't worth it.

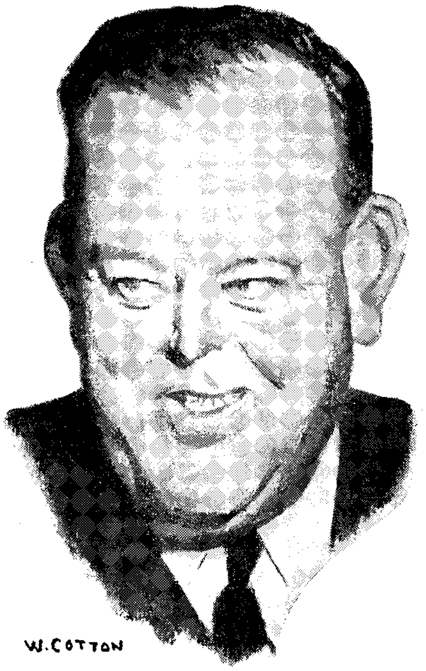
PROFILES

THE IDEA IS EVERYTHING—II

TRYGVE LIE, the Secretary-General of the United Nations, was born in Grünerløkken, a suburb of Oslo, on July 16, 1896. On the surface, it was a pleasant, peaceful time, and there seemed no reason to expect violent change. However, Lie's father, a carpenter, seems to have been sensitive to those deep, disturbing forces that not many years later swept the world into turmoil. At any rate, when Trygve was about six, Father Lie, answering some turbulent inner call, left his wife, son, and a twelve-year-old daughter, and disappeared forever. No one ever found out what became of him, but the neighborhood theory was that he had migrated to America. Whatever his destination, his leaving instilled within his son a lasting passion for stability, security, and a well-ordered home. Trygve's mother, a self-reliant woman, set about finding a means of livelihood, and soon ran onto a boarding house for rent in Grorud, another Oslo suburb, four miles distant. She felt that a change of locale, however slight, would be salutary for both her and her children, and decided to make the move. She and her daughter went there by train. Trygve accompanied the house furnishings—including the family's most prized possession, a white plush couch—on a moving van drawn by two horses. The couch was placed on top of the other furnishings, and Trygve was placed on top of the couch.

Grorud was a working-class village of some twelve hundred inhabitants. In most countries, such a town would have been a desolate patchwork of run-down cottages and blackened chimney pots. Norwegian working-class villages were different. They were an orderly arrangement of small but pleasant houses and small but pleasant gardens. Mrs. Lie's boarding house was called Elverhøy (Fairy Hill), a name that appears frequently in Scandinavian folk tales. The boarders were mostly Swedish and Russian workmen who were employed in a nearby stone quarry or did construction work on the railroads. Intellectually, Grorud was a stimulating place. It was an important center of the Norwegian Labor Party. The Norwegian working-class movement was getting started amidst a ferment of ideas, and there were many long, serious, and involved discussions at the Elverhøy dining table. Mrs. Lie provided her boarders with such filling dishes as dried codfish, fried herring, and boiled meat, which were washed down with quantities of beer and aquavit. Then, inwardly satisfied, they felt disposed to sit back and debate the significance of trade unions, the vast social unrest in Russia, and the importance of the Syndicalist movement. Trygve can remember lengthy and exciting debates on plans for the economic advancement of the workingman. By the time he was nine, he was reading newspaper accounts of the Russo-Japanese War aloud to the boarders. A year later, he was making biweekly trips to Oslo to buy food for the boarding house. Childhood friends recall that he was a shrewd bargainer, capable of talking a fishmonger into knocking a few kroner off the price of a barrel of cod. His boyhood activities also included a great deal of fishing and hunting, and he is still a good shot. Last winter, when he was a guest at a shooting party in upstate New York, he was quickly named Trigger Lie. In common with almost all Norwegian boys, he learned to ski, but, by Norwegian standards, he has never been particularly expert at it.

Lacking a father, Trygve formed a deep attachment for one of his elementary-school teachers, Johan Evje, an active Socialist, a composer of folk tunes, and an intellectual catalyst in Grorud. This friendship lasted many years. Evje introduced the boy to books and music. Trygve discovered Grorud's public library, which was reasonably well stocked, and proceeded to read almost every book, starting at the beginning of a shelf and working his way down to the end. As for music, he was rarely impressed by anything that wasn't loud and brassy. Today, his taste runs to Norwegian and Swedish sailor songs, which, on his rare free evenings at home, he enjoys singing for his friends. The most lasting effect Evje had on Lie was his influence on Lie's political thinking. Evje was an official of the local Labor Party, which had a majority in the parish of which Grorud was a part, and he encouraged Lie, then still in high school, to attend Party meetings and join in the debates. He also steered Lie into the study of law and impressed upon him the social value of becoming a labor lawyer. "Workingmen have no lawyers," he said. In 1915, when Lie was nineteen, he became the secretary of the Labor Party organization in his parish and chairman of the campaign committee for the election of Evje to the Storting, the Norwegian parliament. Evje lost, but Lie had inescapably been drawn into political life.



Trygve Lie

Lie, after graduating from high school, went to the University of Oslo, where he received a Bachelor of Arts degree and then took up the study of law. While a student, he made excursions into the field of labor organizing and wrote news items for *Arbeiderbladet*, an Oslo Labor paper. He was paid by the centimetre, and most of his copy consisted of extensive quotations from official Labor Party pronouncements. He was then, as he continued to be throughout his career in Norway, a prodigious joiner; in law school, he found time to participate in the work of the Labor Party in Grorud, the Christian Youth Association, and the Teetotallers Youth, among others. He also found time for the study of political science and the courtship of Hjørdis Jørgensen, an attractive girl whom he had grown up with and who was the daughter of the Grorud stationmaster. Few romances match theirs. Lie gave her an engagement ring when he was ten and she was six, and they were formally engaged four years later. They were married a year or so after he graduated from law school in 1919, at the age of twenty-three, and, in the years since, they have rarely been separated from each other for more than a few hours. They have

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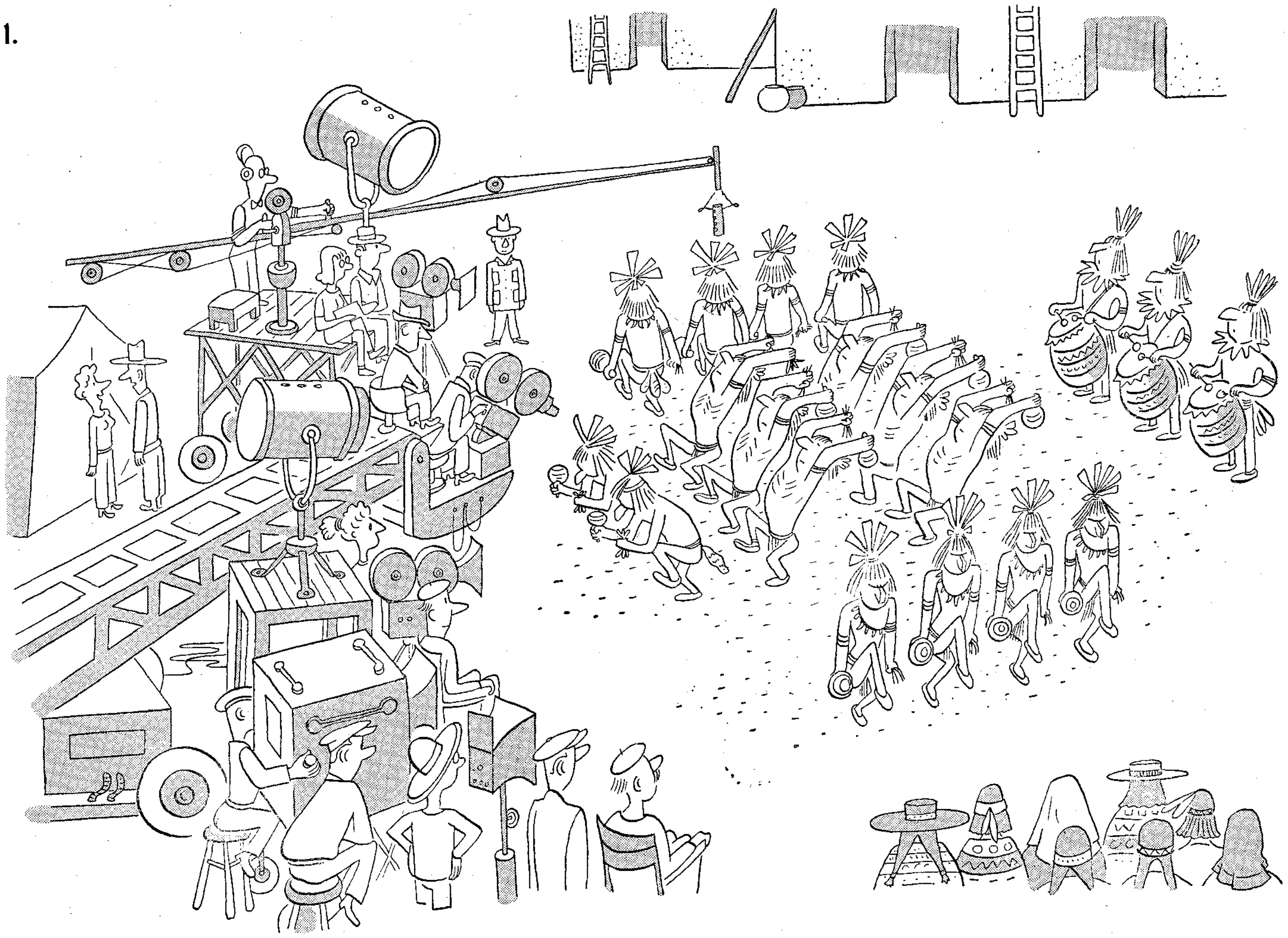

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three grown daughters, Sissel, Guri, and Mette.

IN November, 1921, Lie was appointed secretary of a small Labor Party delegation to Moscow. The Norwegian Labor Party, impressed with the results of the Russian revolution, had established close connections with the Kremlin. The delegation, which included Mrs. Lie, travelled to Russia by boat and rail, changing trains countless times before reaching Moscow. At Reval, in Estonia, for example, they waited a week between trains, anxiously peering down the tracks. "The trains were always catching on fire," Lie says. In Moscow, the group received a hearty welcome. The members of the delegation were introduced to Trotsky, Bukharin, and Litvinov, and called upon Lenin at the Kremlin. Lie was much taken with Lenin, who received the Norwegians in an austere room containing only some straight-back wooden chairs, a table on which a map of Europe was spread, and another table that he used as a desk. No sooner had the group sat down than Lenin jumped to his feet and nervously fingered his beard. "How many farmers in Norway?" he asked. Someone made a guess. "How *many*?" demanded Lenin. Without waiting for an accurate statistic, he suddenly sat down, wagged a finger at his guests, and narrowed his eyes. "How many people in manufacturing?" he asked. "In shipping? Total number of square kilometres of land? Percentage of kilometres devoted to agriculture? Horsepower of hydroelectric plants? Ratio of imports to exports?" The Norwegians stirred uneasily. Lie, seated at the rear of the room, reached into his pocket, produced a small almanac, rustled through the pages, found as many answers as he could, and, feeling embarrassed because the older members weren't able to provide the answers, whispered them to the man in front of him. They were whispered along until they reached Lenin, who, so Lie thought, seemed to absorb them instantaneously and file them away in some corner of his mind.

When Lie was twenty-six, he was appointed legal adviser to the Norwegian Trade Union Federation, which, in effect, made him the official lawyer of Norway's labor movement. When cases came up which called for Lie's appearance in court, he borrowed stenographers and office workers from the unions to help him prepare his briefs, since the Federation wasn't wealthy enough to provide him with more than his salary—five thousand kroner a year, or twelve hundred and fifty dollars. His job was to represent union men in disputes over wages and dismissals. These were heard in the labor courts, which were presided over by seven judges, three of them representing the public, two the employers, and two the employees. Lie became known as a lawyer who presented arguments without bombast, emotion, or hyperbole. Among his clients were the newly organized lumberjacks, who theretofore had been pretty much at the mercy of the small group of paternalistic lumber barons who controlled Norway's forest lands. The woodsmen called a strike, which they conducted without noticeable finesse. They armed themselves with rifles and formed picket lines in the forest, and when strikebreakers turned up, they

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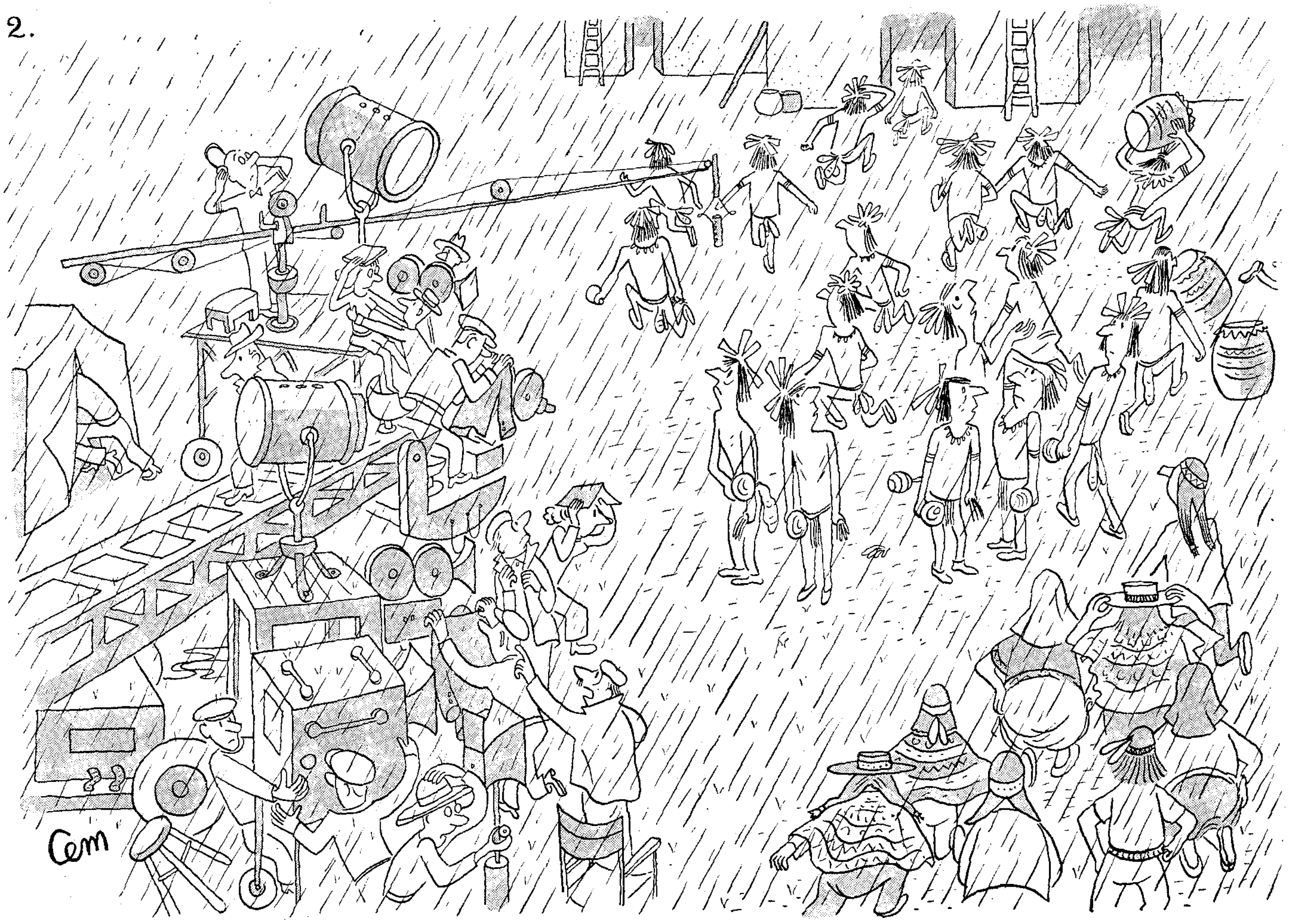

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fired warning shots. Nobody was killed, but many of the strikers were later charged with firing with intent to kill. They claimed they had been shooting rabbits. Lie defended them, doing his best to reply to the contention that it's sometimes difficult to distinguish between a fink and a rabbit in wooded territory.

As early as 1931, Lie found himself in something less than total agreement with the social attitude of Vidkun Quisling, then Norway's Minister of Defense. The worldwide economic depression had hit Norway, there was a great deal of discontent, and prices and unemployment were high, but the best the government had to offer was the familiar slogan "Cut Down Consumption!" The government refused to issue a cash dole. Instead, it issued food coupons restricted to salt herring and separated milk—a scheme that satisfied nobody. In an attempt to lower wages, there were lockouts in several major industries. Labor retaliated by pulling men off their jobs in every key industry in the country. Norway found itself in the grip of a general work stoppage. Only essential services functioned. At this point, strikebreakers were hired to replace striking stevedores in the unloading of some nitrate ships. Quisling, who had been first in his class at the Norwegian equivalent of West Point and who was generally regarded as a man of mental agility but deficient in human feelings, ordered two companies of Royal Guards to protect the strikebreakers. For the only time in Norway's history, representatives of the government battled with her citizens. The Royal Guardsmen and the pickets clashed head-on. Neither the Guards nor the strikers had firearms, but the Guards carried billies and the strikers an assortment of sticks, clubs, pitchforks, and other impromptu weapons. Nobody was killed in the fight over the unloading of the ships, but a fair percentage of those involved suffered fractured skulls and concussions, and a few eyes were put out. Lie defended the strikers against assault charges. For a striker to be found guilty, he contended, the prosecution must prove that a certain striker wielded, say, a certain pitchfork over a certain Guardsman's head. Many of the strikers, and all their leaders, were acquitted, and nobody received a heavy sentence.

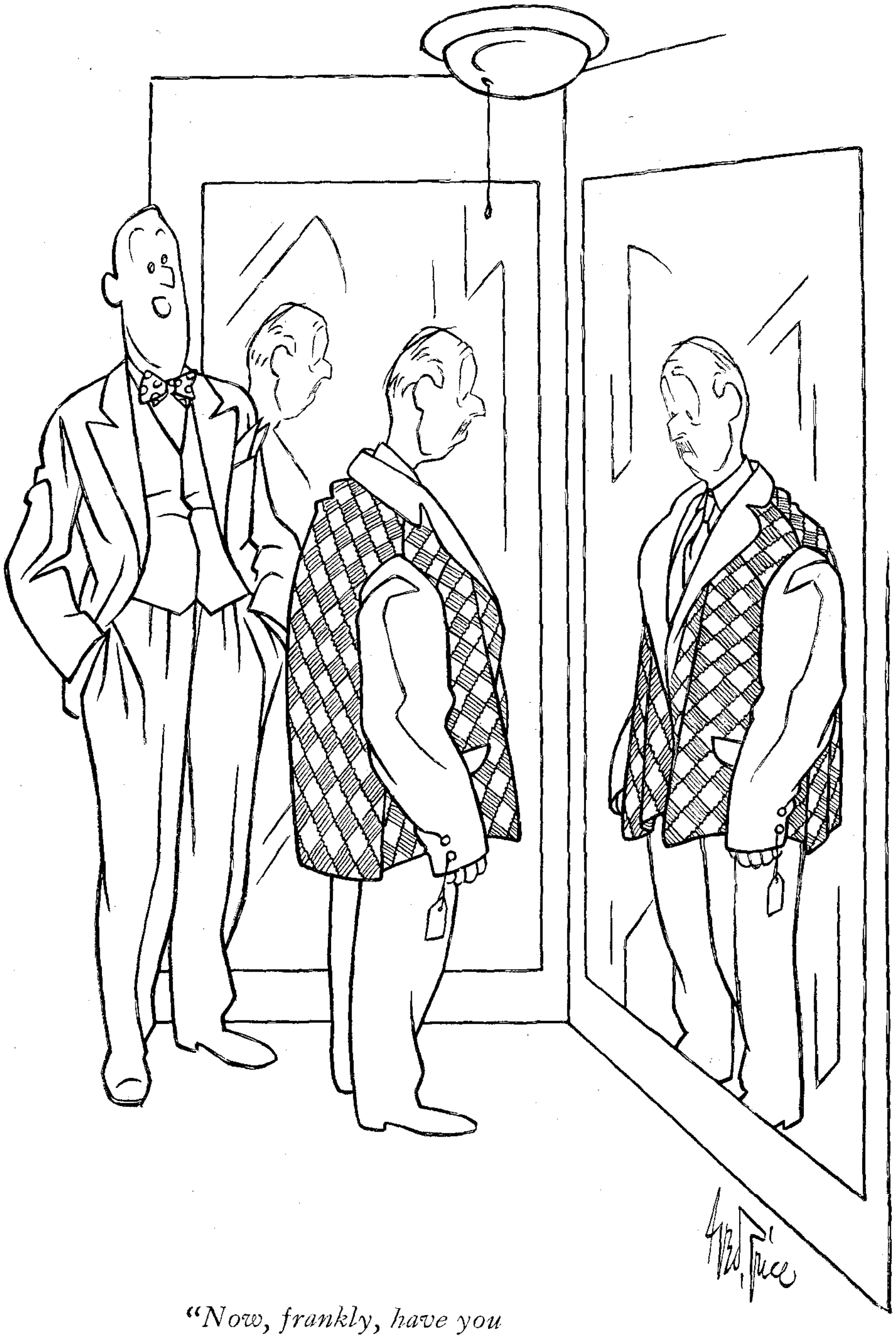
Lie enjoyed his life as counsel for the Labor Party. Out of his small salary, he made a down payment of two thousand kroner on a small country house outside Oslo. There the Lies' three daughters were raised. Lie gained a reputation for clear, levelheaded thinking. When, in 1923, a schism had developed in the Labor Party between a small group advocating revolution and close ties with Moscow and a larger group urging economic reforms by democratic processes, Lie threw in his lot with the majority. The extremist Left Wingers withdrew from the Party. Lie has always been a man of the Left, and has never lost faith in the efficacy of reason. He feels that economic injustices are the causes of many of the world's troubles, but he wants to see the injustices rectified without the curtailment of civil liberties. "Lie has been called a hack political trimmer and compromiser, and a labor statesman," a Norwegian friend said recently. "He has been accused of being a tool of Stalin and an agent of the American State Department. Actually, he is an old-fashioned Social Democrat, who believes in improving man's lot on earth without destroying his dignity as a man. Ideologically, he is left, and probably west, of center."

IN 1935, when a Labor government was elected in Norway, Lie was made Minister of Justice. He received a salary amounting to slightly more than four thousand dollars a year. It is doubtful that he felt that he was making easy money, for shortly after he took office, Leon Trotsky, the most controversial and troublesome émigré of his time, arrived in Norway and began to keep the Ministry of Justice busier than one man, or even a group of men, had ever kept it before. Trotsky came from France. The French had given him an exit visa which shrewdly provided no *retour*. "He was what you would call our baby," Lie said not long ago. Norway granted Trotsky asylum on the condition that he would refrain from political activity of any kind. Keeping Trotsky from this line of work was like forbidding a monkey to swing from a tree. For many months, the Norwegian administration was assailed at home for admitting such a menace to the country and from abroad by governments declaring that Trotsky was engaged in big-scale, long-distance plotting to overthrow them. At last, his patience exhausted, Lie summarily ordered Trotsky arrested and isolated. He was confined in a comfortable twelve-room villa, where he was well treated. The Storting became alarmed at the abruptness of Lie's action and questioned him on the floor to determine whether he had violated Trotsky's right of political asylum. It satisfied itself that he had not. Lie recalls with vivid dismay the ruses by which Trotsky and his friends tried to communicate with each other. "He was the world's greatest conspirator," Lie says. "Every message sent to him had to be examined for secret inks or tiny code marks. If someone sent him a cake, we practically ate the cake hunting for little tricks. If he complained of a toothache and we sent a dentist around, he tried to slip out messages by the dentist. When flowers arrived, we would pull out the petals one by one, and sure enough, hidden somewhere there would be a communication." Finally, the government decided to deport Trotsky, and Lie himself went around and told him that arrangements had been made to send him to Mexico, which was willing to accept him, aboard a Norwegian tanker. "Even under the Czar, I was never treated like this!" Trotsky shouted. "Even under the Czar, the notorious Peter Paul Fortress in St. Petersburg was never like *this!* The food here is rotten!" Trotsky added that he wished, nevertheless, to remain in Norway. If he sailed for Mexico, he said, his ship would be sunk not only by agents of the O.G.P.U. but by representatives of international capitalism. In summation, he told Lie, "You Norwegians have no idea what's going on in the world. Mark my words, within two years you and your Prime Minister and your whole Cabinet will be political refugees!" Trotsky sailed to Mexico, but the ship was not torpedoed. "However, he was only two years off in his other prophecy," Lie says sadly. "Four years later, the Prime Minister and our entire government, including me, were political refugees."

In July, 1939, Lie became Minister of Commerce. At the beginning of October, one month after the outbreak of hostilities in Europe, the problems of shipping and supply had become so pressing that the job of handling them was taken from the Ministry of Commerce and assigned to the brand-new Ministry of Shipping and Supply, and Lie was made the head. As such, he was responsible for the welfare of one of Norway's most valuable assets, her merchant fleet of 4,850,000 gross tons. Norway's economics has always been somewhat lopsided. Her ratio of imports to exports is normally three to two, but her merchant ships, carrying goods for all countries all over the globe, earn enough to meet the deficit. One of Lie's first acts in his new position was to gather stores of foodstuffs, earmark them for use in a national emergency, and cache them in potentially critical spots throughout the country. These supplies were to come in handy sooner than any Norwegian, with the possible exception of Quisling, had reason to expect. The Germans invaded Norway suddenly during the night of April 8-9, 1940. The news reached Lie half an hour after midnight at his home. His youngest daughter, Mette, was visiting an aunt, but his two older daughters and his wife were at home. Lie told them to stay put until he called for them, and drove into Oslo to attend a hastily called meeting of the Cabinet. All eleven members of the Cabinet were present. Reports were received that the Germans had landed at five strategic points. They were experiencing difficulty in making their way up Oslo fjord, but it was clear that Oslo would fall. Norway could offer little resistance to the Germans, since her Army was not scheduled for total mobilization until the twelfth of April, but orders were issued for it to fight back. The commanding general of the Army said that he wished to capitulate. He was at once replaced by the Army's Inspector General, a Colonel Ruge. At 4 A.M., the German Minister to Norway brought the Cabinet an ultimatum demanding immediate surrender. This was instantly and unanimously turned down. It was decided that the Royal Family, the Storting, and most of the Cabinet, with some of their families, would leave Oslo forthwith and proceed northeast, toward the Swedish border. As yet, the government entertained no thought of leaving Norwegian soil. Nonetheless, Sweden was close, and they headed almost instinctively in its direction. Lie and three other Ministers were to remain behind to perform a few last-minute tasks. At 7 A.M., Lie accompanied the King and the rest of the departing party to the station and bade them goodbye. He spent the remainder of the morning in a whirl, in and out of his office. It was rumored that the Germans controlled all the roads out of Oslo, and it was known that German paratroopers were dropping into the outskirts. Lie finished his business by 11 A.M., was driven to his house, packed one small bag, picked up his family, and headed north by car in an attempt to catch up with the King and the rest of the Cabinet. Mette, incidentally, trapped south of Oslo, remained in the country until 1944, when she was smuggled into Sweden.

Lie and his family fully expected to be intercepted, but they encountered no Germans on the road they took. They caught up with the government at Hamar, about seventy miles north of Oslo. Shortly after Lie arrived, a meeting was called of the King, the Cabinet, and the Storting. It had barely got started when news came that a force of three hundred Germans was approaching rapidly from the south in buses and motorcars, with the obvious intention of bagging the entire Norwegian government. The meeting promptly adjourned, and the government moved some twenty miles east into the mountains, to the village of Elverum. There, they resumed the meeting. Momentous decisions were made. The Storting voted its own temporary dissolution and gave the Cabinet full power to act for it in the conduct of the war, even, if necessary, from foreign soil. The members of the Storting then went their own ways. Throughout the war, the Norwegian Government-in-Exile, unlike many other émigré national groups, operated under a definite and legal mandate from the elected representatives of the Norwegian people. At Elverum, it was also decided that the Crown Princess Marta and her children should take immediate refuge in Sweden, to avoid being seized as hostages by the Germans. While these decisions were being made, the German cavalcade swept through Hamar and turned toward Elverum. Fortunately for the government, Elverum was the seat of an infantry school containing some hundred and fifty cadets. Colonel Ruge, acting with desperate speed, mobilized the cadets, deployed them in the woods on the outskirts of town, and ambushed the Germans, killing a great many and sending the rest flying. For almost a month thereafter, the Norwegian government, making what was certainly one of the most impressive flights in history, kept one step ahead of the Germans, moving north, west, and then north again, through mountains and valleys, stopping at hotels, pensions, and farmhouses, until it reached Tromsø, eight hundred miles above the capital. The Germans apparently had a good idea of its movements but no exact information. A severe, direct bombing took place, however, at Nybergsund, the day after the government left Elverum. In a sudden air attack, the hotel in which the government was meeting was hit, and all present fled into the woods. No one was even wounded, but the hotel was destroyed. At the time, Lie was scouring the countryside for petrol. He spent hours of each day and night locating supplies of petrol, allocating some for shipment to points of resistance, and taking others along with him. The party was by now a small one—the King, the Crown Prince, the Ministers, and a few civil servants. Lie still smiles contemptuously at the inability of the Germans to capture them. "They never, never could understand the bond between ourselves and our people," he says. "It eluded them, mystified them. Throughout the entire episode, I never carried a revolver. Why should I? It would have been an admission of fear. The people were with us wherever we went. We were right and had nothing to fear."

During the retreat, Lie developed an almost mystical reverence for King Haakon. "He was calm, optimistic, strong," Lie says. "His face had an inner light." The Cabinet met every day, wherever the government happened to be. Often, meetings were held around tables in farmhouses or in a small room in a mountain pension, but they had all the dignity of a session in the capital. Although administering an ever-decreasing amount of territory and operating in an unavoidable atmosphere of sad confusion, the government put through many measures. Foreign assets were frozen, labor forces were organized, supplies were purchased, the fishing fleet was mobilized, the police were put on a war footing, and numerous quislings were apprehended. Some officials who were in the party have since remarked with admiration upon the almost unfailing good spirits of Lie. Lie especially likes to recall a meeting the Cabinet held April 22nd at a tiny hotel in the village of Stugufläten, far in the Romsdal Valley. The King sat at the meeting table, with his back to a large window nearby. Lie suggested that he



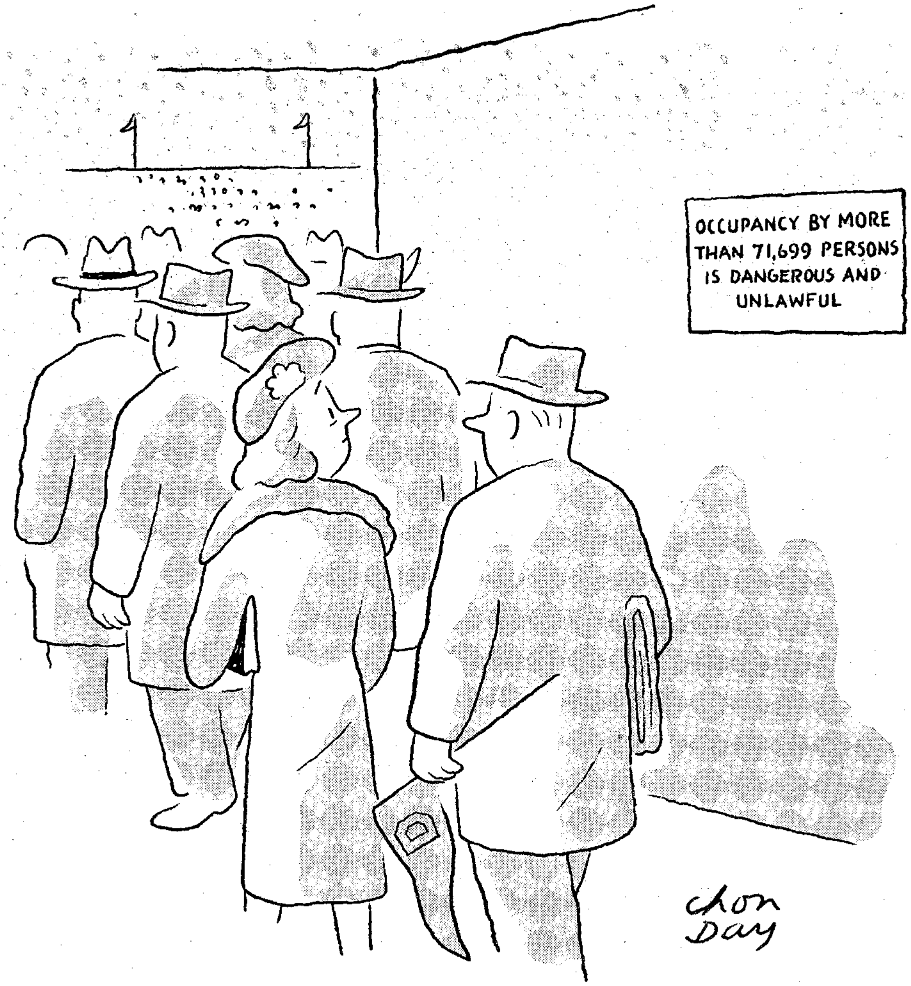
"Now, frankly, have you ever seen a more casual-looking jacket?"

move away from the window, perhaps even into the center of the room, in case the Germans should bomb. "Nonsense," said the King. "Let's get on with our business." Lie remembers this occasion clearly not because anything happened to the King but because it was at that meeting that it was decided to nationalize all shipping and to send out an order in the name of the Ministry of Shipping and Supply to Norwegian ships all over the world ordering them to proceed at once to Allied ports. "There is an apocryphal story that I wrote the decree on a piece of paper ripped from a scrapbook," Lie says. "People who tell that one do not realize the solemnity of our Cabinet meetings. Actually, the decree was presented, discussed, and signed with magnificent formality." A thousand and twenty-eight ships were at sea when the decree was issued, and all of them turned up at Allied ports.

THE Norwegian Government-in-Exile reached Tromsø in May, when it still looked as though the Allies had a fighting chance against the Germans in Norway. By June, it had become obvious that if resistance were to continue, the fight had to be carried on outside Norway, and on June 7th, two days before the fighting ended there, the Norwegian government sailed for Glasgow on a British cruiser. It arrived in London on June 10th, four days before the Germans entered Paris. The Norwegians established headquarters near Hyde Park. Long before the war, railways and other public utilities in Norway had been nationalized; the government now began to operate all shipping. Lie and the head of the Norwegian Seamen's Union worked together closely in directing the fleet's thirty thousand seamen, but there was a minority element among the sailors that considered the war an imperialist venture (the Nazi-Soviet pact was still in force) and advocated refusing to handle munitions and other supplies for the Allies. By August, thirty Norwegian cargo vessels loaded with vital matériel for the British were tied up in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore because their crews refused to sail. The crews were under the influence of the leaders of an organization known as the Scandinavian Seamen's Club, who in turn appeared to be under the influence of Moscow. Lie secretly left London for Lisbon in an unarmed photo-reconnaissance plane. Over France, German fighters almost succeeded in shooting it down. In Lisbon, he transferred to a Clipper bound for New York. Upon arriving here, he went directly from the airport to a meeting in a union hall in Brooklyn, where representatives of all the dissident crews were awaiting him. Lie spoke eloquently for over an hour about the invasion of Norway, the responsibility of Norwegians abroad to aid their countrymen under Nazi domination, and labor's great stake in the war. Within a week, the thirty ships sailed.

After his return to London, Lie's influence in the Cabinet became more pronounced. He was appointed acting Foreign Minister in the fall of 1940 and became Minister in March of the following year. He and the British got on famously, and he and Anthony Eden, the British Foreign Secretary, became particularly good friends. In his new position, Lie was a principal in the liaison between the government-in-exile and the Norwegian underground. Practically every political communication from the home front passed through his hands. Looking back, he feels that his almost continuous contact with the underground kept him going throughout the war. Every day he received from the Norwegian Legation in Stockholm, by courier and wireless, dozens of documents, messages, and bits of intelligence, all in code, all naming no names, and all unsigned. Adding a dash of intuition to his knowledge of Norwegian personalities, he could tell, almost without fail, who back home had sent a certain message or was engaged in a specific activity. The Germans, to cause confusion, frequently circulated rumors that he had returned to Norway, but he did not actually get back home until after the end of the war. Several times, however, he spoke to the home front over the B.B.C. short wave. At three-thirty one afternoon, half an hour before he was to speak from a studio near Soho, a buzz-bomb attack commenced. At five minutes to four, he hadn't reached the studio, and some chamber-music records were taken out of the files, just in case. A moment later, while the bombs were still dropping, he drove to the studio door in a tiny runabout, carefully parked it, strolled into the studio, and delivered his talk. The bombs were still buzzing when he left the studio.

A good deal of Lie's intimate knowledge of wartime events in Norway came from the hundreds of Norwegians, newly out of Norway, who dropped by his apartment at all hours for a cup of coffee and a snatch of conver-


OCCUPANCY BY MORE THAN 71,699 PERSONS IS DANGEROUS AND UNLAWFUL
Chon Day

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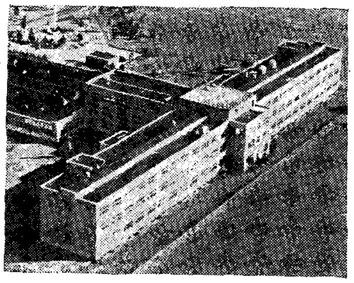

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sation. Before the war, he had barely been able to speak English, and now he spent what time he could spare diligently studying the language. In London, according to friends, he began, for the first time in his life, to consider problems from an international point of view rather than from a purely national one. It was an expansion of mind that millions of people throughout the world were experiencing. "It was curious to watch Trygve's educational process in London," a Norwegian who has known him since childhood has remarked. "He had been first, last, and always a Norwegian, but gradually he became something else. I guess he became that much-abused person, a world citizen. The problems that passed across his desk as Foreign Minister made him that way. The concept that the world must be one was as revolutionary to a person of Lie's background as the notion, years ago, that the world was round."

Lie's duties took him several times to Washington for conferences with Roosevelt, Hull, Stettinius, and other officials. He also attended the San Francisco Conference, which drafted the Charter of the United Nations, in April, 1945, but he stayed only until May 7th, when the liberation of Norway made it necessary for him to return home in a hurry. The government resigned, and a new government was formed. Lie was reappointed to his old post, and he continued to follow closely all aspects of the developing United Nations, although his main job was worrying over Norway's foreign policy in the postwar world. Often, when asked whether Norway inclines to the East or to the West, he replies cryptically, or perhaps not cryptically, "We are a small country. Please look at a map."

Lie attended the first session of the General Assembly of the United Nations, as head of the Norwegian delegation, in London in January, 1946. He had been told in December by Lithgow Osborne, the American Ambassador to Norway, that the United States felt that he was well qualified to hold the position of President of the Assembly. The Russians and Americans agreed to nominate him, but the British preferred Paul-Henri Spaak, then Foreign Minister of Belgium. Nominations for high positions in the international political world follow, it seems, the familiar pattern of nominations for any other political job. Men meet in smoke-filled hotel rooms (in this instance, they were mostly in Claridge's), talk fast behind their hands, swap candidates, and maneuver blocs. The South American countries were agreeable to Lie, but when the Russians proposed that he be nominated by a voice vote they shied off, objecting that the matter was being pushed through too rapidly. One smoke ring leading to another, a vote was finally taken, and Spaak was elected, twenty-eight votes to Lie's twenty-three. The delegates repaired again to their hotel rooms and went into a huddle over the Secretary-Generalship. The United States and Great Britain favored Lester B. Pearson, who had been the wartime Canadian Ambassador to the United States. The Russians said no; since the United Nations was to have its headquarters in the Western Hemisphere, the Secretary-General should come from the Eastern Hemisphere. They proposed Stanoje Simitch, Yugoslav Ambassador to the United States. Pearson was unacceptable to the Russians, and Simitch was unacceptable to the British and Americans. To break the deadlock, Secretary Stettinius suggested Lie, who was accepted by all three powers and unanimously nominated by the Security Council. On February 1st, the General Assembly elected him Secretary-General for a five-year term.

When Lie brought his wife and his two younger daughters to America in March, they moved into the Waldorf-Astoria, because of the usual difficulty of finding a place to live. (The eldest daughter, Sissel, lives near Oslo with her second husband. Her first, a flier in the Norwegian Royal Air Forces, was killed during the war. She recently married the son of one of Lie's oldest friends.) Finally, a year ago, a group of supporters of the United Nations, which included Winthrop Aldrich, bought a house in Forest Hills for the Lies, and now is renting it to the U.N. The house and furnishings, along with a Cadillac, are perquisites of the Secretary-General's office. The U.N. has provided most of the furniture, and the Lies the rest. Lie tries to see as much as he can of his family, but in the last few weeks he has been catching fewer and fewer glimpses of them. The Lie house, a brown brick and granite structure, is at 123 Greenway North. It has fourteen rooms and a turret, which undoubtedly was the reason the original owner, Albert P. Armour, then a manufacturer of telephone booths, named it Granston Towers. Lie's neighbors are either prosperous or making an excellent show of being so. They include an assortment of stockbrokers and other businessmen. Greenway North is a street of

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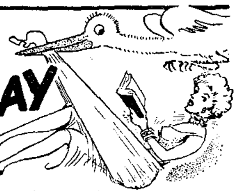

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successful men. The Norwegian labor lawyer, now the Secretary-General of a world organization, finds himself set down in the center of a rich suburb of America's biggest city. Lie moves uneasily through the big house. Friends who have been shown around by him report that he is inclined to tiptoe from room to room, as though he were in a museum and about to stumble on the "Mona Lisa." Granston Towers *is* something of a museum. During the first General Assembly meeting at Flushing Meadow last year, the Metropolitan Museum of Art offered to hang a couple of dozen pictures in the delegates' lounge, and at the close of the session it suggested that Lie borrow a few for Granston Towers. Without realizing that his choice had a nostalgic basis, he picked a number of pictures of snow scenes, including a Childe Hassam of the New York City Hall and an oil of the old New York Post Office, by Junius Allen. All the other pictures are large and forthright, and contain either a group of trees or a body of water.

Mr. Armour left behind, at Granston Towers, several permanent mementos, and occasionally Lie finds himself growing edgy in their presence. In the foyer is a bronze plaque, embedded in the wall, that reads, "Awarded by the Chamber of Commerce of the Borough of Queens to Albert P. Armour for civic value and excellence in the design of residence erected in Queens 1927." Lie has been known to stand solemnly before this plaque, reading it aloud to visitors, giving a nervous laugh, and saying, "Back in Norway, I might have put up the same sort of plaque in my house." Framed over the fireplace in Lie's study, a small, cozy room on the ground floor, is an illustrated map of Forest Hills, with Armour's fraternity shield in one corner and his family motto in another. Places that were important in his daily life are pictured—his yacht club, his bank, his church, the Forest Hills Inn, the Forest Hills Tower, and two of his manufacturing plants. Sitting at his desk, Lie faces the map. Often, late at night, he looks up from his work, gazes at the map, fingers a tiny world globe he uses for a paperweight, and ponders the long steps that must be taken before men substitute for their local allegiances an allegiance that encompasses the whole world and the people in it.

When this mood comes upon Lie, he is likely to leave the study and climb a circular staircase to a comfortable room in the turret. He calls this his "Nor-

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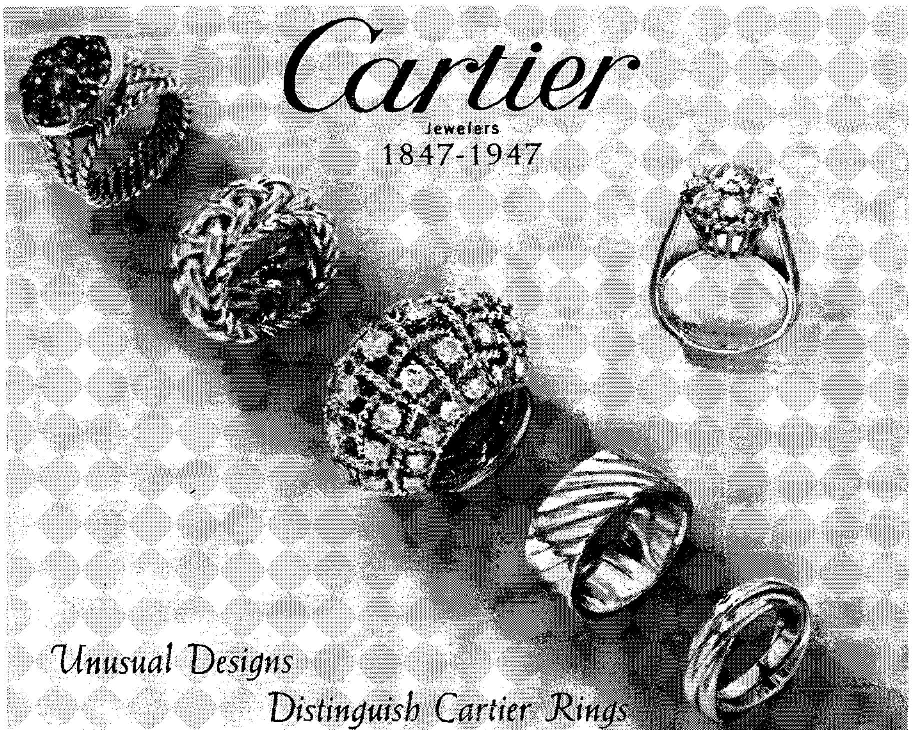

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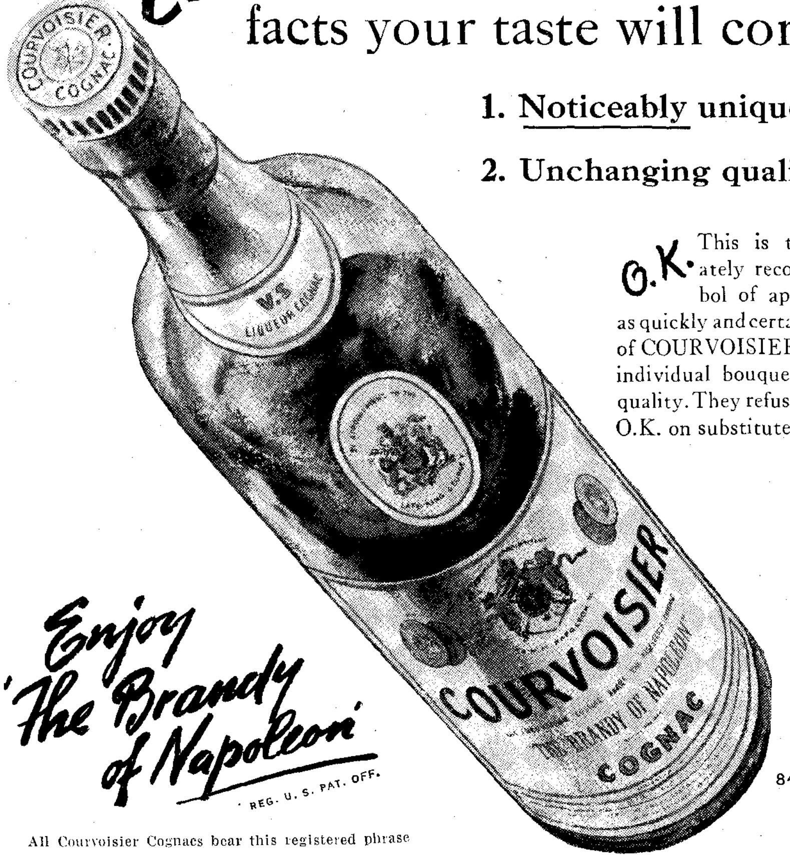

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way room." It is furnished in a manner that Mr. Armour would probably admire, for in it Lie has placed his own keepsakes. Scattered about are white birch tables, chairs, bookcases, curtains with vivid Norwegian patterns, pictures of his friends, and gay Norwegian gewgaws, brought here at the end of the war from his house in Norway. The bookcases are filled with volumes on hunting and fishing. In a tiny alcove is a chair that Lie used when he was Foreign Minister. He feels lost unless he can listen to the news broadcasts, and a portable radio rests on a small table beside the chair. Lie recently took a guest into the Norway room, sat down in the London chair, closed his eyes, and began to think aloud. "We cannot fail," he said slowly. "We have made a better beginning than most people realize. We have got under way. We are dealing with an idea, and the idea must function first in the Secretariat. We must learn to think impartially, in terms of the world, to discard the nationalisms." He opened his eyes and glanced about at the mementos of his life in Norway. He seemed like a man desperately trying to escape from their implications. "The world has such a long way to go!" he said. "The statesmen have such a task! Perhaps men with a surpassing wisdom could have avoided much of the heartache after the war. They would have kept in touch with the good men, the truly liberal, socially conscious men in all countries who know that the old societies of Europe and Asia are gone, the men who know that you build the better society not with money alone and not with disruptive propaganda but by putting forth sound, just plans." He sighed. "I will not prophesy," he said, "but I think this year and next are the critical years, the years of decision. We at the United Nations cannot do much until the treaties are signed, especially with Germany, the real aggressor. But after that we will begin to fulfill our true function. I feel that peace is coming. I feel it. Millions and millions of people feel that peace is coming. Who dares destroy our feeling?"

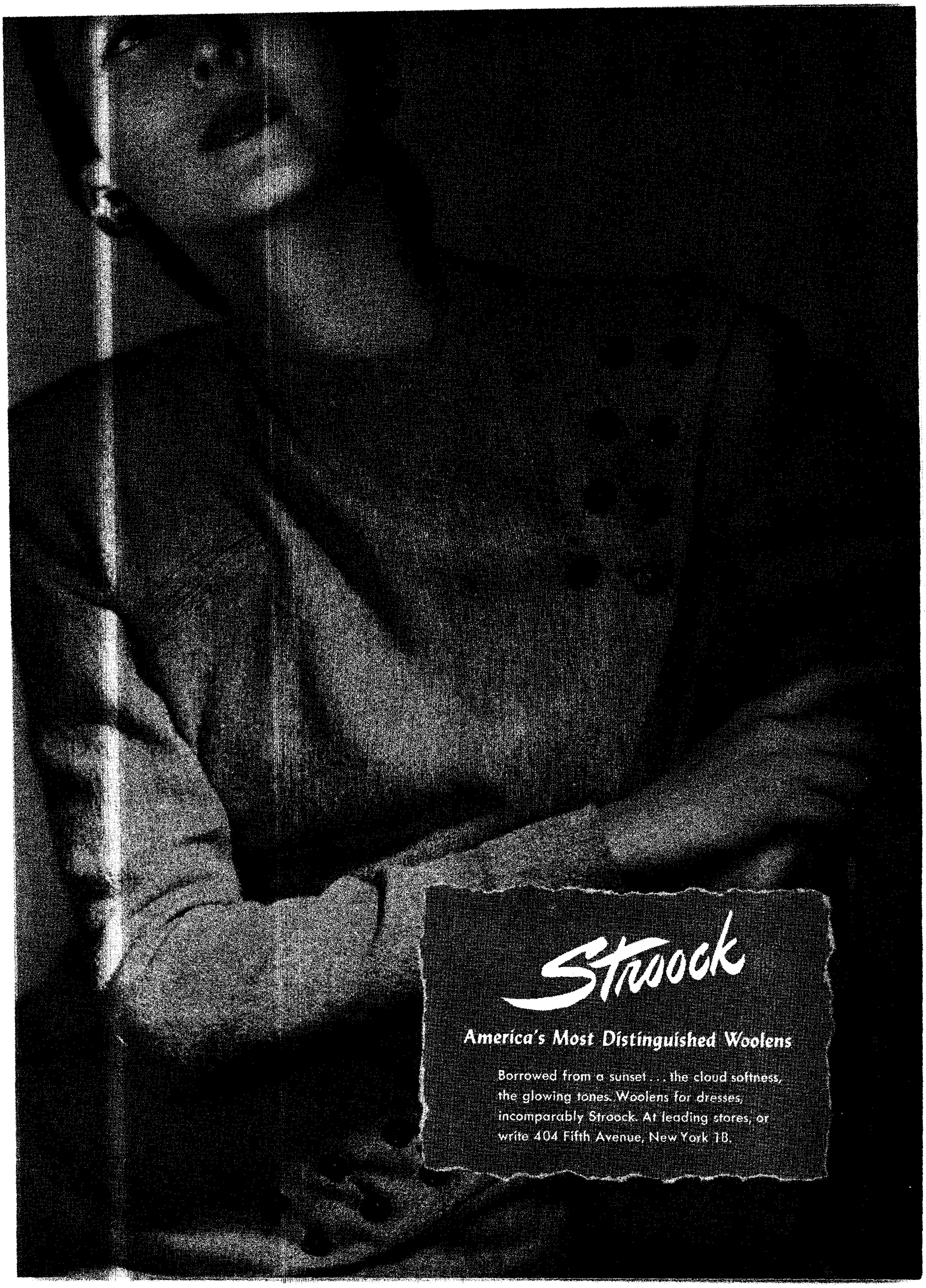
—PHILIP HAMBURGER

(*This is the second of two articles on Mr. Lie.*)

•

Miss Betty Ring, sorority sister of the bride, was maid of honor and wore a pale green formal with a high-necked jersey top and net skirt. She carried an old-fashioned brother of the bridegroom.
—*Twin Falls* (*Idaho*) *Telegram.*

Old-fashioned and distinctly lazy.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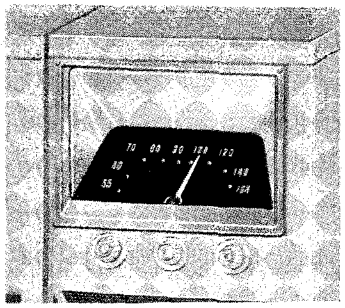

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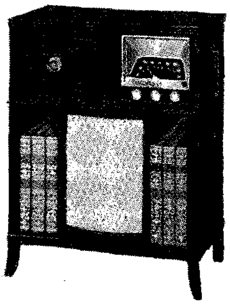


THE SYMPHONIC, mahogany period piece with dimensional grille. Standard record changer. 34¼″ high, 23¾″ wide, 16″ deep.

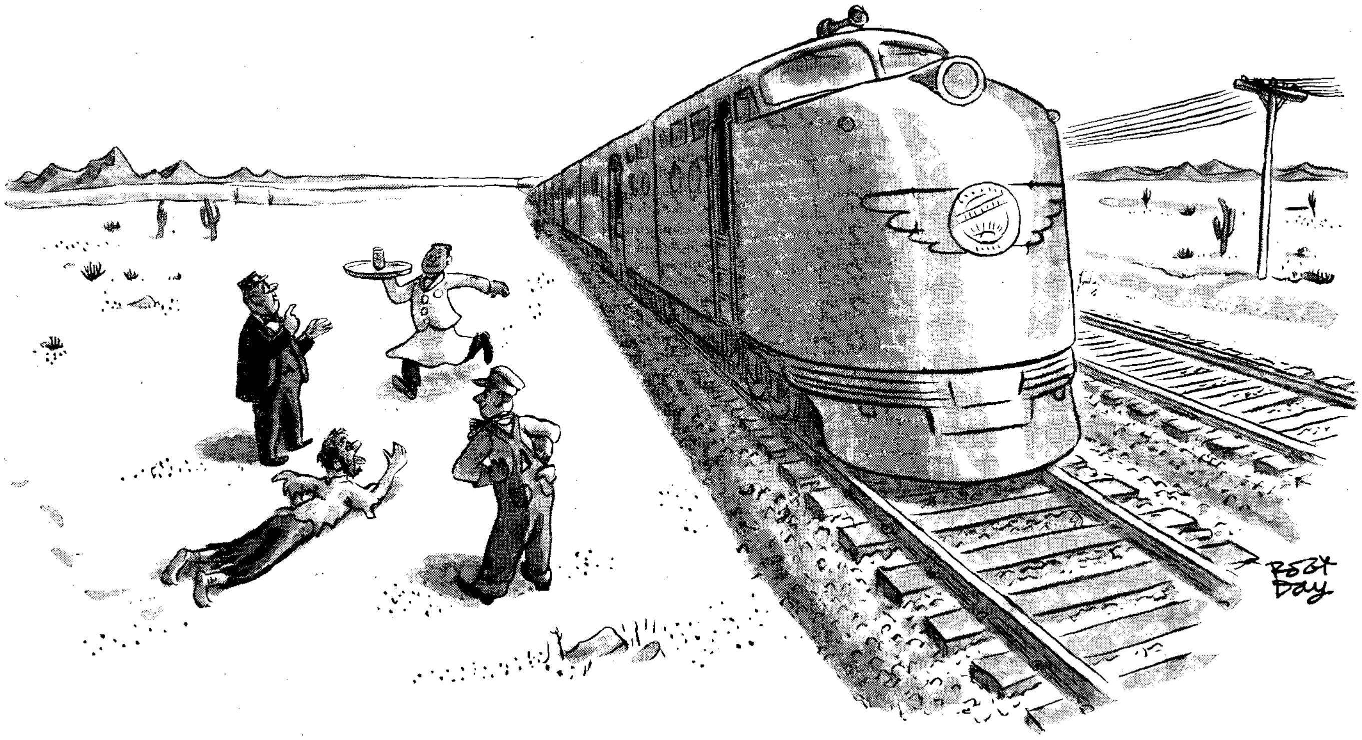
THE THEATRE

AND STILL THEY COME

IT seems to me that "Allegro," the new Rodgers and Hammerstein show, which opened last week at the Majestic, needs fairly detailed investigation, both because of its rather staggering dimensions and because critical opinion on it so far is divided. In describing it as a shocking disappointment, with almost nothing to recommend it except two or three nice songs and quite a lot of attractive performances, I feel sure that I am presenting a minority report and, as a man who still thinks that "Oklahoma!" is the greatest musical comedy of our time, I am remarkably reluctant to do so. However.

The book, to put the major criminal on the stand first, purports to give an account of thirty-five years of a man's life, beginning with the day he is born. Mechanically—in the sense that the action does indeed run from 1905 to 1940—Oscar Hammerstein, who assumes full responsibility, certainly accomplishes his purpose, leaving nothing out, relevant or otherwise. Spiritually—in the sense that anything resembling the story of a human life develops on the stage—he has, I should say, turned out a radio script, and a very bad one—full of lachrymose bereavements, terrible struggles between love and duty, hymns to the ideal of service, represented by the old-fashioned general practitioner as opposed, of course, to the villainous operators of asylums for the gin-and-benzedrine set, and stern assaults on such presumably resigned targets as ethical compromises with the Devil, the vacuity of conversations at cocktail parties, and that discontent with honest poverty that leads so inevitably to unchastity in the surtax brackets. Such stuff, as you can see, can be crowned only with a really spectacular banality, and Mr. Hammerstein has furnished that, too. To reduce these generalities to a more or less orderly synopsis, the hero, deprived of proper moral guidance by the death of his mother, yields to the importunities of his scheming bride (her final argument is physical, and Mr. Hammerstein accomplishes that with a rather unattractive bedroom blackout) and, leaving his aging father to carry on the family practice alone, he goes off to Chicago to take up with the witch doctors of psychiatry. Here, presently, he finds himself in surroundings of almost unimaginable depravity. The patients, suffering vividly from alcoholism, nymphomania, locomotor ataxia, and echolalia (compulsive repetition of idiotic lines), can manage to drag out their dreadful lives only with the assistance of regular injections of vitamin extract, the cynical physicians have no time for anything less than a three-million-dollar neurosis, and the principal trustee is a glossy blackguard who fires a faithful old nurse as indifferently as he might step on a beetle.

Though it is plain that his troubled heart is not in it, the hero does so well in this hellhole that very soon there is a movement to put him in charge of it. Fortunately, Mr. Hammerstein will have none of that. First, it develops that the odious trustee, not content with oppressing nurses, has seduced the young man's not too reluctant wife, a circumstance that opens his eyes to the hypocrisy of Society; then, a new and far better love comes to him in the person of a nurse who saves him from making a disastrous diagnosis by rechecking his X-ray plates while he is off somewhere guzzling cocktails; and, finally, at the very moment when he is about to receive his promotion before a distinguished gathering of drug addicts and charlatans, his dead mother appears and sings him a terribly detailed song urging him to go back where he belongs. That does it. He goes home. Long accustomed to silly musical-comedy books, I wouldn't protest so vehemently about this one if (a) it hadn't been written by Mr. Hammerstein, who once, at least, used this medium to tell a simple story superlatively well, if (b) it didn't tran-



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scend mere silliness and reach majestic new peaks of vulgarity and pretentiousness, and if (c) "Allegro" hadn't come to town so deafeningly pronounced a hit in advance that a certain emphasis seems excusable in the opposition.

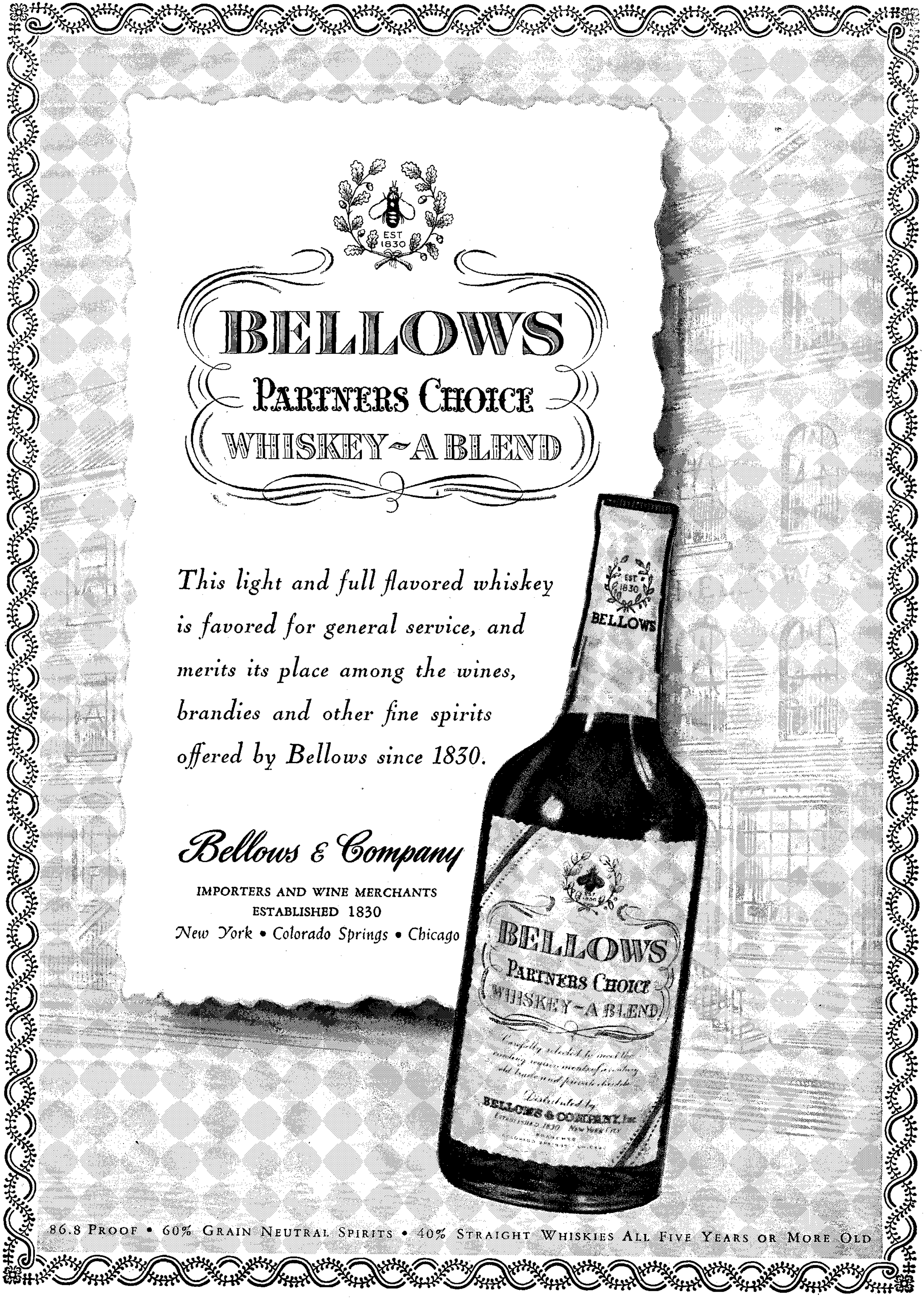
Agnes de Mille, though only an accessory, also contributed a good deal to my discomfort. Previously, her work has usually had the effect of stressing the best features of a script by giving them a sort of extra dimension. This time, I'm sorry to say, almost the opposite seems true. In the beginning, when a troupe of highly trained and visibly mature dancers is used to illustrate the behavior of children at play, I felt vaguely that she was making a mistake. This remained only a feeling through the first act, but it hardened into conviction very early in the second, with the execution of a number designed to show the hideous debauchery of the idle rich. This is not a new project—Noel Coward, for one, did it spectacularly in a revue a good many years ago, when, to the strains of "Dance, Little Lady," bartenders with two heads shook six-foot cocktail shakers while revellers in horrid masks circled around the star, who obligingly succumbed to delirium tremens—but Miss de Mille, I think, has brought it to a final and perfect imbecility. The antics of the damned as portrayed by her disciples are too much for this typewriter, and I can say only that the carnage is indescribable and the stage at the end is peopled only by the dead. To paraphrase our late Mayor, it is not only a mistake, it is a beaut. Here and there, Miss de Mille offers quite acceptable numbers—one, at a college dance, that has considerable humor and another, featuring a really fascinating girl called Kathryn Lee, that is charming—but on the whole her contributions seem to me either irritating or meaningless.

I am glad to be able to speak more temperately of Richard Rodgers. He has written one fine song, beginning, I think, "You are never away From your home in my heart," and at least two others that are very nice, and if the rest of the score isn't particularly memorable that may very well be laid to the fact that he is a man who has always tried to suit his music to the material submitted to him, and there is little in the text of "Allegro" to stir a composer's heart.

It is foolish to try to particularize in the case of these mammoth casts, and I will pay my brief compliments only to the Miss Lee mentioned before; Annamary Dickey, who is surprisingly touching as the hero's mother; Muriel O'Malley, as his grandmother; William Ching, as his father; John Conte, as a rather worldly friend; and Lisa Kirk, as his true love in the end. The hero himself, played by John Battles, and his false bride, Roberta Jonay, didn't arouse any particular emotion in me, but that, again, may well have been the text. There should, finally, have been a beautiful girl concealed somewhere in the chorus, but though I looked for her anxiously, I'm afraid she wasn't there.

AFTER this towering and largely inscrutable offering, it was a relief to come on something that could be labelled simply and specifically a musical comedy, containing jokes, a standard, though addled, plot, and no discernible message for posterity. This enterprise is called "High Button Shoes," it is appearing at the Century, and I think it is best described as a good second-string show—one, that is, with no great style or distinction in any department but giving nevertheless a general impression of good humor, competence, and a desire to entertain rather than to evangelize its audience.

You don't have to worry your head about the story that has been concocted for "High Button Shoes." There is something in it about the 1913 Rutgers football team, something about a couple of confidence men and their dealings in underwater real estate, something about the Model T Ford, and quite a lot about love, but all this is, as it should be, only the foolish necessary background for a collection of nice, lively vaudeville numbers. Nanette Fabray, who, in spite of a tendency to bat her pretty eyes somewhat too roguishly at the customers, is a very beguiling comic as well as an extremely handsome girl, on the whole pleased me most. In addition to two quite attractive items, dealing with a settled, middle-aged romance (God knows what it must have cost Miss Fabray to consent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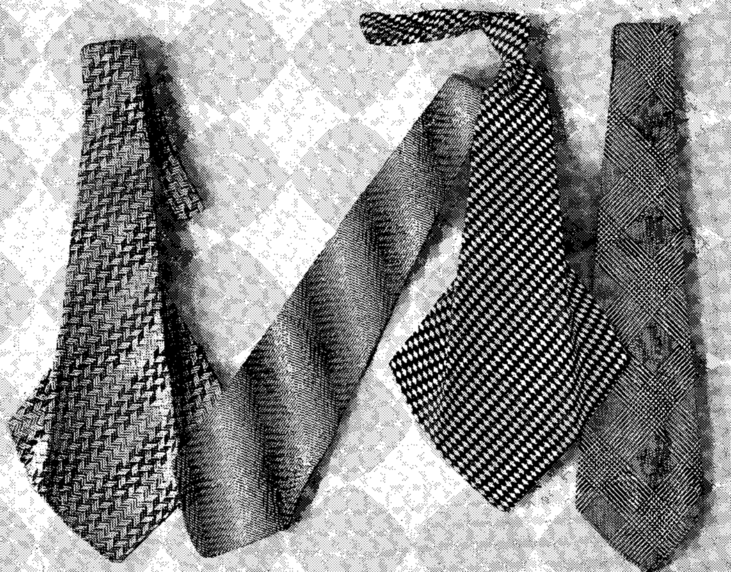

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to play a woman who must be all of thirty-two, and married, at that), she has a really hilarious song about bird watching, which permits her to whistle more piercingly than, I'm sure, any woman has whistled before in the history of the theatre.

Next to this superb performance, the most arresting exhibit, I guess, was a Mack Sennett ballet, staged by Jerome Robbins, which involves not only the bathing girls (Gloria Swanson, Phyllis Haver, and Marie Prevost, of course, but who else?), more ghastly than you can imagine in their long stockings and black lipstick, but also the Keystone Cops and a medium-sized gorilla. Mr. Robbins probably hasn't Miss de Mille's intensity of purpose, but he is certainly her superior as a conscious humorist. Phil Silvers and Joey Faye, who are employed to supply the comedy on its lower levels, work hard at their assignments and, though their material is fairly routine, their furious technique is often pretty funny. I don't think the music can ever be called better than characteristic, but Sammy Cahn and Jule Styne have written some ingenious lyrics, notably for "Next to Texas, I Love You," "Papa, Won't You Dance with Me?," "Bird Watcher's Song," and "Nobody Ever Died for Dear Old Rutgers." Altogether, it is a very satisfactory evening, and, conceivably, a fine antidote.

SINCE 1903, when Shaw wrote "Man and Superman," the news that woman is really the relentless pursuer rather than the helpless pursued in matrimony has spread widely through the world, reaching even those desolate outposts of culture the moving pictures and the radio. It is still an entertaining notion, of course, especially when expressed with that cold, vegetarian precision that gives any discussion of sex by Mr. Shaw a perverse, secondary humor all its own. The fact remains, however, that it is a familiar theme, and the jokes accompanying it, no matter how intricately and stylishly they may be presented, are pretty old jokes, or, to carry this heresy to its blackest limits, pretty old variations of the same joke. I don't mean to say that I didn't enjoy the greater part of the revival at the Alvin—the subject matter of Mr. Shaw's play may be sadly dated, but the manner is still often very neat and surprising—but I'm afraid I can't quite subscribe to the enthusiasm of my colleagues, who seem to feel that "Man and Superman" is a perfect gem, exquisitely mounted, and therefore a necessary experience for all those who like to feel that they have been present at historic moments in the theatre.

My own cautious opinion is that it is a handsome production, if not nearly as handsome as that given "Pygmalion" a couple of years ago; that it is acted with the greatest possible spirit and intelligence, though its star, Maurice Evans, in achieving an almost unearthly purity of enunciation, has been obliged to assume a strained expression somewhat antipathetic to comedy; and that the play itself drags almost intolerably for a good part of the first act, improves in the second, when the basic argument has been stated and the author can go off on a few of those lively digressions that set his talent apart from any other in the theatre, and really reaches high comedy at the end of the third, when the heroine, in her moment of terrible triumph, when her victim is no longer a man but merely a prospective husband, magnanimously urges him to go right on talking. On the whole, though it is a pleasant play, it is certainly not one of Shaw's best, and the central message, as noted, is hardly likely to startle anybody very much in these days when few ladies even attempt to veil their lethal purpose.

In addition to Mr. Evans, who is also the producer and director, the cast includes Frances Rowe, who gives a wonderfully vague and highly pictorial performance as the huntress; Carmen Mathews, who plays an equally ruthless lady with the same admirable air of demure helplessness; Chester Stratton, in the rather thankless role of straight man for the hero, who is quite a talker, even for Shaw; Malcolm Keen, as a typically Shavian caricature of a Tory; Tony Bickley, as a brash American, also typical; Josephine Brown, as the heroine's mother and a fairly formidable specimen herself; and Jack Manning, who, as a chauffeur (the 1904 Franklin he is supposed to drive turns right up on the stage), gives Mr. Shaw an opportunity to discuss the English public-school system, democracy, the machine age, and various other matters close to his strange, encyclopedic heart. Except for the Franklin, there wasn't much about the set that held my attention, but David Ffolkes' costumes are a delight, making every lady as graceful and sexless as a yacht and every gentleman a dream of double-breasted chivalry.

THE character of Judas Iscariot has always had a strong appeal for the poetic mind, which is seldom content with simple explanations and can hardly be expected to accept the idea that the

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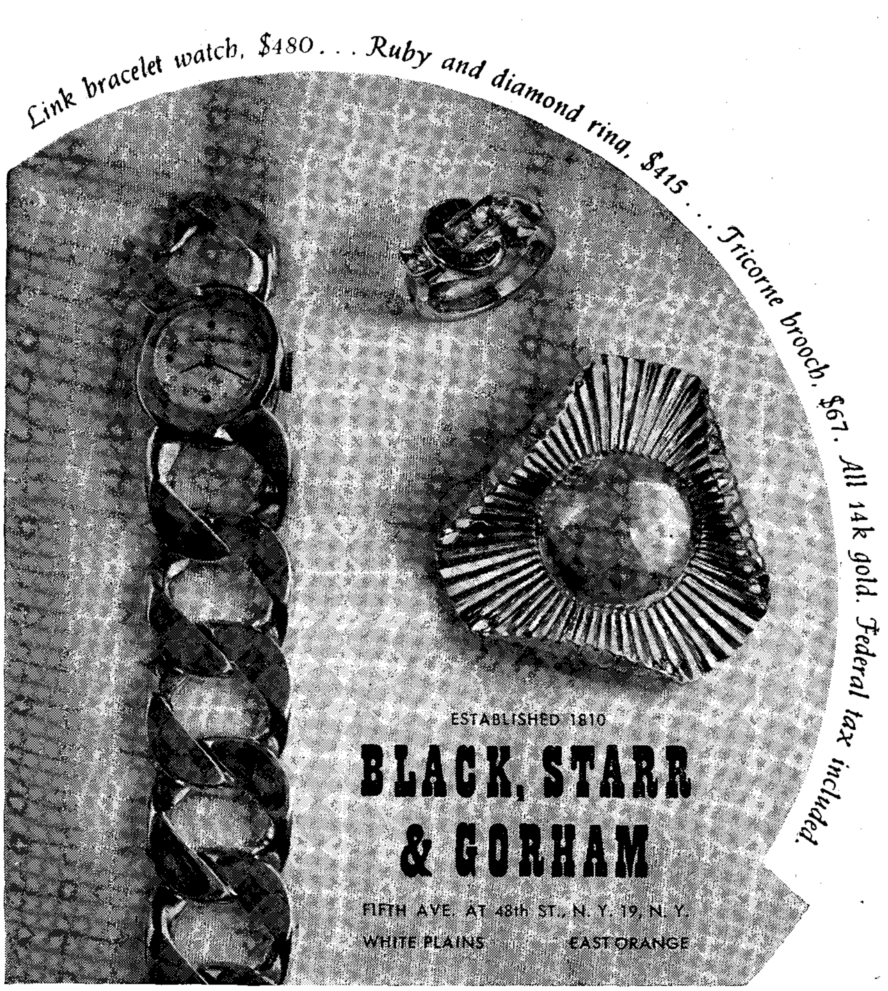
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STAYS UP WITHOUT STAYS
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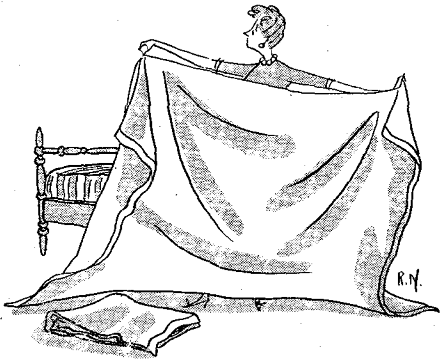
Betrayal was no more than a matter of jealousy and greed. Of the many attempts to interpret it a little more mystically, probably the most elaborate, though not necessarily either the most eloquent or plausible, was a poem called "Dear Judas," written in 1929 by Robinson Jeffers. This has now been placed on the stage at the Mansfield by Michael Myerberg, who has furnished it with a musical background of Bach chorales; a dramatic and, I should say, quite beautiful setting by Albert Johnson; an array of dancing mutes, representing Disciples, Roman soldiers, and other, more cryptic characters, whose stylized gyrations and grotesque masks seemed to me only to underline the perplexities of the script; and a speaking company of four, composed of Ferdi Hoffman, as Jesus; Roy Hargrave, as Judas; Margaret Wycherly, as Mary; and Harry Irvine, as Lazarus.

Mr. Jeffers, as nearly as I could follow his circuitous and heavily ornamented lines, intends to portray Judas as a tortured soul who has believed passionately in Christ's earlier teachings but now, though he still loves Him deeply as a man, feels that His identification of Himself with God and His followers' unquestioning acceptance of it are leading to a bloody insurrection. When he betrays Him to the priests, he is confident that He will be freed as soon as this immediate danger is past. When he learns of the Crucifixion, of course, his horror and remorse are more than he can bear and he hangs himself. So far everything is comparatively easy, though I don't quite recall how the thirty pieces of silver are accounted for, but the poet's conception of Christ is much more difficult, and I am embarrassed to say that I am still not sure whether we are to understand that He is actually divine, as suggested by the resurrection of Lazarus, or simply mortal, though inspired, as Judas and even Mary seem obscurely to be saying. There can easily be many opinions about the artistic merits of Mr. Jeffers' poem (I find it involved and literary, full of curiously



uncompelling images—Jerusalem as "a jewel washed in new milk," the moon as "the round white stone that shines in the gulf of sky," eternity, several times, as "a forest of years"), but I don't think there can be any question about its unsuitability for the stage. Mr. Myerberg has done his devoted best, but "Dear Judas" is a very wearing and largely incomprehensible play.

THANKS to industrious preliminary publicity, it was generally known that "Duet for Two Hands," at the Booth, was a melodrama having to do with a man upon whose wrists a murderer's hands had been grafted. This information, therefore, hardly came as much of a surprise to the members of the opening-night audience when it was officially conveyed to them by one of the actors somewhere around ten-thirty. Since, furthermore, nothing of any consequence had taken place prior to this disclosure and very little happened afterward, it is difficult to see just what the producer, Robert Reud, imagined he had. Francis L. Sullivan and Joyce Redman, a couple of extremely talented British performers, and Hugh Marlowe, a somewhat less gripping artist of our own, did their best with this fundamentally aimless project, aided by a good deal of offstage wailing of wind and screaming of gulls, but I'm sorry to say that the whole thing remained just too silly for words. Like one of last week's entries, "Duet for Two Hands" is said to have had a long and successful run in London. This wild discrepancy in national tastes is one of the most fascinating mysteries of our time. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

What a catcher he would have made! What a tackle! Maybe, with his obvious intellectual grasp, even a fullback.—*Adela Rogers St. Johns in the Journal-American.*

Come, you go too far.

•

The convertible isn't the first prize ever won by "Lucky Daisy," as her brother calls Mrs. Duncan. She once won a lemon squeezer.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Bet "Lucky Daisy" isn't the first phrase that Brother has coined, either.

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Franklin County Journal, Farmington, Maine*]

Mrs. Martha Maher of Farmington, Belgrade, Waterville, Canada, New York, etc., pleaded guilty to being intoxicated in a Farmington church.

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...black, brown, green...sizes 10 to 18
$55

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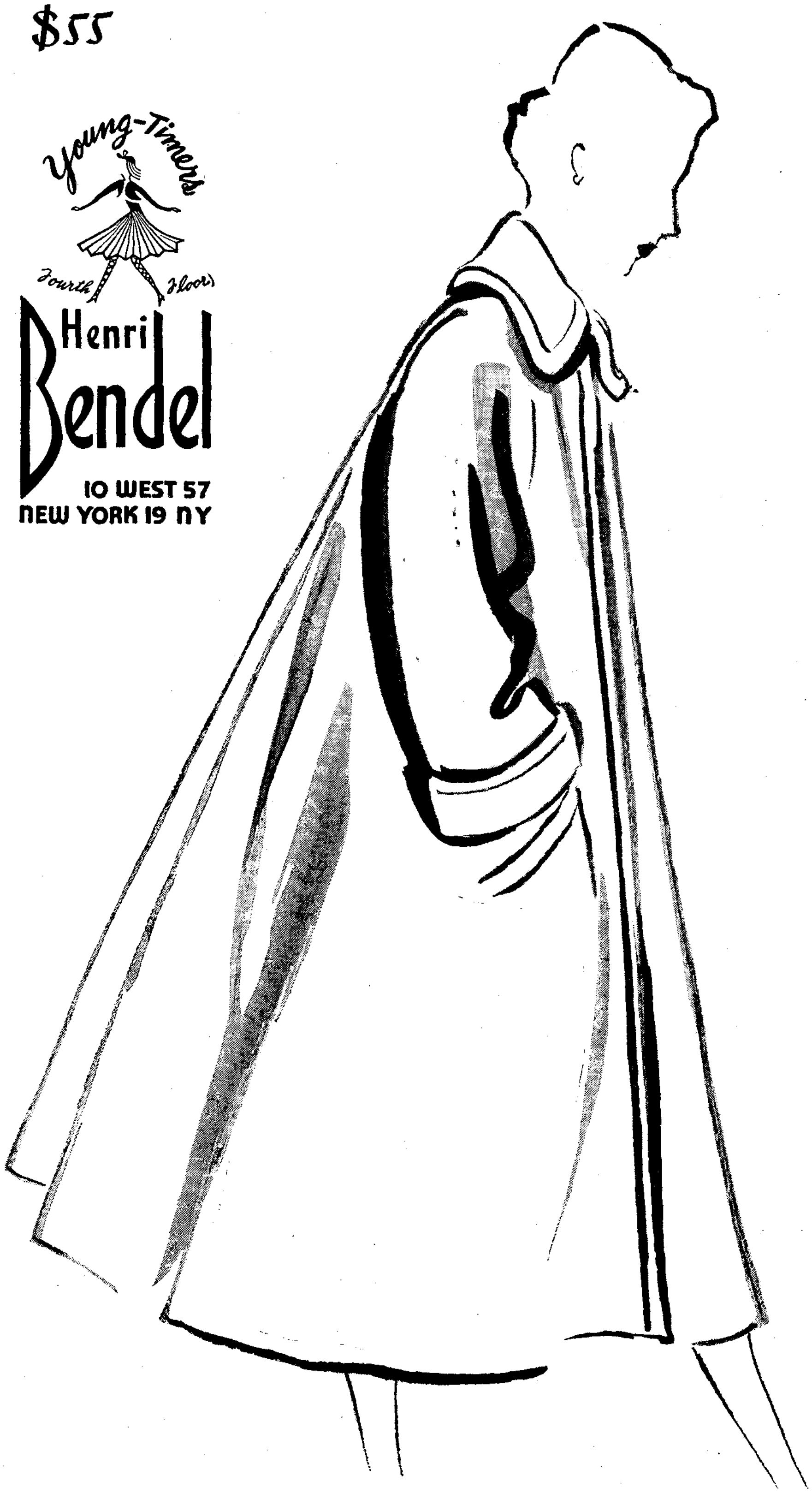

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OF ALL THINGS

A COMMITTEE of congressmen has been trying to find out what to do about high prices, and a hint of what their report will say has leaked out. The gist of it seems to be that they haven't the faintest idea.

•

The President's Food Committee says that the ban on eggs and poultry won't apply to the Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's Thursdays. If the administration is wise, it will also let us have a little meat on the first Tuesday in November.

•

The Luckman Doctrine of meatless Tuesday is helping to complete a revolution in our vocabulary as well as in our eating habits. The word "beef" is much more common now as a verb than it is as a noun.

•

Moscow reports that short-wave listeners there were surprised by the violent noises in New York during the World Series. The Russians expected our proletariat to arise, but not quite so soon.

•

Many Englishmen are alarmed by Princess Elizabeth's announcement that she will promise obedience to her bridegroom. According to the British system, a reigning monarch is not supposed to obey anybody except the House of Commons.

•

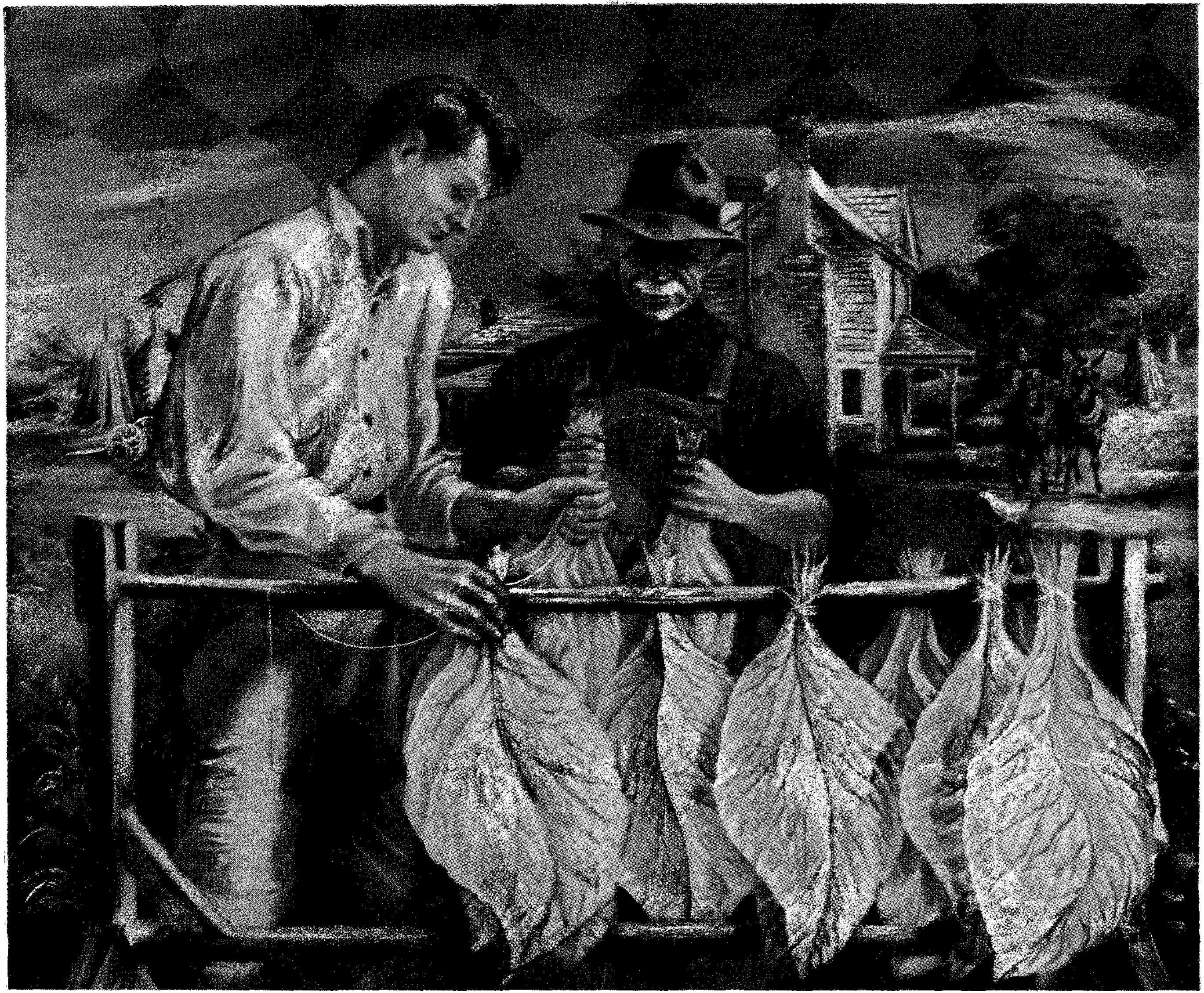
We have new proof that swift communications have made this a small world. Yugoslavia and Chile can now squabble just as if they were next-door neighbors.

•

The N.L.R.B. rules that officials of the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. do not have to sign the non-Communist pledges supposedly required by the Taft-Hartley Act. Gradually, even the authors are finding out what they meant when they wrote the bill.

•

The State Department admits that it is disregarding the usual rules of evidence in investigating employees suspected of subversion. This is what comes of letting the Bill of Rights go gallivanting around the country on a railroad train. —HOWARD BRUBAKER



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is what counts in a cigarette

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—*F. G. Clay, 26 years an independent tobacco warehouseman.*

"I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco, the kind that smokes up smooth and mild."
—*H. R. King, 21 years an independent tobacco buyer.*

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—*L. Purdom, 35 years an independent tobacco auctioneer.*

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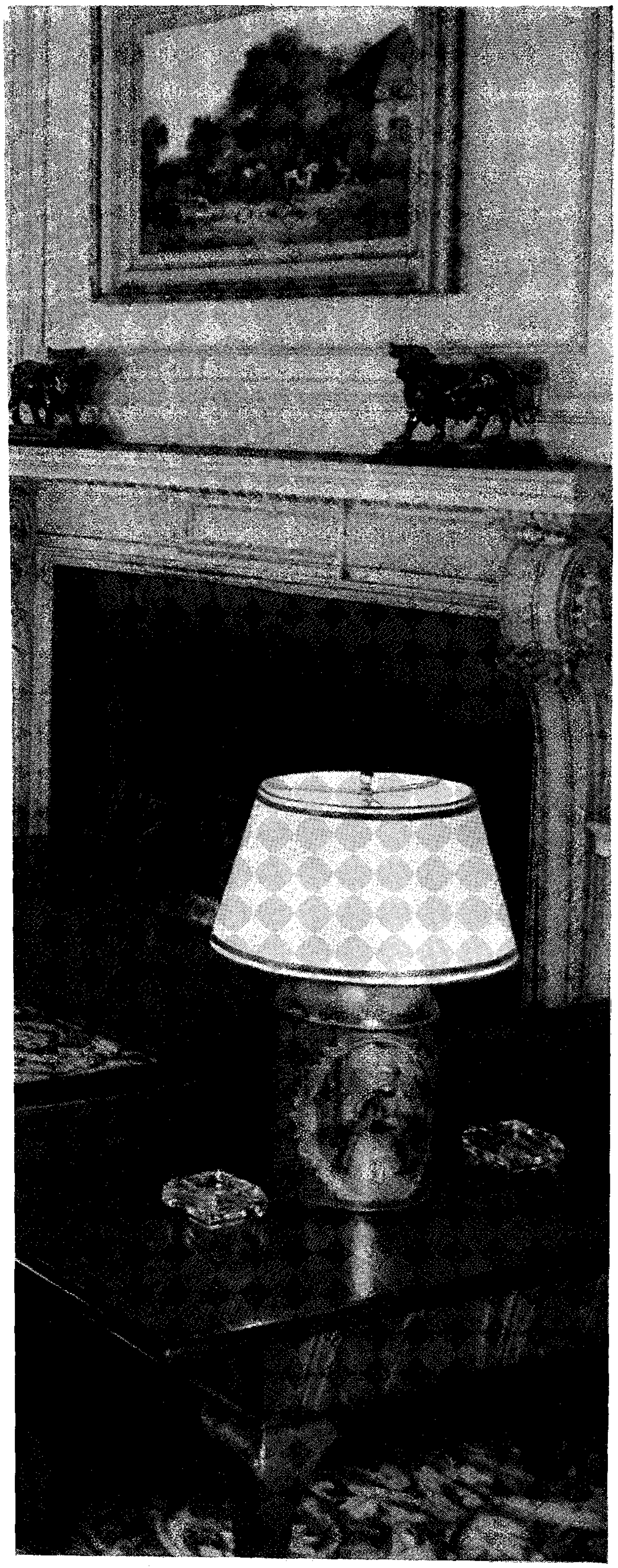
CIGARETTES
L.S./M.F.T.
20

THE LOUNGE OF THE HARTFORD CLUB. PHOTOGRAPH BY NICKOLAS MURAY.



Wherever people of means
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Newsweek *is in the picture*

A real old-fashioned hitching post

WE PUT the four red roses and the cocktail on this old-fashioned hitching post to make it an even more delightful symbol of welcome for arriving guests.

For there's nothing quite so heart-warming as an Old Fashioned made with that matchless whiskey—Four Roses.

That's because Four Roses has a special, distinctive flavor all its own—rich, velvety-smooth, and satisfying—a flavor that's *different* from that of any other whiskey you've ever tasted.

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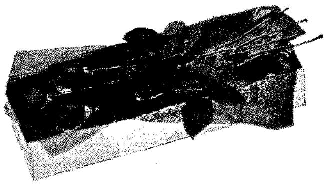


AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

FOUR ROSES
FINE BLENDED WHISKEY

THE WAYWARD PRESS

THE IMPOSSIBLE HEADLINE

THE recent headlines and stories about food prices in the newspapers here have reminded me of the French newspapers I read in 1940, when I was in Paris and the Germans were advancing on that city. Every day the Parisian press would report that the enemy had been hurled back, or at least contained, at some point, and a couple of days later it would develop that he had advanced an average of twenty-five miles along the whole front. The military experts would predict a great counter-offensive, and the commanding generals would issue bulletins adjuring everybody to stand fast, as if one could solve a concrete dilemma by making fancy statements. Old-timers who remembered the first World War kept insisting that things would not be really serious until the Boche reached the Marne. At last, the reading public, including me, began to realize that the high command had made some dreadful mistakes and that the struggle was lost.

It was with a nostalgic sense of familiarity, therefore, that I read this front-page headline in the *Times* of Saturday, September 20th, over a story by Will Lissner:

MEAT PRICE DROP
NEXT WEEK SEEN;
GRAINS FALL AGAIN

Break, Sharpest in Months,
Sends Corn Down the Limit
Second Consecutive Day

Butter Fails to Recover

Buyer Resistance Forces Eggs Down at
Wholesale Here and on
Chicago Exchange

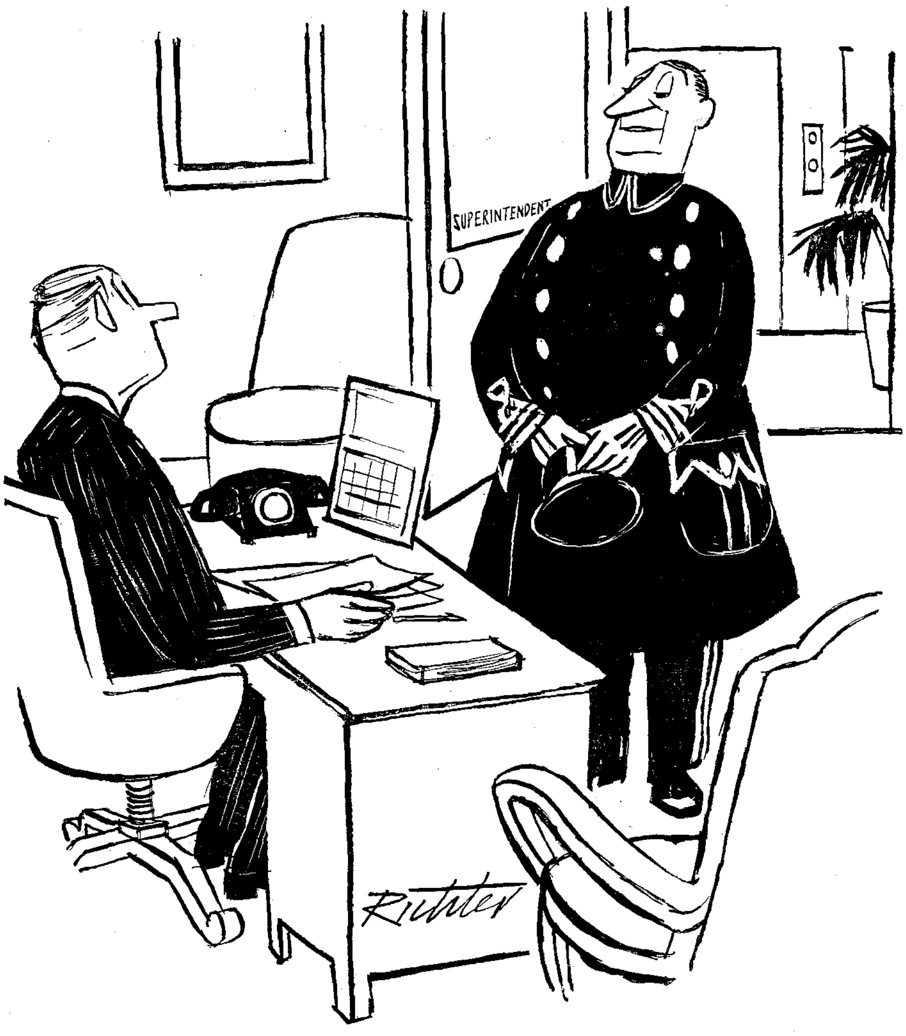
Next week came and went, and the headline over the *Times*' lead food story on the thirtieth read:

MOST FOOD PRICES
CONTINUE TO RISE

As I square away to my typewriter, the headline on Mr. Lissner's latest food story in the *Times* reads:

BUTTER PRICES DROP SHARPLY
AS OTHER ITEMS CONTINUE UP

and the story begins: "Price-conscious consumers from New York to San Francisco scored a resounding victory yesterday against one of the leaders of the food price spiral, butter, although the price level of basic commodities continued to advance; hog and cattle prices climbed again and grain prices gyrated. [By "gyrated," Mr. Lissner apparently meant that grain prices rose, or perhaps that they fluctuated; at any rate, wheat was about twenty-five cents a bushel higher at that writing than it had been on September 20th.] The housewives of the nation were in the position of winning one battle and losing the campaign, for meat prices were heading higher, a 1-cent rise in the price of bread was imminent and other retail prices continued at high levels."



"The Roxmore Arms has offered me epaulets."

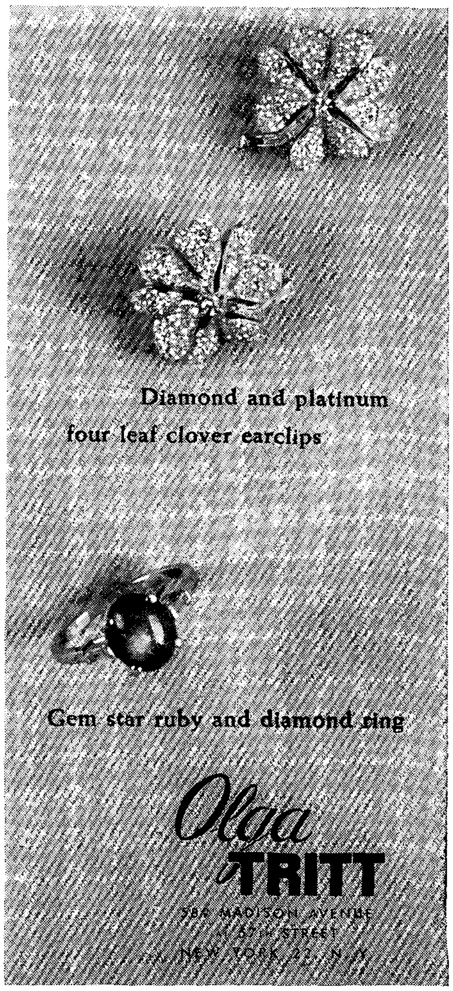
Mr. Lissner's "gyrated" is not the only product of the mental exhaustion caused in newspaper offices by continued daily efforts to find synonyms for "rise." At about the same time, a headline writer in the *Wall Street Journal* described cocoa prices as "careening," meaning, it turned out, not that they were tilting over on one side but that they had increased eight hundred and fifty per cent in a few years. The *Herald Tribune* ran a front-page head on September 26th saying:

HALT IN SPIRAL
OF PRICES LED
BY MEAT, EGGS

Leading a halt, I imagine, would be rather like winning a race at a standstill.

THE Marne, which a few optimists, like Arthur Krock of the *Times*, kept on telling their readers had not been reached again, is the 1946 level of black-market prices. "In this space, in the issue of September 23," Mr. Krock wrote in his editorial-page column on September 25th, "one phase of [the argument over responsibility for present high prices] was examined—comparisons of the last prices for certain foodstuffs under OPA with prices being asked last week for the same viands. And it was pointed out that these comparisons (prime beefsteak 64 cents a pound then, $1 now, etc.) were deceptive for several reasons. One reason is that most of the OPA prices in that period and for some time before were meaningless because the shelves in retail shops were empty of the articles. Another is that in numerous instances the black market prices at that time were as high as or higher than at present."

I am in a position to inform Mr.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Nightly except Monday in the beautiful NEW

Century Room

Also open for luncheon daily except Sunday

HOTEL
Commodore
RIGHT AT GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL

Krock that a restaurant which in 1946 provided an excellent sirloin steak at the unlisted price of $3.50 now has a legally listed counterpart at $4; a more modest place, which used to charge a sub-rosa $2.50 for a similar article, now gets a super-rosa $2.85.

During the O.P.A., shelves in retail shops were sometimes bare of certain articles, but most people could afford to buy what was on them. The shelves were never so bare of meat as during the great dearth of September and October, 1946, which seems to have been about as spontaneous as a mounted quadrille. By then, most controls except those on meats had been lifted. Had these been retained, conditions, according to some authorities, would have been ideal for the storing up of that abundant surplus of grain we now hear so much about the lack of. If there were no inducement to fatten high-priced beef cattle, wheat would be coming to market as bread grain, which is precisely what we need, and a larger proportion of fodder would be going to dairy herds than to beef herds. A given amount of grain, converted into bread or milk, will feed more people than it will as beef. If we had stuck it out for a couple of years, instead of going mad on the subject of steaks, which, in the upshot, few Americans have lately been able to afford anyway, we might have had enough food for ourselves and for people abroad, too.

AFFRONTED by the "soaring" (*World-Telegram*, September 29th), "skyrocketing" (*Post*, September 30th), "whirling" (*Times*, same date) prices, reported in the *Times* (October 3rd) as having "spiraled" to higher levels, newspapers that had opposed the O.P.A. engaged in a variety of diversionary antics, which made me think of a man I knew in the Poplar district of London during the war, who played hymns on a portable harmonium to cheer people buried alive by bomb debris. The *World-Telegram* ran a United Press story by Harman W. Nichols informing readers that "in the Klondike, after gold was discovered in 1897, a man paid $10 for a plate of eggs and a slab of ham." The *News* offered a consolatory story by a woman reporter named Edna Ferguson, which began, "With housekeeping purses drained by the high prices of meat and other fresh foods, a survey by the News yesterday disclosed a housewife's paradise in the canned food market, in which prices generally are much lower than last year. Eye-opening items included boned chicken, which sells for 55 cents for a 5½ ounce can this year compared to 85 cents last year." Boned chicken at ten cents an ounce seemed to me a perfect solution of the budget problems of a low-income family.

Editors, turning back to the assignment books of September and October, 1946, hauled out a number of the feature-story ideas that they had worked up during the mass appeal to the American *gouamba*, or meat hunger. The *Herald Tribune*, which in 1946 had sent a reporter named Jack Werkley on a tour of the West to find out why no meat was coming to market, in 1947 dispatched a reporter named Kenneth Koyen to approximately the same territory to find out why prices were so high. Werkley had reported that cattlemen were holding their stock for higher prices. Koyen reported that the cattlemen were now getting higher prices. The device Koyen employed for tangiblizing—if I may borrow a verb from Father Divine—this difficult concept was the biography of an Aberdeen Angus steer that he chose to call Hector. Koyen reported that Hector, born in northwestern Nebraska late in the summer of 1945, and then valued at $5, had been sold to a cattle feeder in eastern Nebraska on October 22, 1946, for $114, having grown a lot in the interim. The feeder sold him about a year later for $468, having spent in the intervening time, according to his own calculations, $164 on the animal. This represented a profit of sixty-eight per cent. Shipped East, the beast passed through the hands of a packer, a jobber, and a retail butcher, none of whom, as far as Koyen could determine, made much on him. Hector reached the consumer in the form of about seven hundred pounds of beef, worth anywhere up to a dollar a pound when the *Tribune* went to press with Mr. Koyen's story, and perhaps a couple of cents more now.

Koyen reached two conclusions: "First, that there appears to be no individual culprit who can be accused of deliberately raising Hector's price. Second, that the biggest margin between costs and prices is being enjoyed by the producers, specifically, the ranchers and farmers." Koyen did not bother to point out that a year ago the ranchers and farmers were making a collective effort to raise Hector's price by getting rid of O.P.A. controls, nor did he say that his paper was then doing its best to help them.

A while back, the *Sun* sent a man named D. G. Lawrence up to Canada to check on the food situation there. (Plenty to eat at low prices.) Lawrence, in the course of reporting an interview with a French-Canadian taxi-driver in Quebec, wrote, " 'Oui, sir,' he continued in a curious mixture of French and English. 'We get along.' " (A *Sun* copyreader, ever solicitous lest a reader miss a point, placed over this quotation a subhead that read, "Polyglot Answer.") Lawrence went on to Ottawa, from where he reported, "One inflationary factor—high wheat prices—is not affecting the Canadian economy to any great extent. Wheat is one of the few commodities still under direct price control." The paragraph containing this statement appeared while newspapers here were chronicling the rejection by the Chicago Board of Trade of the administration's initial suggestion that the board lend its support to increasing margin requirements for speculation in grain futures to thirty-three and a third per cent.

THE most depressing aspect of the New York press—to me, at least—during this inevitable sequel to last year's *gouamba* is the daily-menu feature prepared by the municipal Department of Markets' dietitians for a "low-to moderate-income" family of five. The menus, which are printed in a number of newspapers, offer a diet that suggests the regimen of a well-conducted poorhouse. The breakfasts almost invariably consist of cereal and milk, fruit juice (usually canned), bread and margarine, and coffee (milk for children). A typical lunch is pea soup (canned or dehydrated), a cottage-cheese-and-raisin sandwich on whole-wheat bread, grapes, and milk. A dinner may be built around a main dish of "wheat germ fish fry," "tuna fish puffs" (whatever they are), or a fish chowder made with dried skimmed milk. The big, five-star meat meals (about four of which are suggested a week) offer something like lamb stew, made with three pounds of stewing lamb for five persons, which, considering the percentage of bone in stew meat, would barely flavor the potatoes.

If a man earning a low-to-moderate wage can provide only what the Department of Markets' menus allot, the

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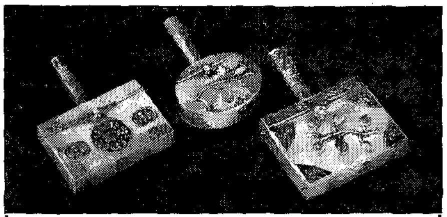

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plight of the family with a rock-bottom income is obvious. I cite a Washington Associated Press dispatch of September 27th, published in the *Herald Tribune:* "Senator Ralph E. Flanders, Republican, of Vermont, said today food prices have climbed so high in New York City and some other large metropolitan areas that some white-collar workers and low-salaried job-holders are 'seriously undernourished.' Senator Flanders has been directing two weeks of public hearings by a Senate-House subcommittee investigating high costs of food and clothing. 'It is my personal opinion that there is a submerged population in New York City and some other large cities,' he told a reporter. . . . He defined 'submerged population' as those persons whose 'family incomes have not kept pace with the rise in the cost of living.' " Senator Flanders can hardly be accused of looking for votes in New York City, or of playing politics with Left Wingers, the Left Wing vote in Vermont being what it is.

What "waste"—to use the President's word—a Department of Markets family could wring out of a diet so stringent (I'm referring again to those daily menus) that the precise number of vegetables for each dish is specified (four onions in the lamb stew, one stalk of celery in the Waldorf salad) is not apparent. As for less fortunate families, Senator Taft's suggestion that they could, or should, eat less puts me in mind of something William Cobbett, the English political writer and grand old man of journalism, wrote in 1823 of a depression that had swept his country: "The fashion became to cry up spare diet, and to preach content with hunger. One of the Tracts put forth by canting hypocrites who pretended to exclusive grace was entitled 'The Life of Peter Kennedy, who lived on, and saved money out of eighteen pence a week.' And this to his praise, mind! . . . The gist of the whole of the 'Tracts' was to inculcate content in a state of *misery! to teach people to starve without making a noise!* What did all this show? Why, a consciousness on the part of the rich, that the poor had not *fair play; and that the former wished to* obtain security against the latter by coaxing."

THE *Wall Street Journal*, a publication that has lately begun to fascinate me, indicated in a recent front-page "Commodity Letter" the aspect of the food situation that worries it most. "Food prices ride high on full employment and foreign hunger," the letter began. "There's little to suggest a big break in the cost of eating before one of these key props begins to sag. There are now 15 million more people in paying jobs than in 1939. This means there are 33% more breadwinners putting money into family pockets now than then. It means millions are eating better now than ever before. Specific example: The average American now eats 115 pounds of meat for every 100 pounds he ate in 1937-41."

The *Journal* offered no evidence that anyone who ate a reasonable amount of meat in 1937 is eating any more now, and it overlooked the fact that more employment gave millions of Americans who had been living mainly on boiled potatoes a chance to get their teeth into an occasional chop or roast. Nor did it consider the possibility that the rise in the price of meat is demoting these people back to the boiled-potato class.

"Runaway food prices," the *Journal* continued, "if sustained, can help cut the full employment that supports them. Department store executives already blame declining sales on heavier grocery spending. Lower retail sales eventually mean restricted manufacturing—less employment."

The *Journal*, I gather from its editorial page, would like to see us pay a minimum of attention to "foreign hunger," believing that a high level of employment, and department-store sales, can be maintained here no matter what happens in the rest of the world.

ALL the newspapers I read seem to be handling the facts of the food story well enough. Most of them give decent positions to statements by public officials, such as Commissioner of Hospitals Edward M. Bernecker and Commissioner of Welfare Edward E. Rhatigan, *that high prices are endangering the health of pregnant mothers, hospital outpatients who need special diets, and school children in low-income families. PM*, the Cassandra of metropolitan papers, and, except for the *Post*, the only one to fight against the anti-O.P.A. agitation last year, goes on being right and being ignored. Most of the papers give some prominence to the remarks of such public figures as Mayor O'Dwyer and Chester Bowles blaming the Republican Party for ripping off the controls and imposing "involuntary rationing, Republican style" (the Mayor's crack) or for "taking orders from the National Association of Manufacturers" (Mr. Bowles's). Even more prominence is usually allotted to the remarks of Senator Taft, who naturally blames the Democrats. President Truman is in a poor position to blame anybody, having thrown in his hand when he abolished meat controls last October. Seeing a political fortune go to waste, he must sometimes be sorry that he didn't at least call.

When the O.P.A. was dying, some of its editorial opponents were inclined to side with the *Mirror*, which proclaimed that "the worst threat of inflation has passed;" others shared the more cautious view of the *News*, which conceded that "some prices most likely will go up" for a while, and of the *Times*, which spoke of a possible "higher plateau;" all appeared to face the future confidently and there was a general feeling that a little price raising might be on the whole salutary. But something must have slipped up somewhere; otherwise, how can one account for the signs of hysteria and near-panic in the wording and presentation of today's front-page price-rise stories? It almost looks as if the O.P.A.'s enemies never expected matters to turn out this way. What chokes me up is that not one of the papers that last year plumped for the abolition of the O.P.A. has yet come out with an editorial admission that it may have been in error. That, it seems to me, would be great journalism. And what a headline it would make:

PUBLISHER ADMITS HE
MAY HAVE BEEN WRONG

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

WAITING ROOM

As blank as the card where she'll be filed,
The mother sits and holds her child;
The mother stares and holds the pose;
The child squirms and picks its nose.

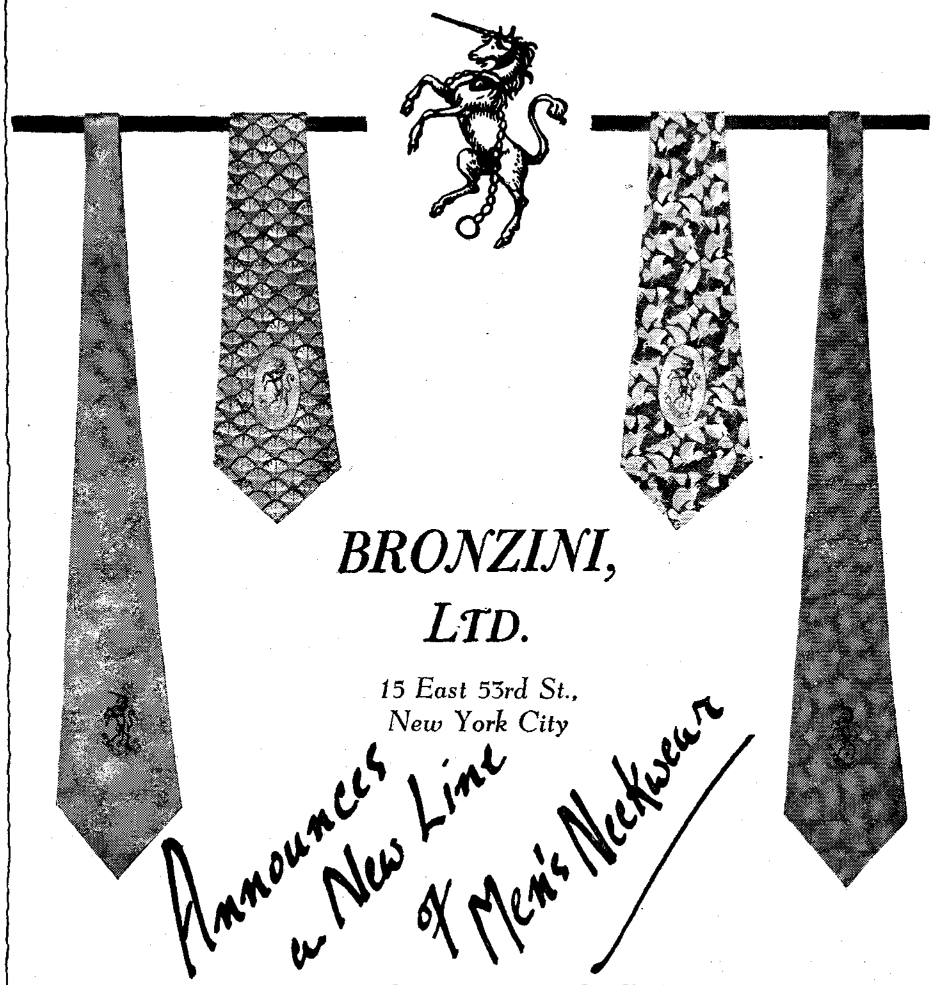
Across the room, about to weep,
An old man goes not quite to sleep.
His face is smooth and gray as slate
Beneath the framed certificate.

Another wears a purple bruise,
Hiding behind the morning's news.
He's one I would I had not seen.
I hide behind a magazine.

Each eye upon its private pain—
The bleakness spreading in the brain,
The blistered thumb, the failing heart—
How proper we should sit apart,

And cheerful, to pretend that we,
All in our anonymity,
Control the knocking in the knees.
Oh, love me, Doctor, if you please.

—WILLIAM GIBSON



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THE PINK AZALEA

"DEAR Mrs. McConaughy, I have decided to give you my azalea," the first letter began, in the handwriting of a person who had been taught penmanship a good many years ago. "I paid a neighbor to drive me around town, and your bay window is the best place for it. A friend of mine has met you and thinks you will take good care of it. Please send for it as soon as you can." The letter was signed "(Miss) Helen Fowler," and the return address on the envelope was that of an R.F.D. route.

At that time, my husband was president of Wesleyan University, in Middletown, Connecticut, and the bay window was in his study. His desk faced the window, and he loved the view across the campus. I put the letter aside, meaning to ask about Miss Fowler, and forgot it.

A second letter arrived about ten days later in the morning mail: "The azalea is in full bloom now, and you can see it any time. The blossoms are beginning to fall, so come quick. I will not charge for the azalea, but I think the green wooden tub is worth five dollars, and I thought you might like to pay the dollar I gave my neighbor to drive me around. I know you will like the azalea, and I want to get it into your bay window as soon as possible, where it can get sun on three sides."

I took the letter into my husband's study and handed it to him.

"No, thanks," Jim said when he had read it. "I'll keep my bay window."

Lanny, the chief of the college janitors, was usually my source of information about the local people, and when he came in with an armful of wood for the fireplace in Jim's study, I asked him if he knew a Miss Helen Fowler.

"Sure I know her," Lanny said. "She's Eli Fowler's daughter. Eli died last winter. He'd better of died twenty years ago, and he would of if he hadn't had to give up alcohol. He was in an accident while he was drunk, and he never got out of bed again to get himself another drink. This girl nursed him. She's not a girl now, but she was twenty years younger then. You got to feel sorry for her."

I did feel sorry, and so, after telephoning Miss Fowler that I was coming, I drove out, determined to thank her and to refuse the azalea as politely as I could.

It was a mild February day that promised a long, gloomy period of melting snows, flood weather, and influenza. I found the place where Miss Fowler lived—a small frame house badly in need of paint—knocked, and waited.

A big, gaunt woman, with faded hair and eyes like a commanding general's, opened the door part way and looked me over. "Come in," she said, after I had told her who I was. As she led me down a cold, bare hall, her heavy step shook the floor. She threw open a door and stood aside for me to enter ahead of her.

There, in the window between me and the midwinter slump outdoors, stood a pink tree, tall as a man, wide as a dining-room table, its woody stalk bigger than my wrist. It was covered with hundreds of bright-pink blossoms. All I could say was "Oh!" The dull landscape outside vanished, and I thought of Carolina gardens, with songbirds and bubbling springs, cypresses and romance.

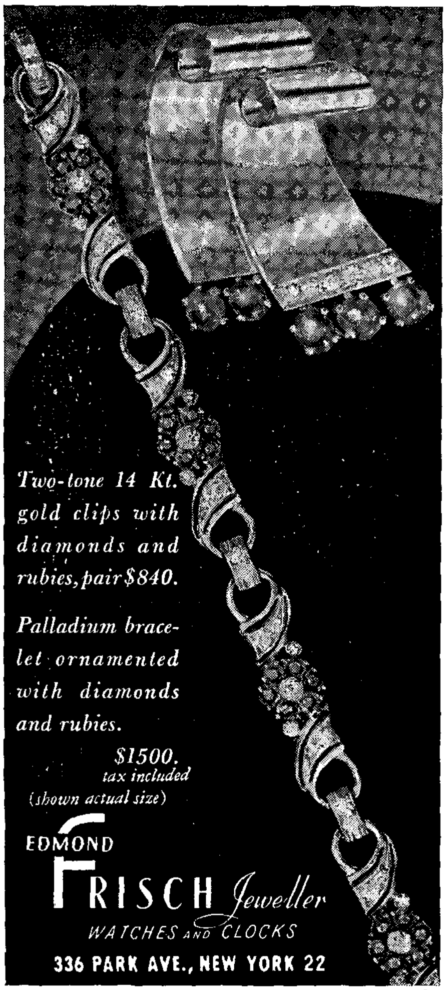
Miss Fowler's gnarled hands separated a clump of bloom from the rest. "I figure that it's had about twenty-five hundred blossoms this year," she said. "I count a bunch like this and then multiply it. It's had more every year so far." She picked up a large notebook. "This is my diary," she said. "Last year, I figured twenty-two hundred flowers, and the year before . . ."

But I was not listening. I was picturing the azalea in the bay window of Jim's study. He would have to move his desk to the other window, and give up the view, but wouldn't he want to, I wondered, when he saw the azalea?

"Today's a good day to move it," Miss Fowler said. "Not too cold."

"But I haven't room for it."

"What about me?" asked Miss Fowler. "You've a lot more room than I have, and a wide door. It's got to be moved outdoors for the summer, and my door's so narrow the branches break when we try to get it through. Takes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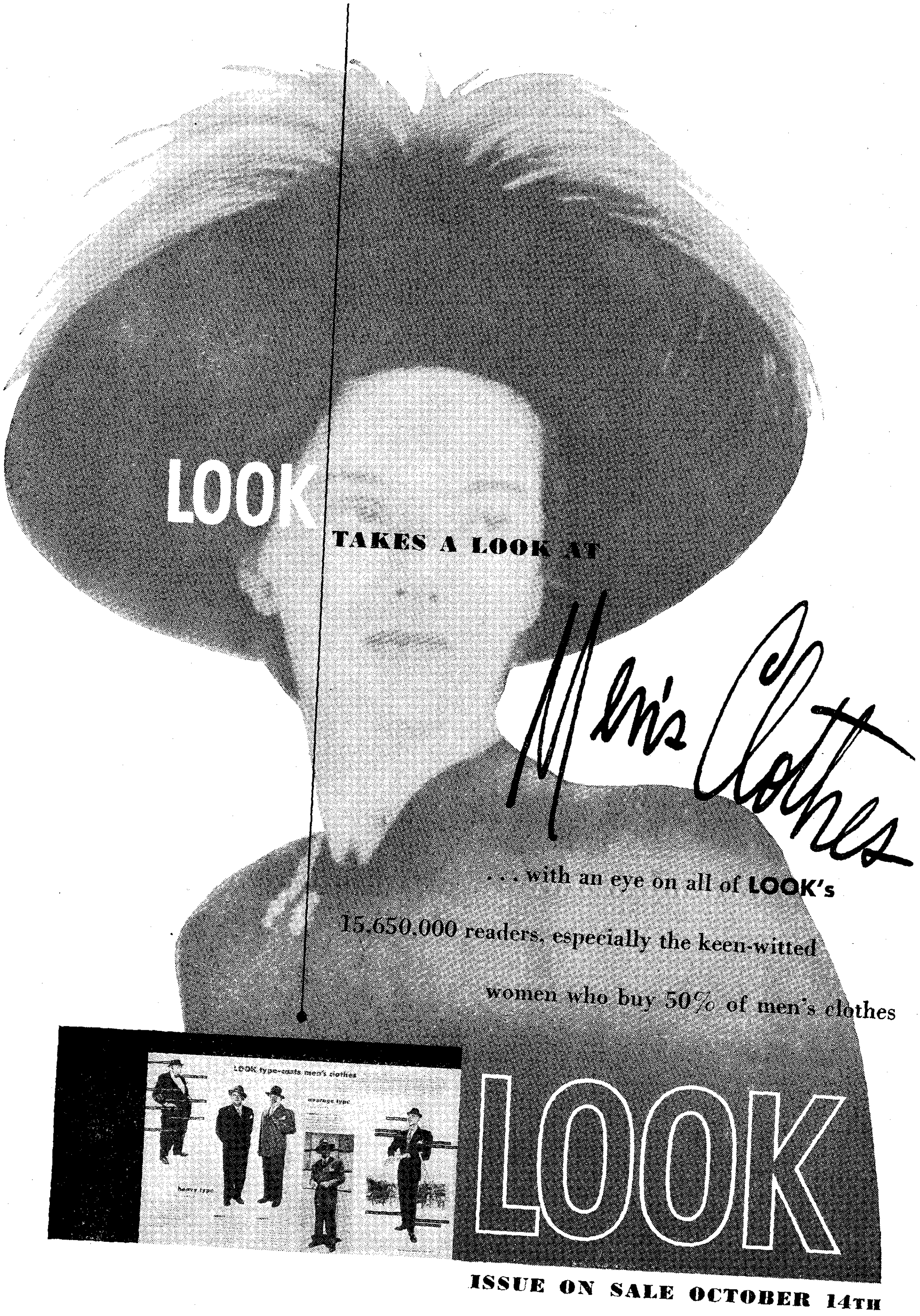
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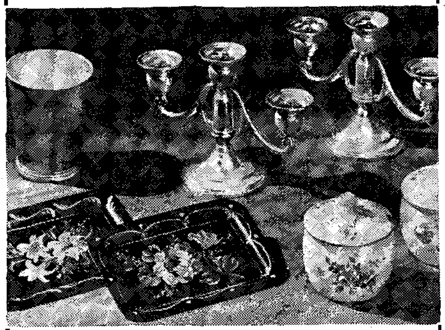

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two boys to move it. I give them a quarter apiece, but they act as if they expected fifty cents. When it was little, I moved it myself."

"How old is it?" I asked.

"I slipped it one of the first years Father was sick. It'll be eighteen"—she referred to her diary—"come March 7th."

I telephoned my husband. "After all, it's *your* study," I said. "But I love the azalea. It's so beautiful. And so pink."

Jim laughed. "O.K.," he said. "Bring it along."

I paid Miss Fowler the six dollars she had suggested in her letter. Lanny drove me out to her house that afternoon in one of the college trucks. He had worked for a florist at some time in his career, and he eyed the azalea unemotionally. Miss Fowler superintended its loading.

Just as we sat down to supper that evening, the telephone rang. It was Miss Fowler. "How did the azalea travel?" she asked. "Lose many blossoms?"

I reassured her. The azalea had stood the trip well and was very beautiful in the bay window. My husband and I were both delighted with it. We were at supper right now . . .

Miss Fowler was considerately brief.

The next morning, before I was out of bed, she called again. "I know you said it was all right last night," she said, "but sometimes they experience delayed shock. How is it this morning?"

"Fine," I said, deciding that there was no need to tell her I had not been downstairs yet.

"Water it well," she said. (Or perhaps she told me not to water it. I didn't pay much attention, for I intended to leave the azalea to Lanny's care.) "And don't give it too much sunlight its first day."

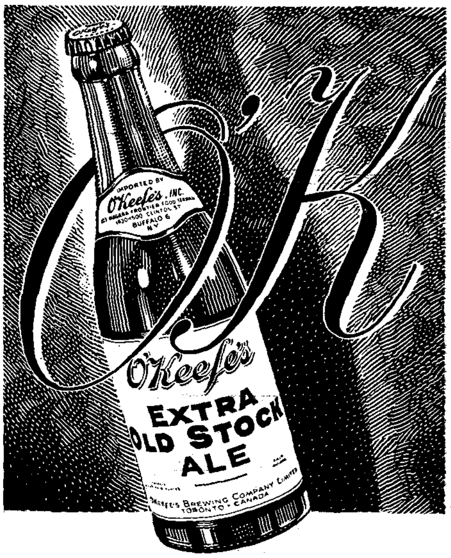
Lanny stopped in while Jim and I were moving Jim's desk to the other window. We had merely pulled it out of the bay window when the azalea had been installed.

"Isn't it beautiful?" I said, pointing to the azalea.

"Lots of care," said Lanny.

Miss Fowler skipped a day but telephoned the day after. And the day after that. I began to see what she had had in mind when she sold me the tub and not the azalea. She was its parent, I was its nursemaid.

Little, bright-green leaves came out on the azalea before the last blossoms fell. It was not so gorgeous as it had been, but it was even more delicately beautiful. For a week or two, Miss



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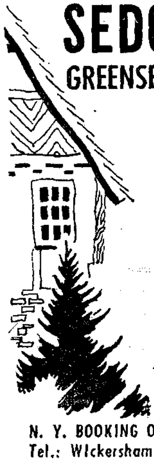

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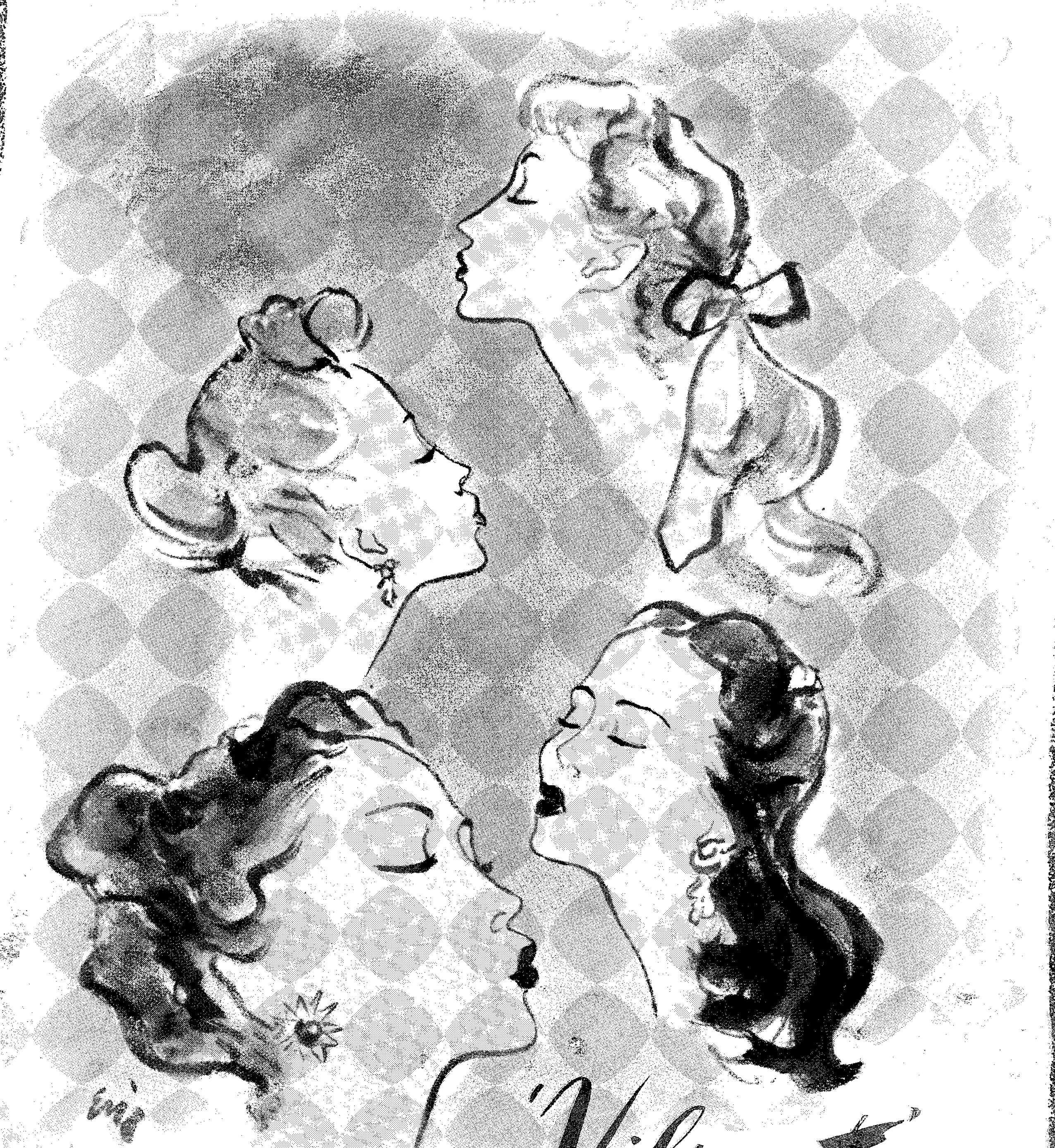

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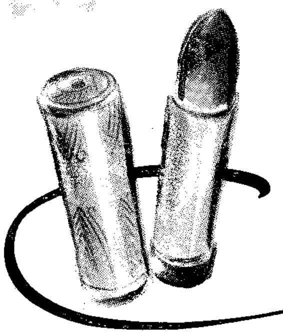

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Fowler satisfied her concern with almost daily telephone calls. Then, one morning, she appeared at our front door, wearing a heavy coat and a man's old hat pulled well down on her head. She had come to town by bus.

"I know I look like an agent," she said, pushing past a maid who was not sure she ought to let her in, "but I'm not. I'm the azalea lady. I've come to prune it."

She had brought her own shears. When Jim came into the study, he found us both there. Miss Fowler was standing in the bay window, snipping busily. "This way, right after it blooms, you keep it strong and compact," she explained. As she snipped, she talked on and on, about the azalea and about her ailments. Twenty years of nursing her father had obviously left her with only two interests—the state of her own health and the pink azalea. Jim slipped quietly out of the room. I found him later wandering around upstairs, looking for a place to read his newspaper.

"Her ailments are so intimate," he complained.

Miss Fowler's ailments were real as well as intimate, and the bus trip was apparently too much for her. So far as I know, she never again came in to town that way. Once or twice a year, I drove out to the country and brought her back to see her vegetable child. Between times, she telephoned me about it. She usually called in the morning when I was planning the meals and ordering. "I'm glad I caught you," she would say, settling down for a good telephone visit. Sometimes she would skip her calls for a week or two, but the moment we had guests of our own, or college visitors arrived to stay in the President's House, she would call me. "I could think of no better way to start the day than a chat with you," she would say. I thought at first she must be psychic, spotting as she did my busiest days. Then I decided that she read the local paper, learned that her beloved azalea's foster home was being invaded by strangers, and worried about both its social success and its safety.

Each year, when the plant came into bloom, I gave an azalea party, and the first time I sent the car for Miss Fowler, thinking that she would enjoy hearing the compliments of the guests. As soon as she entered the house, she took up her stand near the plant and never budged from its side until she departed. I was seeing about arrangements in the dining room when a young faculty wife came in and asked, "Is she armed?" and

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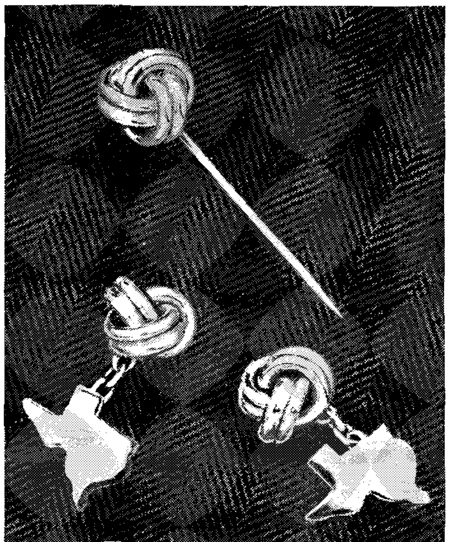

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added, "I wouldn't put it beyond her to shoot."

I put down a plate of sandwiches and went to see what was going on in the study. The room was full of people and *there was a little group around the* azalea. As I stood in the doorway, watching Miss Fowler, a pretty young girl touched a spray of flowers gently. "Why, look!" she exclaimed. "Even these tiny stems are woody, just like a tree."

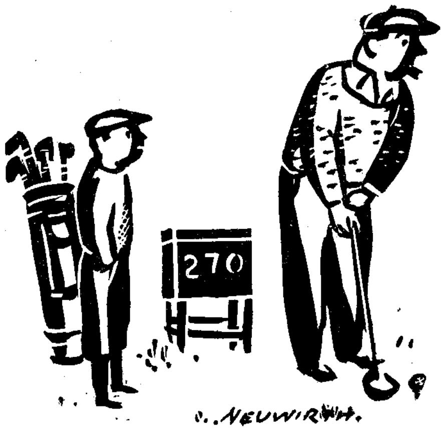
"It *is* a tree, down South," Miss Fowler said irritably, "but it can't grow when you maul it like that."

Another young woman leaned over and buried her face in a clump of blossoms. "It seems as if anything so lovely ought to have a fragrance," she said, raising her head.

"Doesn't need it," said Miss Fowler. "Bees come for the color. It's bad for the flowers to smell 'em." She pointed to a bruised petal.

The following morning, Miss Fowler telephoned me, of course. "If you give a party next year, count me out," she said. "My ankles are all swelled up again. And my nerves are shot." Three days later, she telephoned again. "I've been thinking," she said. "Next year, you ought to put up a rope to keep people back. I'll make a note in my diary and remind you."

FROM Christmas until Easter, the azalea was in flower. Then, when crocuses appeared on the lawn and my neighbors were filling their windows with hyacinths and white narcissus, the new leaves of the azalea turned dark and uninteresting. Toward the end of its second spring in our house, Jim pushed the tub ever so slightly to one side, so that he could look out at a corner of the campus. In its new position, the plant looked scraggly and unbalanced. I pretended not to notice the shift. Miss Fowler noticed it, though. Lonely for her azalea, she paid her neighbor with the automobile another



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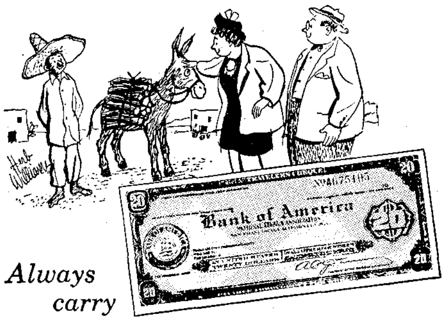

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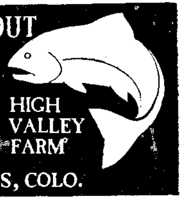

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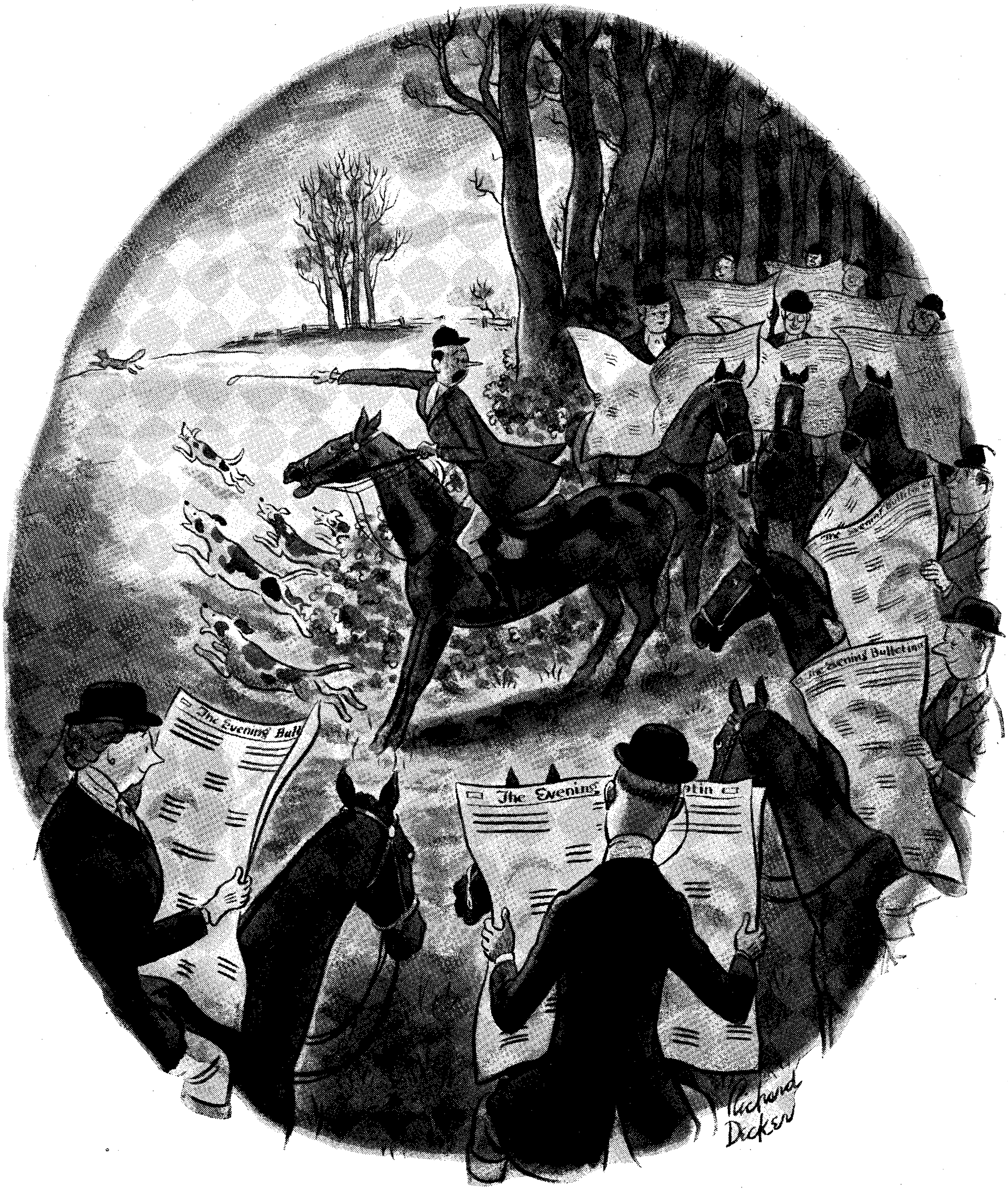
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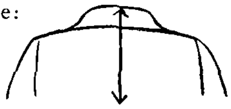

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Write for Don Herold's story, "This Man Just Had a Fit."

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dollar to drive her in to town one afternoon. She burst into the house, frantic about her darling. "Look!" she said as she dragged the tub back to its original position. "Broken twigs! And split branches!" After she had left, Jim pushed the tub to one side again.

In the bright sunshine of the bay window, the azalea grew rapidly. Three years after Miss Fowler had given it to us, I had to buy a big, new tub for it, and the tub and plant together were so heavy that Jim could no longer push them around by himself. If he wanted a view of the campus from the study window, he had to peer out through a screen of leaves and twigs. Every year after that, in the late spring, Lanny and two other men rolled the tub out of the house and onto a stoneboat, and pulled it across the lawn. During the brief summer months, the bay window belonged to Jim, but we were seldom at home in the summer.

We left the plant out as late into the fall as we dared, and one autumn, in desperation, I asked a florist if he would board it in his hothouse, but he shook his head firmly when he saw its size.

Miss Fowler kept in touch with me over the telephone, telling me when to move the azalea outdoors in spring, warning me of impending frost in the fall, and thirsting for praise of her plant. "I see by the paper that Count Sforza was at your house yesterday," she would say. "Did he see the azalea?" Or "I see you had Walter Hampden. How was the azalea?" I saw Mr. Hampden again a year later. "How is the azalea?" he asked. "And Miss Fowler?" "That ought to keep her quiet," Jim said morosely, but when I told her, it only stirred Miss Fowler to make more frequent inquiries. Whether or not my guests spoke of the plant, I always pretended to her that they had.

TWELVE years after Miss Fowler's discovery of our bay window, she died, during the early autumn. The azalea was still out on the lawn, and my first thought was that we were free, at last. But were we? The azalea was the single fruit of Miss Fowler's dreary existence. All her years of sullen loyalty to her father and all her wasted youth had produced nothing but this plant, and I was its custodian. "It's blighting your life," Jim said, "and mine, too. Now that she's gone, let's do something about it." I suggested that we try to give it away and enticed Jim into taking a drive in search of a comfortable home for it, but we found nothing. "What's

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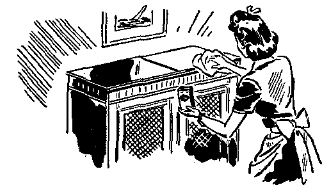

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the use?" Jim said finally. "Miss Fowler went all over the ground. What can you find that the azalea's mother couldn't?"

One very clear, bright, windless day, a week or so after Miss Fowler's death, I called Lanny and told him to get his men together and bring the tub inside. "Kind of short notice," he said. "Mind if we wait till tomorrow?"

"I guess it will be all right," I said. Always before, I had had Miss Fowler's phone call to tell me what to do and when to do it, but now I was on my own, and I really did think that the azalea would be safe for another twenty-four hours.

That night, when I went to bed, the weather was mild, but I woke in the middle of the night, shivering. Winter had come with one of those sudden drops of temperature, and I got out of bed to look for extra blankets. Then I suddenly thought of the azalea, out on the lawn, uncovered and freezing. I tried to go back to sleep, but it was useless. At last, I crept downstairs with an old blanket under my arm and went out the side door, through the cold, wet grass. As I threw the blanket over the azalea, the back door creaked. I saw a man in a bathrobe come out of the house. It was Jim, and he had a blanket, also.

The next morning, the leaves of the azalea hung limp, and when the sun fell on them, they turned brown. It had survived Miss Fowler by only a few days. —ELIZABETH McCONAUGHY

•

A wrist watch with an alarm and a six-quart saucepan pressure cooker are among the new products heading toward the market.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

If you're hoping to surprise us, you're licked.

•

Mr. Shirer's views and opinions are no doubt colored largely by the atmosphere and environment in which he has spent most of his adult years. They reek of what has been called eastern seaboard thinking.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Smile when you coin that phrase, stranger!

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*Senator Joseph R. McCarthy (R., Wis.) quoted in the Washington Post*]

"We found dead rats on the doorsteps, gas seeping from garbage and veterans living in mud," he said. "When you find conditions like that you feel there is a problem."

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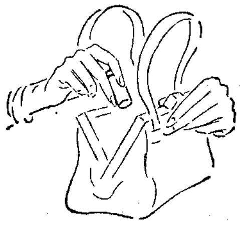

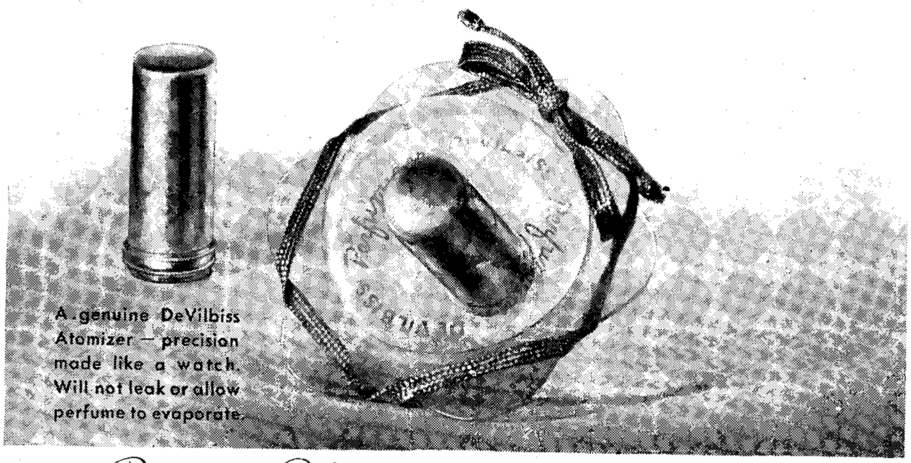

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

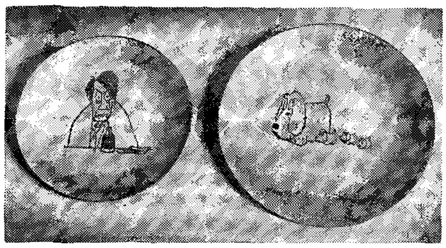
FURNITURE designers, as you know, have been up to some odd and depressing capers lately, and it is nice to discover that Lord & Taylor's furniture department, which has opened again, after having been closed since 1943, has lost none of its former sanity. It has set up two model rooms, which are far more casual than its imposing productions before the war but which still ought to give a couple of sound ideas to anyone worrying about a difficult wall or corner. In the rooms, you'll come upon a well-chosen, if not vast, assortment of new and old furniture, including some upholstered, foam-rubber-padded chairs and sofas that should win over even the most reactionary foes of such objects. L. & T. have also undertaken some fine, constructive experiments with period design, mostly eighteenth-century, in all kinds of pieces. There is, for instance, an end table built on three levels that descend like stairs, with a lamp planted in one corner of the top. Another example is a butler's tray on a stand; the stand is equipped with leaves which, when pulled out, make the contraption big enough to handle a buffet supper.

The department is strong on coffee and cocktail tables and offers them in three categories—Traditional, which is made up largely of eighteenth-century antiques and reproductions; French Provincial, which consists of adaptations and reproductions of that style, in fruit-wood-finished birch, and is no less traditional than the Traditional; and Modern, which certainly needs no explanation from *me*. If you're after a medium-sized cocktail table in a Traditional model, you can get a round one for $73, or a square one with a double-deck top for $95. Both are mahogany, finished in liquor-proof lacquer, a specialty of the house; the square one also comes in plain blond wood for $85. The French Provincial numbers, with carved aprons and short, curving legs, are as old-fashioned as grandfather clocks, of course, but rather nice, if you like French Provincial; a three-foot-square table costs $110, and the same model with a tooled-leather top is $175.

In addition to all this, Lord & Taylor have thought up a new wallpaper pattern. (It's the only one they have, which ought to save you a lot of hand-wringing in coming to a decision.) The design, which I thought extraordinarily good, is a repeated block-like figure; it has a curious and entirely pleasing abstract quality and an equally curious and pleasing adaptability to almost any style of decoration. You can buy it ready-made in brown or beige, or have it printed in any combination of colors you want. The price is $7.50 a roll, either way.

WHILE we're on the subject of wallpaper, Katzenbach & Warren, 49 East 53rd Street, now have a collection of four Williamsburg Restoration papers. (The Williamsburg is the one in Virginia, and the "Restoration" means that the designs were found in Colonial houses there.) They all make fine backgrounds for furnishings of the period, as you can see for yourself by visiting a model four-room house that has been put up in the K. & W. showroom. One of the papers is a chintzy pattern of multicolored flowers and twining tendrils of greenery, which, in my opinion, belongs only in a bedroom. The others —a stencil pattern, an admirable oak-leaf-and-acorn pattern, and one that looks like lace—can be used anywhere in the house. To go with them, Katzenbach & Warren have a selection of border papers printed with reproductions of formal wood moldings of the type used for cornices, chair rails, and door and window trimmings in Colonial and Federal manor houses. The wallpaper runs around $3 and $3.50 a roll; the moldings are $3.75 a yard. Orders must be placed through a decorator.

BERGDORF GOODMAN'S Gift Shop, which was remodelled recently, has as handsome a lot of English eighteenth-century mahogany furniture as anyone could wish to choose from. (This seems to be a big week for the eighteenth century.) The shop also has a collection of impressive modern silver-plated ware, reproducing old designs in most cases; a footed vegetable dish, with a domed, finial-topped cover, costs $20 (tax included), which should give you an idea of how prices run. A remarkably good assortment of domestic glassware —heavy and with a fine sparkle, but with no cutting, etching, or other fancywork—includes decanters, at $12 a pair, and vases, pitchers, and the like, at well under $10. The same glass is used in a copy of a Georgian epergne, with a



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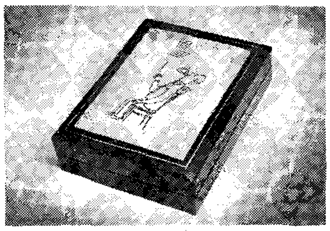

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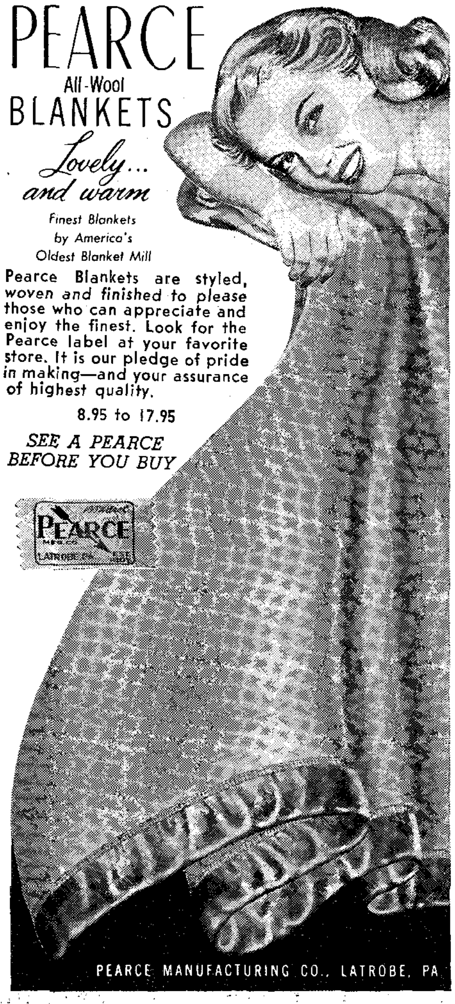
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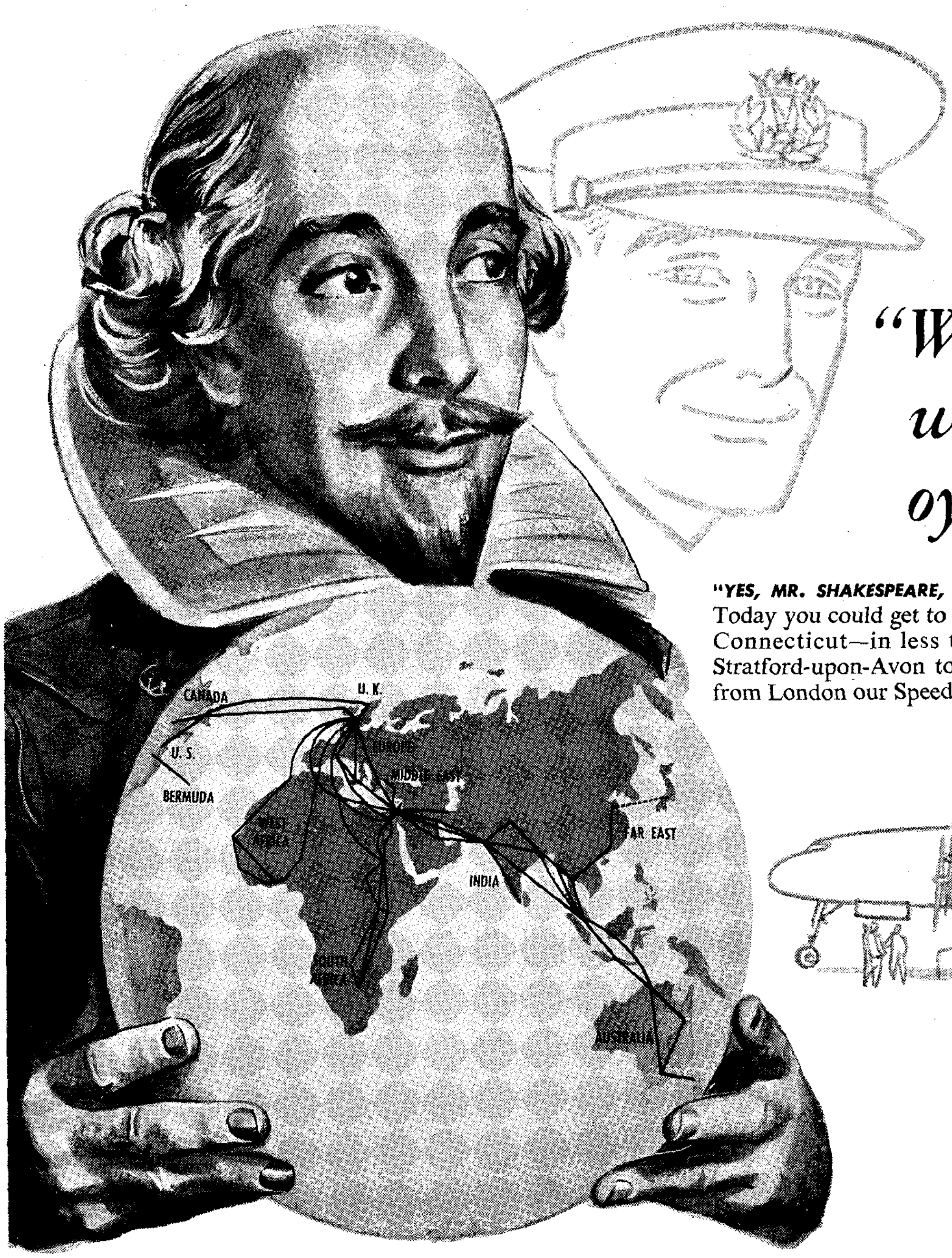

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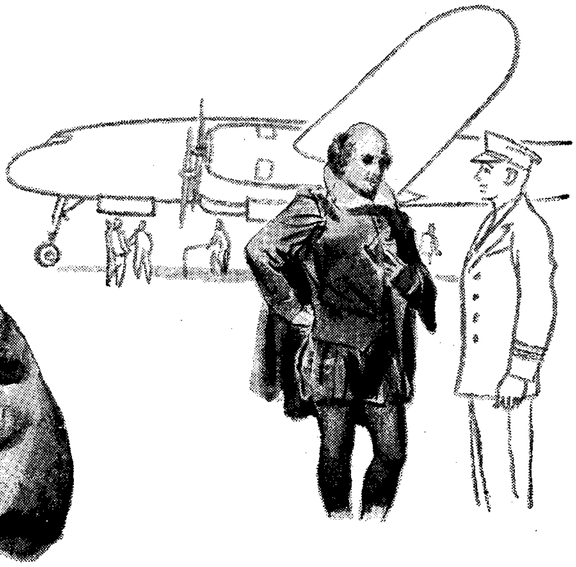

"REMEMBER THOSE LINES of yours, Mr. Shakespeare—'His years but young, but his experience old; his head unmellow'd, but his judgement ripe . . .'? How exactly they lend themselves to describing any BOAC pilot! You see, more than 100 Speedbird Captains have flown more than 1,000,000 miles apiece."

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See Shakespeare's birthplace and Anne Hathaway's cottage at STRATFORD-UPON-AVON. And don't miss the "Shakespeare Country," as lovely as it's legendary, on your Speedbird trip.

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silver-plated frame holding two fluted glass bowls; $20. To take a long jump from antiques and such, Bergdorf Goodman has got hold of some new, leaf-shaped coasters of green rubber, which cling to the table, not to the glass. They're $4.50 a dozen.

Art Colony Industries, 69 Fifth Avenue (15th), have received a shipment of English brassware, made up of such things as embossed-brass bellows in three sizes ($6, $8, and $10); cylindrical umbrella stands, also embossed and in two sizes ($12 and $15); and hearth boxes, lined with aromatic wood, for kindling or small logs ($25 and $39). There are English fire tools, too (around $30 a set), standing in racks shaped like dogs or sailboats. The handles of the tools, unfortunately, are so short that a tall fire tender would have to get down on his knees to use them, and for this reason you may prefer Art Colony's splendid American tools, in heavy wrought iron trimmed with brass. The pokers and three-tined log forks, which cost $7 to $10, have good long handles; anybody this side of seven feet can manipulate them with no trouble at all. —B. B.

•

Newspapermen assisting in the political pulse-taking jaunt of GOP's Senator Bob Taft keep wiring back to their Washington headquarters that the gentleman from Ohio is really a humorous citizen, likes to wisecrack and, taking him all in all, has reached the stage of campaign maturity so that he can toss a gag in public with accustomed ease.

For chapter and verse buildup, they report that the other day a reporter for a paper in Taft's Ohio apologized for his absence from a press conference because he had been chained to his typewriter, sucking his thumb and pounding out some "think pieces."

"And who was doing the thinking?" gently queried Taft, with dead-pan shyness.

On another occasion, Taft was discussing with the Associated Press correspondent a report from Washington.

"How did you get the news so soon?" the correspondent asked.

"Oh, there are faster ways of getting news than waiting for the Associated Press," Taft replied.—*"Capitol Stuff," by John O'Donnell, in the News.*

Maybe it's the *way* he says it.

•

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[*From the Troy (N.C.) Montgomery Herald*]

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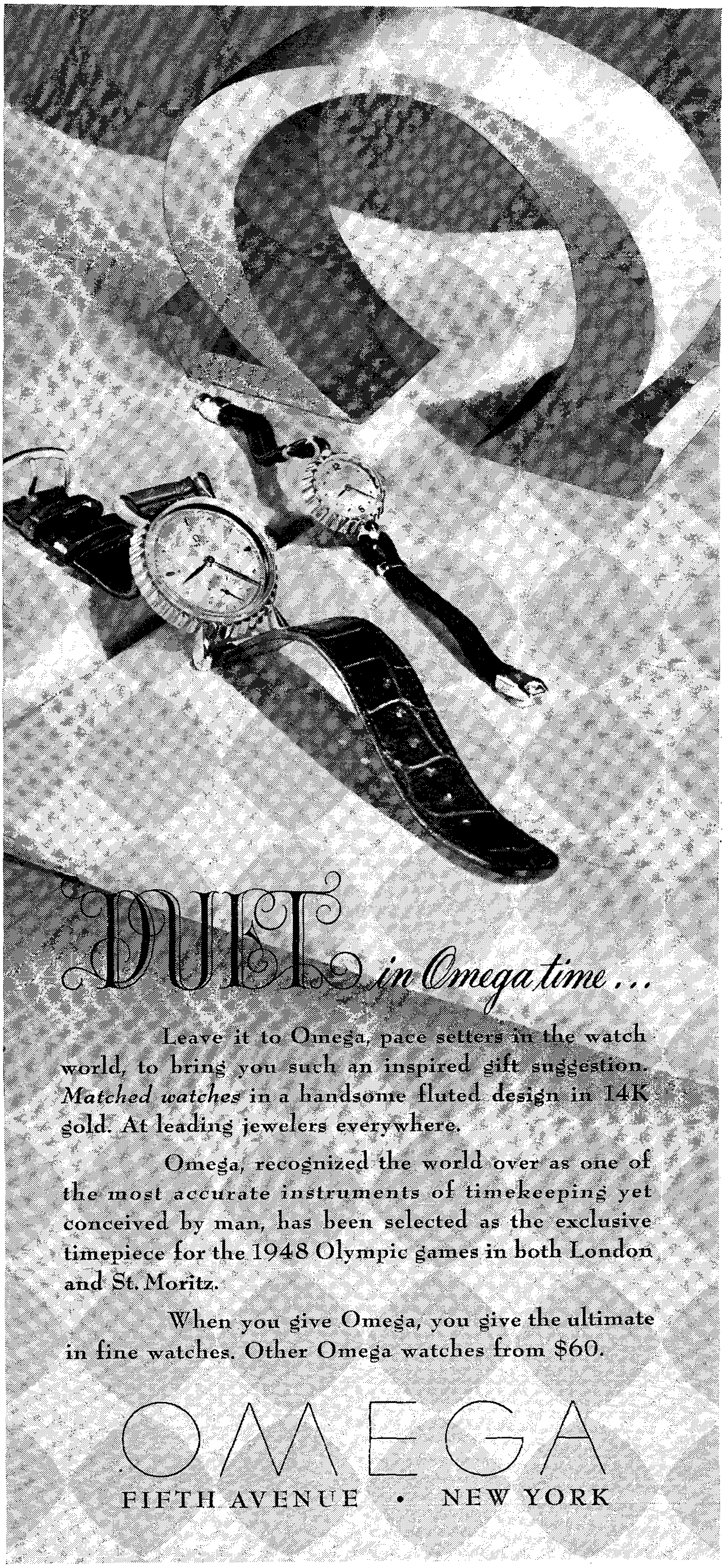

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Omega, recognized the world over as one of the most accurate instruments of timekeeping yet conceived by man, has been selected as the exclusive timepiece for the 1948 Olympic games in both London and St. Moritz.

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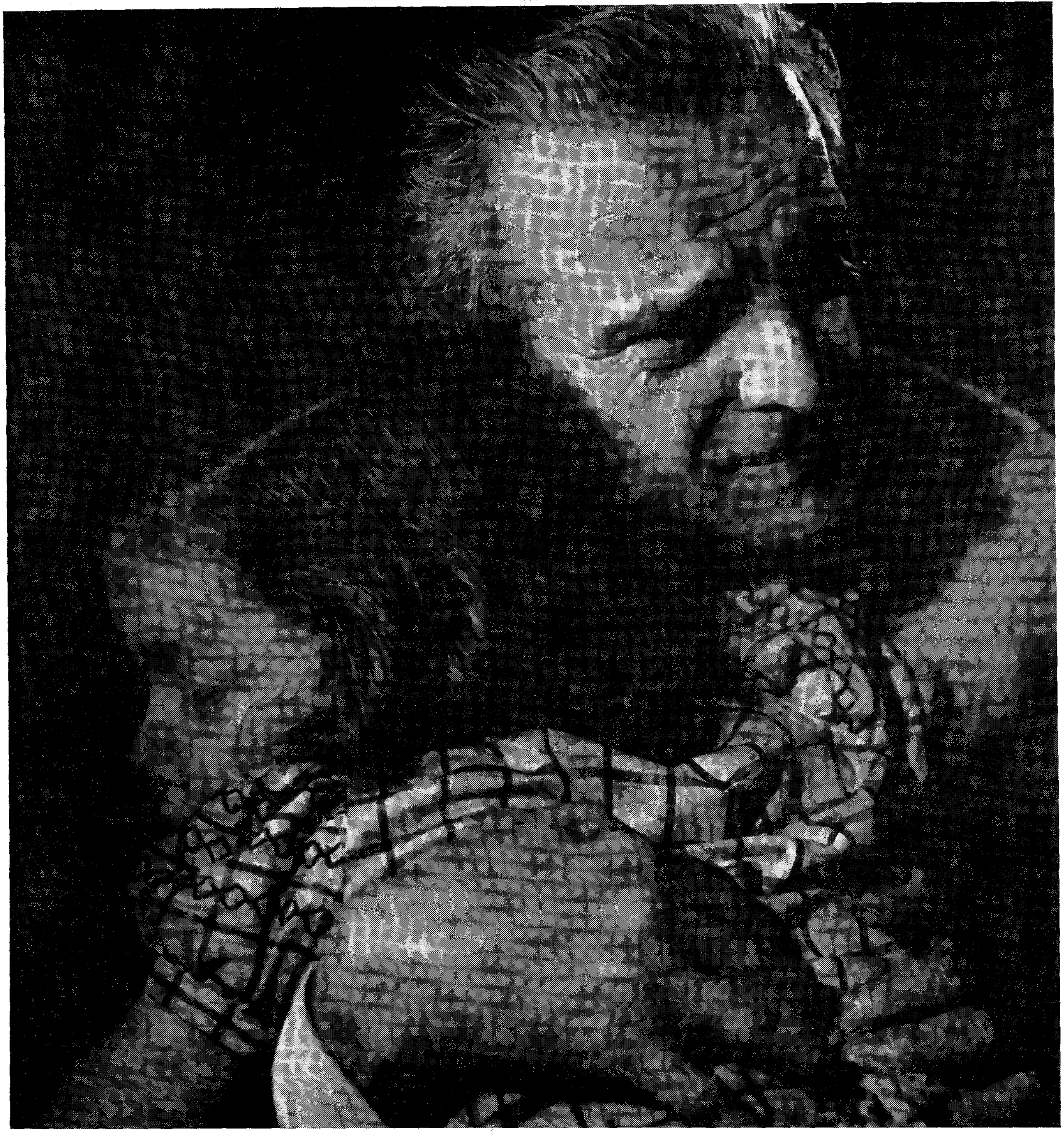


Photo by Ben

Only Your Help Can Give Them Hope Now

WHEN cancer strikes, a family needs help desperately. A father is driven to distraction by his inability to provide funds and treatment for his loved ones.

This is only one case, typical of thousands of American families which are stricken each year by this painful, ruthless killer.

The National Cancer Foundation is the only organization solely devoted to the care and treatment of Advanced Cancer Patients.

It provides specialized nursing care for victims bedridden in their homes. It gives cheerful, comfortable surroundings and makes available the costly equipment and service so urgently needed for Advanced Cancer Patients in hospitals. It helps relieve the financial burdens of families stricken by cancer's tragedy.

Your contribution will enable the National Cancer Foundation to carry on this service to cancer victims. Thousands of Advanced Cancer Patients *and their families* look to you for help. Send your contribution today to

The National Cancer Foundation
Abbott Kimball, *President*
101 Fifth Ave. • New York 3, N. Y.

THAT WAS UPSTATE NEW YORK

MY GRANDFATHER AND THE PLAGUE

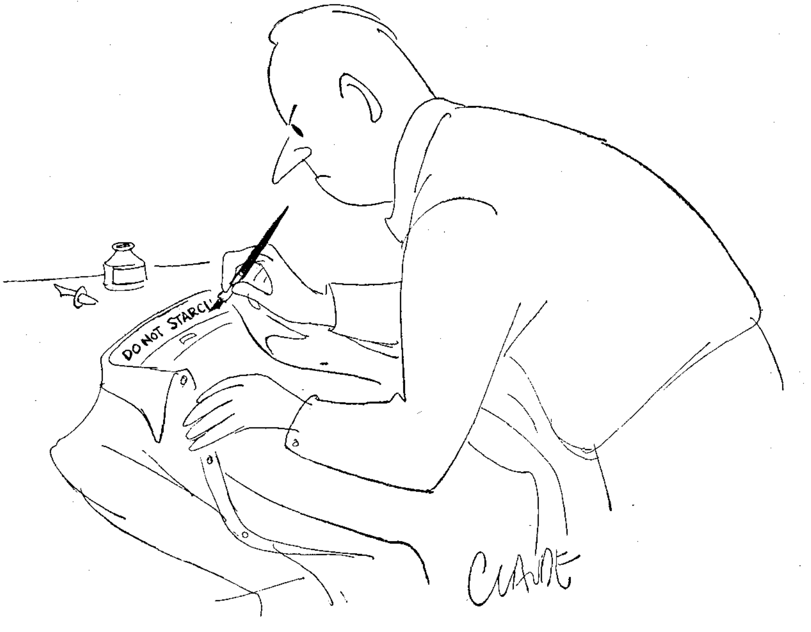
The Cholera cometh;—take care—take care!—
Look well to thy dwelling!—beware—beware!
He breatheth corruption, and loveth the spot,
Where offal is suffered to lie and to rot;
Then look to thy cellar, thy closet and yard—
For all kinds of filth he hath special regard.

IN his less austere moments, my Grandfather Adams used to chant this verse to a lilting measure and then regale his grandchildren, more than half a century after the event, with his memories of the way the pestilence swept the Mohawk Valley during the summer of 1832, when, from his home near Rochester, he had occasion to make several trips up and down the Erie Canal. After another half century or so, I discovered the jingle in a bound volume of the *Cholera Bulletin*, a weekly put out during the period of the epidemic by a group of physicians in New York City, where the plague was just as virulent, but of course Grandfather, in those days of sketchy communications, didn't hear much about that. The *Bulletin* also contained a mass of information that, surprisingly, corroborated many of the old gentleman's recollections, which we youngsters had been inclined to regard more as picturesque embellishments of local lore than as unadulterated facts.

Why Grandfather was ranging the Erie Canal that dangerous summer has never been quite clear to me (especially since the canal and the boats on it were widely suspected of being spreaders of the plague), and the *Cholera Bulletin*, naturally, threw no light on the matter. He may have been holding down some minor political job on the canal—an inspectorship, perhaps, or a pathmastership—acquired through the influence of his father, who was one of the men who built it. But, whatever Grandfather was doing, he saw much of the plague, and as he had an observant eye, a retentive memory, and a happy knack of narrative, his reminiscences provided a vivid backdrop for the more formal data of official history.

It was late in the spring of 1832 that the Cholera (often dignified in contemporary records with a capital "C") first threatened. At about that time, it crossed the Atlantic from Europe and attacked Montreal and New York City. When word of this got around, medical commissions from upstate communities visited both ports and brought back reassuring word. The malady was both controllable and curable, they declared. It was also non-contagious. Of the three hundred and sixty-two members of the Exchange Coffee House, a highly select club in Montreal, only one had come down with it. (True, he had died.) Those elements that society could most readily get along without—the low, the dissolute, the thriftless—were the disease's customary victims. Or, as one of the commissions reported, only "the most miserable and degraded of our population—white, black, and colored" were likely to be stricken by Cholera, for the affliction "arises entirely from their habits of life." The commission went on to say that reputable folk had simply to guard against such predisposing factors as "intemperance, fatigue, night air, and sleeping with open windows."

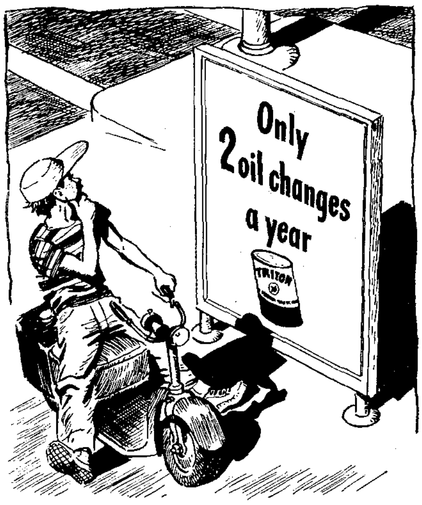
Late in June, Albany experienced an epidemic of severe stomach aches. These were at first soothingly diagnosed as mock, or common, cholera, without the ominous capital initial. Several sufferers died. "Cholera morbus," amended the authorities. According to Albany legend and my grandfather's memory, the first accredited case of Asiatic cholera, which is what the Cholera of 1832 was, was reported on July 3rd, when Pig Baker, the municipal swineherd, whose freely roving charges acted as a combined street-cleaning department and garbage-disposal plant for the capital (population around 25,000), was stricken. Later the same day, a second case was reported. Within a week, a number of other undeniable cases appeared, and four deaths occurred in a riverside hovel occupied by a family reputedly of alcoholic tendencies.



MY grandfather's travels that summer, whatever their motivation, took him to Syracuse early in July. There he saw canal boats unloading hogsheads of tar, which were then set afire in an effort to stop the plague, now spreading westward. "All along your Grand Erie Canal," a touring British friend wrote him in a letter I have only recently come upon, "my attention has been engaged by tar fumes, rising to befoul the sky. Do your countrymen, then, think to scare off the Cholera spirits by such Chinese sorceries? What ignorami! The deadly epidemy is not so conveniently to be repulsed." The tar was burned, my grandfather explained to us, "to cleanse the polluted air of its miasms."

In Syracuse, my grandfather was present at a test designed to determine beyond a doubt the source of the disease. There were two opposing schools of medical thought—the telluric and the meteorastic. The tellurists held that the earth was Cholera-infested and transmitted the malady to human beings through fruits and vegetables. The meteorasts claimed that the disease struck from the atmosphere, but they differed among themselves as to whether the air was polluted by electricity generated in the upper strata or by miasmic exhalations from the soil. The question of whether the tellurists or the meteorasts were right was put to test at the Presbyterian church. A ten-

Why American oil companies can't relax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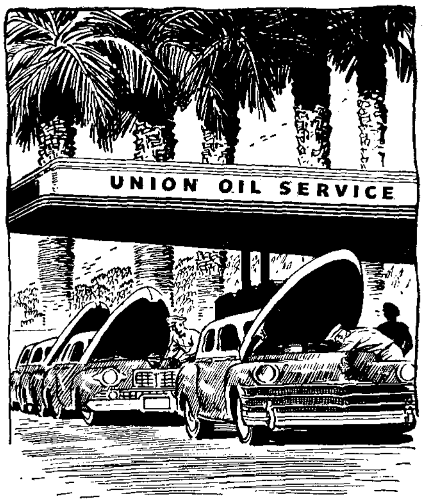
1. In January, 1946, Union Oil Company introduced a new motor oil. This oil—*New Triton*—was so high in quality you had to change it only *2 times a year*. In an industry where 1,000-mile oil drains had long been an established practice, it created quite a sensation. So much so that you might have expected us to rest on our oars for a while.

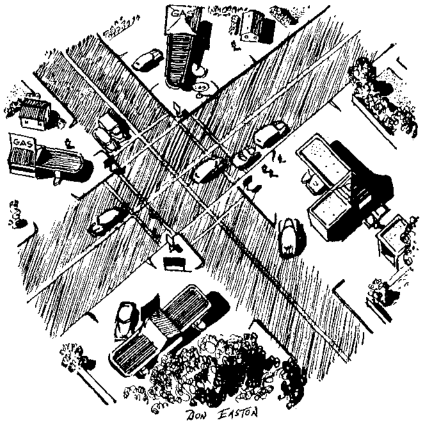


2. But 18 months later four new cars with sealed crankcases rolled out of Los Angeles to begin a road test on a still newer motor oil—*Royal Triton.* During the test all four cars were driven up and down the Pacific Coast until each had covered a distance of 30,000 miles. Make-up oil was added as needed, but *no oil was changed.*

3. For a distance equivalent to three years average driving, the crankcases remained sealed. At the end of the test, the motors were torn down and inspected by automotive engineers. The result? *Royal Triton* came through with flying colors—gave absolute protection in every one of the motors for the entire 30,000 miles.

ROYAL TRITON
76

4. A few weeks later the results were announced to the public and the West had another great new petroleum product—*Royal Triton Motor Oil.* Now with the marketing advantage we already had with *New Triton* it might seem logical to ask why we didn't hold *Royal Triton* off the market until the public demanded something better.



5. The answer is that we happen to be in a highly competitive industry. We don't have all the motor oil business by any means. There are 399 other refiners in the United States who make motor oil and some 20,000 wholesale distributors who market it. Consequently, the *incentive* to get new business with an improved product is constantly with us.

6. In fact, this *incentive* is the driving force behind our whole free, competitive, American system. By offering a reward in the form of more business or more wages to anyone who can "build a better mousetrap," it constantly encourages the introduction of new and better products—products that have given the American people the highest standard of living in the world.

UNION OIL COMPANY

OF CALIFORNIA

INCORPORATED IN CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER 17, 1890

This series, sponsored by the people of Union Oil Company, is dedicated to a discussion of how and why American business functions. We hope you'll feel free to send in any suggestions or criticisms you have to offer. Write: The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Building, Los Angeles 14, California.

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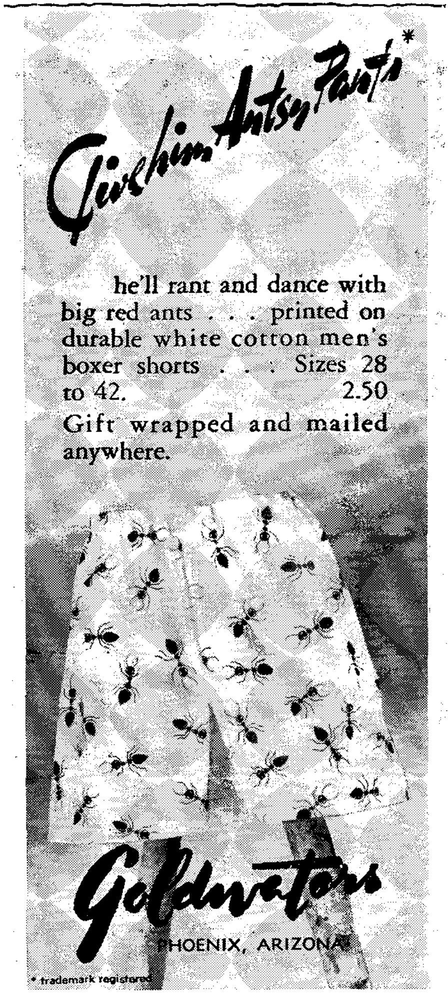
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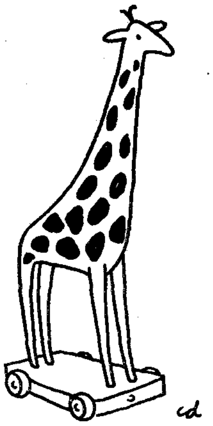
pound round of beef was fixed to the lightning rod of the building. At the end of two hours, it was brought down for examination. It was rotten all the way through. Although a few diehard tellurists may have suspected, and perhaps with reason, that the butcher who supplied the beef was either in the employ of the meteorasts or eager to rid himself profitably of a not very fresh cut, the test settled the issue for most Syracusians: the Cholera was not of the earth but of the air. The experiment flabbergasted those loyal citizens of the town who had held that the atmosphere of Syracuse was amply protected by the prophylactic vapors of the neighboring salt beds. The freeholders held a meeting at which they voted an emergency appropriation to fight the disease, called for volunteers to visit the sick, divided the city into a number of so-called sanitary areas, each with a public-spirited citizen in charge, and placed great vats of lime here and there about the community in the hope of counteracting the poisonous vapors. One of their early volunteers was a physician named Kirkpatrick, a Princeton graduate who had quit his practice to become superintendent of the Onondaga Salt Springs. He was an avowed "contagionist," believing, against the weight of professional authority, that the disease was transmissible from person to person. His first assignment was to administer a syringe treatment of some sort to a stricken neighbor. He completed the job, collapsed, and died—of fear that he would contract the disease, his fellow-practitioners said.



HUNDREDS of the more prosperous citizens of Albany, alarmed by the turn of events, had already quietly left the city by the time my grandfather got there, around mid-July. Their departure undoubtedly helped to spread the contagion as well as the news of it, which the local papers had been largely suppressing. Meanwhile, two highly respectable burghers of the town, Erastus Corning and Stephen Van Rensselaer, had been appointed as a Board of Health and, after generously voting themselves three hundred dollars apiece from a fund set up to fight the plague, had plugged their noses with cotton, made a tour of inspection, ordered foul premises cleaned up, and exhorted the public to abjure strong drink and to be of good cheer. A considerable part of the populace found it difficult to reconcile mandates so contradictory.

Leaders of the teetotal movement encountered no such difficulty and, heartened by the board's stand, went into action in the capital. The nation's "sober societies," as temperance outfits were then—not always flatteringly—known, claimed a total local membership of more than four thousand. Delegations of members walked the streets attracting attention to themselves by carrying bottled water from Albany's famous State Street spring and distributing cards on which were printed various pledges, in English or Dutch, whereto a convert could affix his signature or his equally binding mark. The use of the mark, however, was not often resorted to in that literate community, in which three-fourths of the population could read and write one of the two languages. One pledge was a revival from earlier days—the Minister's Oath, devised by a group of crusading Massachusetts clerics: "Recognizing the evils of drunkenness and resolved to check its alarming increase, we do solemnly pledge ourselves not to get drunk except on Christmas, at Sheep-Shearing, Independence Day, and Muster Day."

"Nobody could get from the waterfront to the Capitol without being accosted a dozen times by members of those delegations," Grandfather told us.

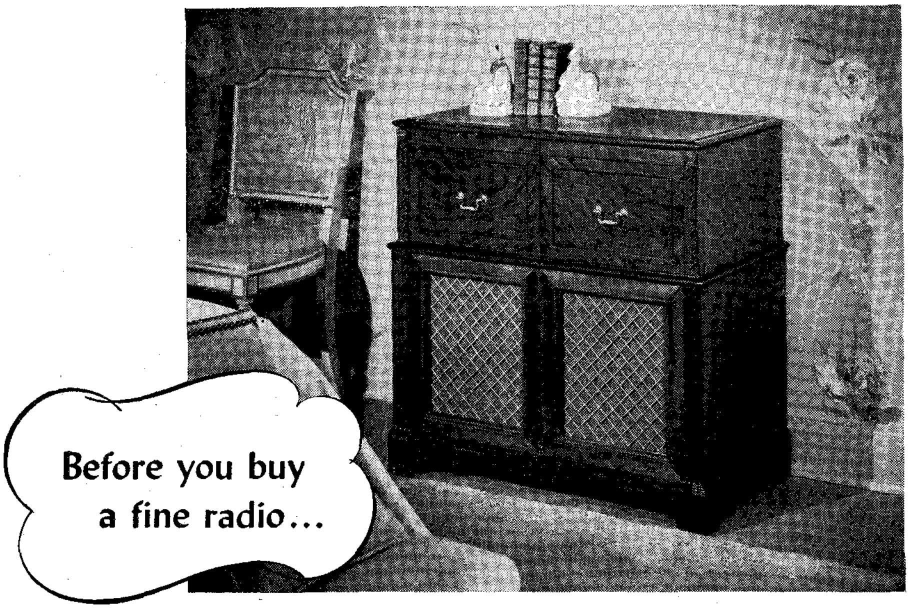
A stock argument for sobriety was that only two members of the sober societies had died of the Cholera.

"Probably a lie," said Grandfather.

Gradually the belief that the respectable elements of society were immune—the credo that the authorities had promulgated so industriously—began to weaken. Early in August, that influential national periodical, *Niles' Weekly Register*, a powerful prop of this thesis, acknowledged, with obvious dismay, "Several worthy and prudent persons have lately died at Albany, of the Cholera." Clearly, the scourge had surmounted the barriers of class and character. Three emergency pesthouses, hastily set up in Albany, filled and overflowed. People fell writhing in the streets. Others were found dead in their houses. Stagecoaches arrived empty and departed full. Theatres and museums closed. Stores boarded up their windows. Food became scarce, and potatoes went to eight shillings (a dollar) a bushel. Camphor, highly regarded as a medicament, rose from thirty cents to five dollars a pound; it was completely ineffectual. Physicians, who had been getting fifty cents for a night call and a dollar for reducing a fracture, demanded and received six dollars a day for serving the city in what time they were willing to spare from their private practice. Burial costs went from fifty cents a cadaver to two dollars. Half the homes in town were in mourning.

BY mid-August, the Cholera was raging the length of the Erie Canal. The pious attributed the visitation to the vengeance of Heaven upon the people for their sins. The remnant of the old Federalist aristocracy attributed it to President Andy Jackson and his "blasphemous Democracy." The sober societies blamed it on the national habit of tippling. "Flagitious youth," said the puritans. "Freemasonry," declared the rabid anti-Masons. Some cleric whose gift for the dramatic exceeded his knowledge of English preached a sermon on "The Monster of Epidemy" and the phrase was taken over as a text in scores of other pulpits. These "Cholera sermons" were denounced by the Rochester *Liberal Advocate* for helping spread the disease. Because of them, "consternation seized the inhabitants and thousands fled," declared the editor over his nom de plume of Obadiah Dogbery. Cities, towns, and hamlets throughout the Mohawk Valley set aside days for penitence and supplication. There were public prayer meetings and fright-inspired conversions in the streets.

The authorities were swamped by what *Niles' Weekly Register* referred to as "sanatory proposals," both official and unofficial. The tar smudges observed by the sardonic Britisher were perhaps the most widely used preventive, but the lime vats must have run a close second. A Dr. Clericault advanced a scheme for perpetual bonfires to consume the evil effluvia. An unidentified hygienist suggested firing salvos of artillery to dissipate the hovering poisons, and a derisive remark in the *Cholera Bulletin* indicates that the idea was actually tried. The Syracuse lightning-rod test having incontrovertibly established that beef was an absorbent of the miasmas, other towns set out raw chunks of meat on poles to purify the air. A "high authority" cited in the Utica *Sentinel & Gazette* prescribed shoes with wooden soles to prevent the penetration of telluric toxins from the ground. Two propositions, above all, were relentlessly hammered into the public consciousness—that strong drink was dangerous, and



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that to sleep with the windows open was a wanton solicitation of death.

Rochester, while officially accepting the theory that the disease was not contagious, hedged a little by insisting that anyone arriving from Canada by way of Lake Ontario be examined, presumably in an effort to keep out travellers who had been infected in Montreal. It also converted a cooperage into a hospital. No victim, whether native or alien, was turned away. The leading spirit in this commendable activity was Colonel (and Elder) Ashbel P. Riley, a rigorous Sabbatarian, who had once threatened to stop the Sunday mail coaches, even if he had to wrestle down the horses with his own mighty hands. Garbed in sober black, he stalked through the city, gathering in the sick for delivery to the cooperage, collecting drugs and other requisites, acting as sick-ward aide, and, at the height of the epidemic, not only carrying out and burying the dead but conducting their funeral services.

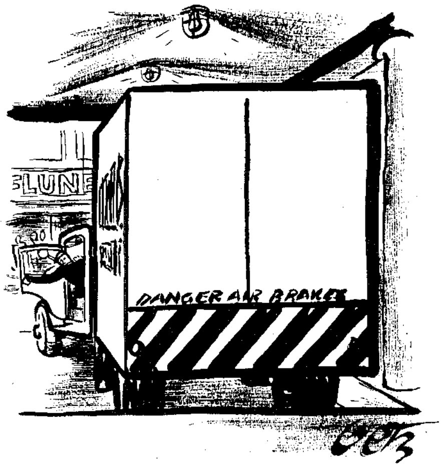
"A Scriptural figure, terrible in his righteousness," said Grandfather, with an awe undiminished after half a century.

EMERGENCY installations, similar to the Rochester cooperage and known as Cholera refuges, were being set up everywhere. In Utica, the refuge was an abandoned warehouse, and in Albany it was the almshouse. These refuges were hardly models of hygiene, even by the rather casual medical standards of that period. A typical refuge ward was a room of perhaps forty by seventy feet, containing four rows of cots, its windows all blanketed against the deadly peril of night air. The institution that could boast of allocating no more than one patient at a time to a bed was an unusual one. The beds themselves were cast-iron frames with planks instead of springs and straw instead of mattresses. When the beds were full, and no more doubling up was possible, patients were assigned to wooden packing boxes placed in the corridors. Attending physicians reported an inexplicable rise in "spontaneous gangrene, product of hospital air," which modern diagnosis might recognize as bedsores. Flies and mosquitoes swarmed, and an inventive genius from Utica tried unsuccessfully to sell the authorities his patent steam bedbug-killing machine.

There was, of course, a desperate shortage of doctors and nurses, and the high pay that was offered attracted a fantastic variety of personnel. Midwives, Indian healers, itinerant nostrum venders, herb and root diggers, even gypsies responded to the lure of twelve, sixteen, twenty shillings a day. For the most part, they were a noisome, unruly, untrustworthy lot. They robbed the sick, stole the bedding, feasted on victuals contributed by the charitable, got drunk on brandy that some renegade physicians insisted was beneficial to Cholera sufferers, and held high revel. The death rate in the refuges—small wonder—often exceeded that among victims who were treated at home.

"I'd rather have taken *my* chance in my own bed" was Grandfather's considered opinion.

It was with good reason that the Erie Canal, the pride of the nation, came to be looked upon as the villain. Penny-a-mile-and-found passenger craft were carrying a heavy traffic of cheap contract labor from the Cholera-ridden countries of Europe up the Hudson and through the canal to mine silver, build railroads, and toil in the potasheries to the west. The pestilence was breaking out aboard these boats so frequently that toward midsummer the health officials of towns along the canal took to sending them on their way (often with a capital "C" painted or branded on their prows) with the most unseemly haste. Things finally got so bad that Rochester wrathfully accused its fellow-cities to the east of refusing to let the boats discharge infected passengers and even, in the case of some who were ill and had reached their destination, of paying their fares to another point in order to get rid of them. One boat, the Western Barge, with fifty-six English, Irish, and Swiss immigrants aboard, drew into Syracuse "so foul," according to a letter later found among Grandfather's papers, "that dainty persons passing to leeward were fain to puke." The vessel's crew had already disposed of several corpses by dumping them into the canal. Others still lay between decks. The captain was



dying. Syracuse clapped a fifteen-day embargo on westbound traffic.

IT was a matter of permanent regret to Grandfather Adams, who, as an active member of the Horse-Thief Society, had acquired a taste for guerrilla warfare, that he missed the Running of the Locks. Teal's Lock, just east of Syracuse, was that town's quarantine station and guards were posted there to halt Cholera-ridden vessels. Boats loaded with contract laborers piled up until the waterway was all but choked. Their barge captains, at best a turbulent lot, lost patience and held a meeting, at which they decided on strong measures. The boats would go through. On the appointed night, the captains, girt for the fray in their brass-buttoned coats and tall, brightly colored beaver hats, formed up their cookees, hoggees, and steersmen, and rushed the lock. By common report, they were led by three veteran "canawlers" making martial music on fife, harmonica, and jew's-harp. There was no difficulty in dispersing the guard and capturing the lock, but it took all night to lock the boats through the city. The maneuver produced a running battle between the Eriemen and mobs of the local citizenry, with much action, many casualties, and no fatalities. The Syracuse authorities seem to have shown little interest in the proceedings. Presumably, they felt that the contract laborers were too prickly a problem for them to handle and the sooner the locality was rid of them the better. Let Rochester have them. Among the many undesirable craft foisted on that hospitable city was the Columbia, carrying fifty-six passengers, of whom five were dead on arrival and fourteen others so ill that they died soon after being transferred to the cooperage.

In August, a blast of wind—laden, so people thought, with a poisonous virus from the canal—swept the hamlet of Lenox, twenty-five miles west of Auburn, and whole households were wiped out in less than twenty-four hours. Even the most determined optimists now admitted the gravity of the situation. The Utica papers, which had played down the virulence of the malady, declaring it to be less dangerous than smallpox, recanted. Hamilton College, at Clinton, gave the change of attitude academic sanction by calling off its commencement, which in those days was held in midsummer.

The public reaction, as far as Grandfather could make out, was not so much terror as gloom and distrust. City streets

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were strangely silent; people tended to shun one another. After all, the disease *might* be catching, in spite of official assurances to the contrary. Dr. Henry Bronson, of Albany, summoned courage to declare for what he cautiously termed "contingent contagion," active among (of course) the poor, the uncleanly, and the intemperate.

The prestige of the medical profession was at lowest ebb, although the doctors were doing their best, trying everything from bleeding and tobacco-juice enemas to laughing gas and the burning of moxa, a primitive and drastic method of cautery. They produced figures to prove that only a quarter—well, perhaps a third—of those infected died. Few believed them. A contemporary poetaster sourly sang:

> Cholera kills and doctors slay
> And every foe will have its way.

But what doctors and committees could not accomplish, an early-September frost did. A few days after its coming, *Niles' Weekly Register* sounded the first cheerful note heard since spring. By the middle of the month, no new cases were being reported. The tar smudges were quenched, and the lungs of the upstaters were no longer affronted by fumes from the lime vats. Refuges closed. Timorous fugitives returned home. Canal and coach travel slowly returned to normal. Business revived. A quack calling himself the Fire King, who had given up eating live coals at travelling fairs to peddle an Elixir Cholerae guaranteed to cure or your money back, was hounded off the canal berm near Chittenango by a hooting mob.

"Folks took heart," Grandfather said, "and you could hear boys whistling again in the streets."

—Samuel Hopkins Adams

•

"Falsely indoctrinated people are dangerous, and behind the iron curtain, Russia is preparing a huge war machine," he continued. "We know that she has 20,000,000 soldiers armed and equipped. She has army, navy, marine corps, coast guards, Ohio National Guard and Ohio Cilil Pair Patrol.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Next thing, it'll be the Knickerbocker Greys.

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From "For a Beautiful Relationship," by Wentzle Ruml III, in "The Best American Short Stories of 1946"*]

Silent, wordless, speaking of love, Sam sat in contemplation.

THE ART GALLERIES

Alterations in Progress

THIS week, as it happens, there are no big exhibitions of the rather overpowering sort that so crowded the season's opening. There are, instead, a great many smaller ones. I chose, for a starter, the Charles Burchfield show of water colors, at the Rehn. Burchfield, now in his middle fifties, has undergone a change of style in the last few years. In a sense, it is a reversion to an earlier period, for although throughout most of his life he has been known as a naturalistic painter, way back in the twenties, at the start of his career, he did a lot of work in what might be called a sort of fantasist manner, giving half-human, half-metaphorical fairy-tale attributes to the landscapes that he depicted.

It is this style to which he has lately returned. His houses, now as then, are likely to appear with their façades slightly altered so that they take on vaguely human characteristics, storm clouds reach and clutch, and so on, and I can't say that I think the artist's move has been a good one. The whole question of symbolism in painting is an intricate one. A man can write that the house peered out from among its trees like a black-browed ogre, or that the hot sunlight shimmered like waves on the summer grasses, and he may get away with it rather easily. But to try to do the same things in pictures—as Burchfield does with his Victorian mansion in "Lavender and Old Lace" and with his wavelike patterns in "Midsummer Rhythms"—is quite another matter, and the touch of real mastery, and immense sensitivity besides, is needed to bring the thing off.

As far as technique is concerned, Burchfield has the mastery. His many years of painting in water colors have given him a command of the medium that few of his contemporaries can equal, and it is a pure delight to see the assured handling of his washes and the brilliance and clarity of his color. But there is a certain bluntness about his imagery. He insists too much, he overemphasizes, and since the weight of allusion the pictures carry is fairly light to begin with—after all, semi-animate trees and such are hardly weighty inventions—the result, far too often, is an almost embarrassing excess of whimsicality, closer, I am afraid, to the lesser works of Walt Disney than it decently should be.

It's too bad, for there is a good deal of geniality in this new work, and when the approach is a little more oblique—as in "Clover Field in June," with its visible light rays striking down on the meadow, and in the pleasantly handled "The Pigeon Barn"—there is a gentle imaginativeness that overrides most of the defects. On the whole, though, I liked only the pieces that cast aside whimsey in favor of the naturalistic manner. For example, in things like "Early December Snow," with its white house and back-yard vistas, the rain-swept "Street Scene," and the really beautiful green "Quiet Stream," he shows that he can observe and record as accurately and as perceptively as ever. I really don't see why he isn't content to do simply that.

AMÉDÉE OZENFANT, now on exhibition at the Passedoit, is another artist whose work has changed signally in recent years, and not entirely for the better. In his early phases, he was one of the leading abstractionists, and he was a founder of the Purist school of painting, which had a notable influence both on modern architecture and on commercial design. Lately, though, he has shifted to an odd mystical approach, mixing abstraction with a stylized romanticism, and I must say I don't like it. Moreover, I don't always understand what he is getting at.

Ozenfant is unquestionably an extremely conscious and deliberate artist. He is also a thoroughly competent draftsman. Yet in some of the pictures on exhibit—such as, for instance, the circular "The Kiss"—he seems to have abandoned the austerity of true modern art for the banalities of "moderne," while in such others as "Sunset" and "Night" the design is so turgid and confused as to be practically meaningless. All I got from "Night" was an indication of wraithlike forms about a disc of moon in the upper portion, plus, in the lower part, a set of earth forms (a tree, a house, and so on) placed against a monotonously black background. Yet the canvas is about six feet by three, all too large for its slight picture content. Other pieces in the show are more successful, and his "Flood," with its white

an
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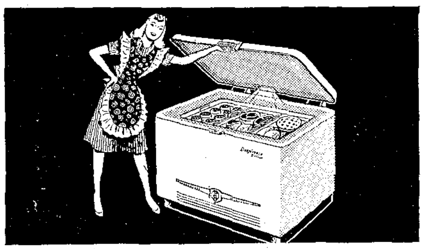

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barn reflected in the water, reveals his old ability to combine strict design with emotional suggestion. But for a man of his stature the collection is a disappointing one.

I FELT better about some of the other shows on the week's list. At Durand-Ruel, there is the first one-man showing of abstractions by Norman Daly. These paintings, Southwest Indian in motivation, are done with a reticence, both in design and in color, that gives them considerable distinction, and the stylistic simplifications employed are quite obviously the result of a sincere attempt not only to make use of traditional Indian art forms pictorially but also, through them, to convey a feeling of the cultural background that evoked them. Now and then, Mr. Daly's reticence tends toward the merely humdrum, and there are times, as in "Dance of Fright" and "Heritage," when his normally acute sense of color goes badly astray. But in the main, these are mature and honest paintings, and a number of them, such as "The Cave," "Ancient Images," and the dark "Initiation Rites," have more than the usual amount of atmospheric suggestion. . . . At the Milch, now installed in the former quarters of the Valentine Gallery, there is one of those little milestone events, in this case called "Thirty-eight Years on Fifty-seventh Street." In celebration there has been hung a selection of twenty paintings by various great men who have exhibited at Milch in the past. Eakins, Homer, Inness, Luks, Henri, and a dozen others are represented, and though no really important pictures are included, they are all good enough examples to make the show well worth a visit. The best, perhaps, is Eakins' "The Art Student," a handsome piece of penetrating portraiture.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

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[*Adv. in the Singapore Straits Times*]

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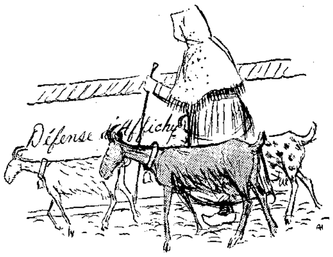
LETTER FROM BRITTANY

SEPTEMBER

MOTORING through the Normandy countryside on the way to Brittany, the visitor is apt to get the feeling that in this part of France the war ended only yesterday. Like crude memoranda scribbled on the margins of a lovely landscape, rusting tanks and guns are still perched among the orchards and the pastures. The names on the signposts that point down the lanes between the peaceful fields of grain haunt one with their familiarity until one places them in the less peaceful context of battle communiqués. Here and there at the side of the road, unexploded American bombs have been fenced off with flimsy arrangements of sticks and white tape, to keep people from tripping over them in the dark. Picnic parties are frequently rattled by fading notices in English, nailed to poplars and announcing, “Ground free of mines up to trees.”



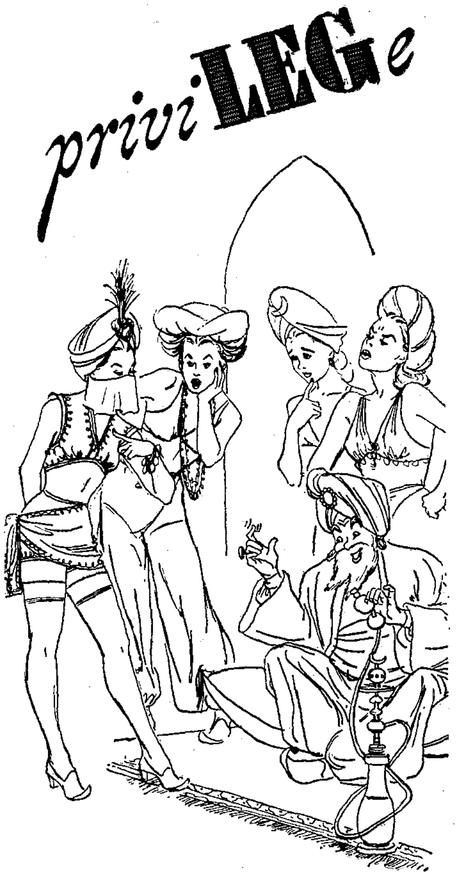
Visitors from England, where the bomb damage has been tidied up for so long that it seems to have lost all connection with violence and terror, are always shaken when they see for the first time a town that has been torn apart by the fighting and left so sprawled out that a sense of recent catastrophe continues to hang in the air. At Rouen, where foreigners who have landed at Le Havre with their cars usually call to collect their petrol vouchers from the authorities (the French give a liberal allowance of gasoline to visitors, if not to their own people), the waterfront is a flat mass of dusty ruins and shell-pitted ground, across which a smart gendarme briskly waves the traffic on its jolting way. A beneficent result of the destruction is that it has cleared a magnificent view of the beautiful verdigris-green spire of the cathedral, which, though groggy, is still erect. Caen and, even more manifestly, St. Lô are ghost towns. Wrecked churches stand like scarecrows holding out their arms over the wilderness of rubble and tall grass, through which it is odd to see a stout matron with a shopping basket placidly picking her way.

The vigor of life in these melancholy surroundings is, indeed, the only heartening aspect of the scene. In the clusters of brown and yellow temporary wooden buildings that have sprung up in many ruined towns, shopkeepers have set up again, under newly painted signs—gallant little indications of civilized normality, such as “Pâtisserie” and “Modes” and “Coiffeur,” in the middle of the uncivilized mess. There is a sort of frontier-town atmosphere about these mushroom settlements, where the country folks' horses and high, covered carts stand hitched to doorposts and where you can step into a shop from the potholed street and buy yourself incongruous refinements like bedside lamps and Houbigant Eau de Toilette.

To get from place to place in the seriously damaged area requires quite a bit of advance staff work. All too often, a telegram to engage rooms at a hotel you have known in the past is answered by the post office with the laconic word “*Détruit.*” At other times, you are left to discover the sad answer yourself when you turn up late at night and there is no sleeping place within fifty kilometres.

IN Finistère, the northwestern corner of Brittany, it is pleasant to find oneself again among towns that at least look as though nothing had happened. Other parts of Brittany, however—the ports of Brest and St. Malo, and many villages, among them the beautiful little walled town of Fougères—have been distressingly smashed up. The most evident signs of recent events in many places are the heavily fortified beaches where the Germans trained troops in invasion exercises, and later prepared to ward off Allied landings instead. Gun emplacements, bristling among the sand dunes and the pines, are frequently used by the local fishermen as convenient objects over which to drape their aquamarine and sapphire-blue nets to dry in the sun.

This summer, the numerous hotels at Beg-Meil, Concarneau, Pont-Aven (Gauguin painted a great deal here and some of his pictures were among the loot swiped by the Nazis from the neighborhood), and the rest of the little resorts had a record season, for both fine weather and visitors. Not only foreigners but the French descended on them in larger numbers than ever before. The hotel proprietors were sorely oppressed in their efforts to cope with the rush because the Germans had invariably removed the linen and the contents of the wine cellars, and even, in some instances, had wrecked the premises, just for fun, before pulling out. They left one or two



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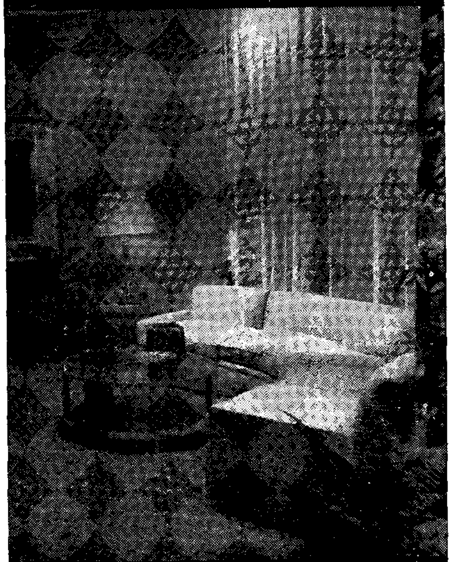

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especially nasty souvenirs. In Beg-Meil, a tiny collection of summer villas and hotels across the bay from the sardine port of Concarneau, bathers walk down to the shore past a wall on which there is a plaque announcing that at this spot two Beg-Meil men "fell beneath the German bullets." The village, prematurely rejoicing over the Liberation, had run up the French flag a few hours too soon and, as a consequence, got into a scrap with the German garrison. The German commandant picked out two men—the owner of the biggest house on the shore and the headwaiter at the principal hotel—and had them shot as a farewell gesture.

The wonderful coifs of the Breton women are back in their full splendor after their disappearance during the war, when the starch needed for laundering them was unobtainable. The restless younger generation do not wear them as much as their mothers and grandmothers do, because getting them up in their snowy crispness is such a long and finicky job. The marvellously fine pleating of the spreading collar traditional in one district, for instance, is achieved by patiently goffering each fold over a couple of straws. The girls who take the trouble to keep up the old custom look enchanting. In Quimper, the coifs are comically shaped like tall chimney pots; when it rains, the more modern ladies fish small cellophane covers out of their pockets and pop them over their headgear. The controversy over longer skirts, incidentally, would not make talk here, where the local matrons bowl along on bicycles, haul buckets of water, or skip nimbly over the rocks by the sea clad in voluminous skirts that even Christian Dior might think a trifle excessive.

The best occasions to see all the various caps, which, to residents, identify their wearers as coming from Pont-Aven or Carnac or wherever, are the *pardons*, jolly turnouts combining a religious festival with a fair. The Germans discouraged *pardons* during the Occupation, as they did all other large gatherings, but this summer the festivals got going full blast again. While the devout are in church, sitting in creaking rows of starched linen and black velvet, the fair, outside the very doors, never lets up its tremendous din, apparently without upsetting the worshippers' devotions. The major attractions are the blaring merry-go-rounds, whose steeds are often highly varnished pink pigs, and the many sideshows, including a strength-testing apparatus that explodes a charge of gunpowder when the Breton lads, in their Sunday hats

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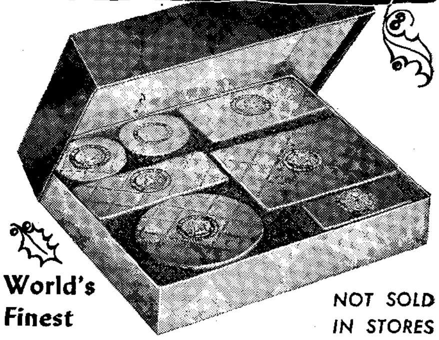

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of velvet with silver buckles, swing the hammer hard enough.

THE food situation in the western part of Brittany is, from all accounts, rather better than it is in other sections of France, because of the abundance of fish, which can be bought on the quays, where they hop out of the nets into one's basket, fantastically spotted with silver, bronze, and bright gold. Recently, there has been plenty of meat, too, since the severe drought of the last months has forced farmers to kill off their beasts ahead of time. There is practically no milk and very little sugar, but the pâtisseries seem well stocked with curious sweetmeats, prettily wrapped in tinfoil and tasting of nothing much. Visitors who were not warned to bring their coffee with them suffer from the *café national*, a terrible beverage resembling the real thing only in color. Everyone suffers from the corn bread, which is apt to derange the stomach. The French, naturally, feel a trifle resentful over their lack of coffee, which is one of the things that the English, who don't drink it much and can't make it properly anyway, can buy at home unrationed. Another irritant is the absence of the beautiful local cheeses, which are reserved for export. English visitors, to whom "for export only" is a depressingly familiar phrase, are disappointed but resigned when they find that the only examples to be seen of the famous pottery made in Quimper are now in the Faïence Museum. Frequent reference is made by the French, in tones of no particular satisfaction, to the fact that quite a few of their coveted luxuries are going to their neighbor Belgium.

These shortages do not seem to bother the brown and sturdy town children who are now winding up their holidays in the *colonies de vacances* along the coast. Many of them seem to be embroiled in some sort of youth movement. Troops of little boys and girls are often seen in the villages waving flags and shrilly squeaking patriotic airs as they march along—mostly, one is relieved to notice, out of step.

Bretons like to remember their ties with their Celtic ancestors who remained across the Channel. A party of Cornish wrestlers not long ago visited the village of Plouay, overthrew all the local champions, and were fêted with wine and spanking kisses by their hospitable distant kinsmen. The traditional Breton dances are footed to the squeal of velvet bagpipes that look even odder than the Scottish instrument but sound similar. One midsummer evening, in

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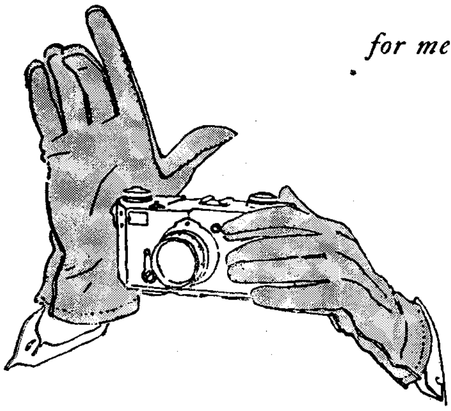

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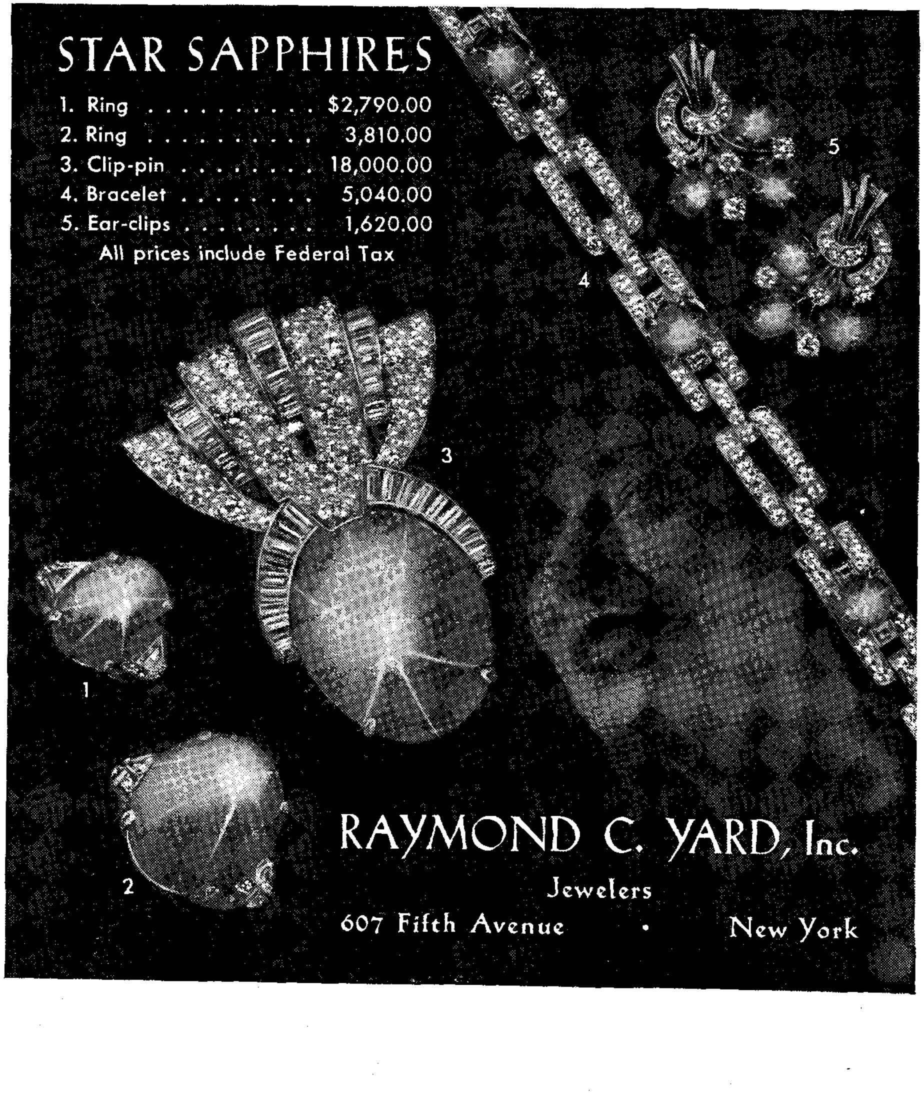

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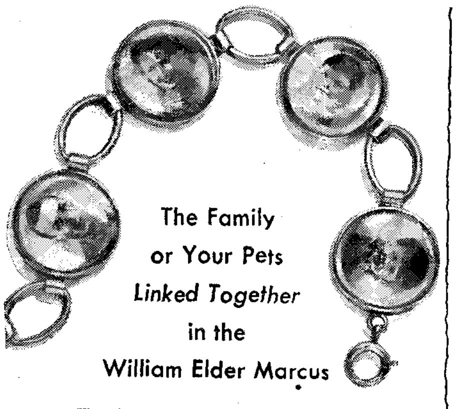
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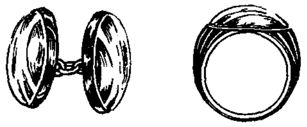

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the cobbled square of Locronan, a group of young people in Breton dress danced in the twilight to the pipes and the *bombarde* (a sort of trumpet) and then went into the tiny inn to drink an apéritif with some visitors from England who happened to be dining there. At the end of the party, one of the young men stood up, clasping his bagpipes, and proposed an ardent toast to the strengthening bonds between *La Belle Bretagne* and *La Belle Ecosse*. The visitors—an Irishwoman, an Australian, and two or three Londoners—drank the toast as enthusiastically as though their hearts had never left the Highlands.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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LIFE ON CAPE COD DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the Cape Cod Standard Times*]

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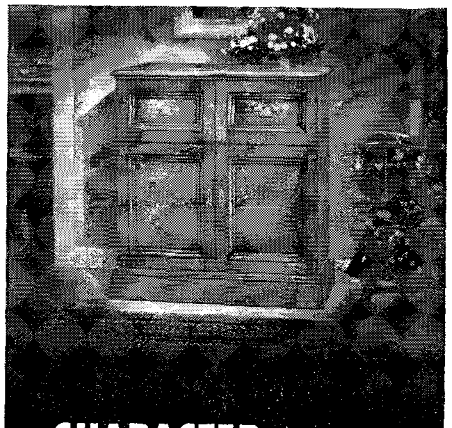

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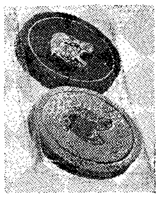

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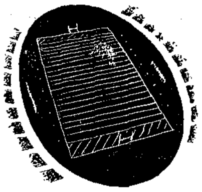
FOOTBALL

Old Home Week



IT is entirely possible that New York, a city that offers an abundance of every sort of week-end diversion except good football, has already had its best Saturday of the season. Last Saturday, Columbia and Yale, two of the smartest brain trusts in the East, matched wits up at Baker Field, and on the same afternoon, at the Yankee Stadium, Army met Illinois in a game booked to replace the contest between Army and Notre Dame that used to be such an important part of the football season hereabouts. As was the case a year ago, against Notre Dame, Army was expected to finish an unimpressive second to a more powerful enemy, and finished instead in a very creditable 0–0 tie. Since Illinois had at stake a considerable reputation (it was Big Nine champion and winner of the Rose Bowl game last New Year's), and since Army had at stake a record of having gone more than three seasons without being defeated, the tie was probably the kindest way out.

At Baker Field, some of the old Columbia and Yale boys were also telling each other before the game that a tie would be quite all right with them, because the teams were supposedly so evenly matched that there would be honor enough for both. It didn't work out that way, though. Yale won, 17–7, a score that makes the victory sound reasonably easy, yet it wasn't until the last couple of minutes that anyone could tell how the game was going to come out.

Yale, as I have said, lives by its wits, which were extra sharp on Saturday, and it has, in addition, the annoying habit of being lucky. At one awkward moment, there was a Yale fumble that didn't count, because the referee's whistle blew just as the ball popped out of the Yale man's hands; at a very convenient moment, when Yale looked too tired to stall off the Columbia attack much longer, Yale made a very lucky interception of a pass. You can beat a good team and you can beat a lucky team, but a number of coaches are worrying about how they are going to beat Yale, which is both, this fall. Yale had to be especially bright against Columbia, because it was again without the valuable services of Levi Jackson; Columbia was handicapped, too, for Gene Rossides, its most ingenious passer,

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had a sore right arm, and some of his shots fell into the wrong hands. Columbia looked dreamy at times as Tex Furse, the Yale quarterback—who had one of the most enjoyable afternoons any quarterback has had in the past twenty years, I would say—tossed the ball with infuriating ease and accuracy to various teammates. Still, the plays he has been taught are so deceptive that the opposition can't help falling for some of them.

Columbia, though, is better than it looked. For the first time in quite a few seasons, it has a back (Russell) who can punt and a back (Yablonski) who gets through the line by main force instead of finesse. Last fall, Yablonski dropped a few hints of latent power; this year there's nothing latent about it.

To get back to Army, it seemed to be hoping for the best and playing for a tie. After all, Illinois had the major part of its last year's team on the field, and Army had no reason to be optimistic. The first pass Army tried was intercepted, and that was almost the last anyone saw of Army's passing attack. Even when Army got possession of the ball on its own thirty-five-yard line a moment before the game ended, it ran off three ground plays, instead of throwing a few long passes on the chance of sneaking a touchdown play over on Illinois. Most of the time, the almost impeccable Army and Illinois lines were knocking each other flat around midfield. Illinois had two opportunities to score, and fumbled the ball away. Army had one opportunity, and did the same thing. Moss, the Illinois passer, had almost as much fun as Furse of Yale. He tried twenty passes, and only once did Army lay a hand on him before he got rid of the ball. Half the passes were completed, and his record would have been better if some of his helpers hadn't been so butterfingered. Moss provided, thus, the most interesting performance of the game, except for that of a newcomer on the Army squad named Gradoville. So recent was his accession to glory that he wasn't even on the program. His four punts will undoubtedly rate among the handsomest jobs of their kind exhibited here this season. His sudden appearance set not a few customers to wondering how many more smart young men Army has under cover. —J. W. L.

•

The news is of particular interest to we of the press.—*Allentown (Pa.) Chronicle.*

You mean we-uns, don't you?

KING RAIL

IT had been a thoroughly satisfactory day. The weather was fine, the ducks were flying, and we had mixed in enough good shots with the lucky ones to feel talkative and expansive. I was particularly happy over a canvasback I'd managed to get, since canvasbacks are rare enough in the marshes near the mouth of the Connecticut River to be something of a prize, and my friend Oliver McCaleb, who is as expert with a gun as anyone I know, had knocked down two fine mallard drakes with two shells. That doesn't happen any too often, even in *Field & Stream*, and we were talking about it in a little roadside place where we had gone to get something to eat and drink after we came in from the blind. Our guide, a big, thick-chested man named Christian Veal, was with us. Christian will be sixty years old his next birthday, although he doesn't look it, and has been a guide ever since he was in his late teens.

The waitress who came to take our order was apparently a friend of his. She looked clean and competent in her white uniform. No one would ever call her pretty, but she had a sort of brisk, amiable attractiveness.

"Hello, Gung Ho," she said to Christian, giving us a smile. "What'll it be?"

She handed us each a menu and went off to another booth while we made up our minds. When she came back, we gave her our orders, beginning with beer all around. She made some scratches on a pad, disappeared for a few minutes, and returned with the beer.

"Here you are, Gung Ho," she said to Christian as she placed one of the bottles before him. "Right off the ice." She looked at him in an amused, impudent way and smiled again. "Good old Gung Ho, the rickshaw man."

She winked at us and walked away, her high heels tapping on the wooden floor. Christian took a long time pouring his beer.

"That girl ought to be spanked," he said placidly. "Someday I'm going to do it."

"I hope I'm around," I said. "What's the joke?"

Christian lifted his glass. "Here's to you," he said. He took a long swallow and put the glass down. "It's stopped being a joke," he went on in the same calm, thoughtful tone. "She's spread it around and some of the kids are beginning to call me that, too."

"Gung Ho?" McCaleb asked.

Christian nodded. "I'm getting too old to start being the town character," he said. "If it hadn't been for that young fellow . . ."

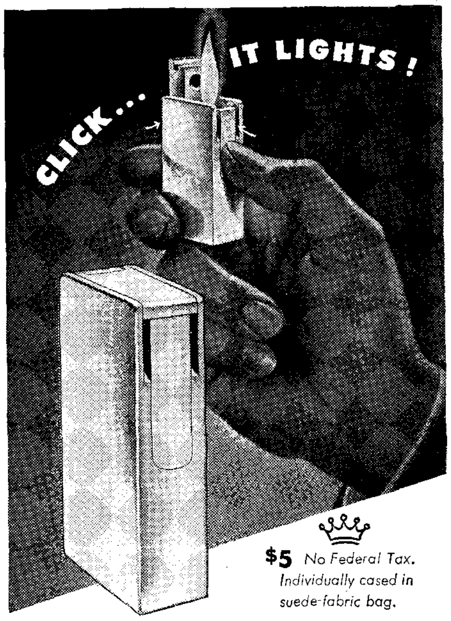
"What young fellow?" I said. "Why don't you let us in on it, too?"

Christian seemed to think it over. He took another swallow of beer and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"It happened last year," he said. "After you've been a guide as long as I have, you figure you've seen them all, but this young fellow . . ." He shook his head. "I still can't make him out. He was around twenty-five, I'd say, maybe a little older, and he'd come up here to Essex to go railbirding with this friend of his. I'd taken his friend—a man from New York by the name of Nevins—out several times the season before. Nevins is a middle-aged fellow with a lot of talk. Not blowing-off talk or anything like that. Just talk. I kind of like him. He's in the advertising business in New York. What the other fellow did, the young one, I didn't find out. He didn't say and I didn't ask."

He reached for his glass and drank again. His Adam's apple moved in his throat. His shoulders are tremendous, packed with muscle, and he made the booth seem smaller than it was.

"Sam Coolidge, who works for me, was laid up with a bad back that week. So when I got a postcard from Nevins making the date for next Saturday, I asked Dan Wiggins, who could be a guide himself if he wanted to work regular, if he'd pole one of the boats for me. Dan said he would, and I sent Nevins a telegram telling him to meet us in front of the post office at nine o'clock on Saturday morning. I sent the telegram collect, the way Nevins told me to. I'd have sent it collect anyway, because what with the way some people make dates and never show up to keep them, I can't afford to throw away



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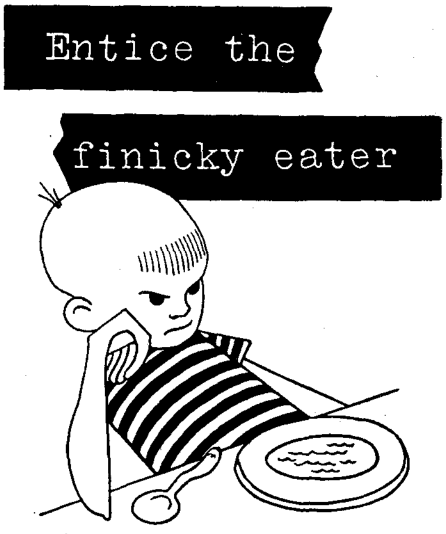

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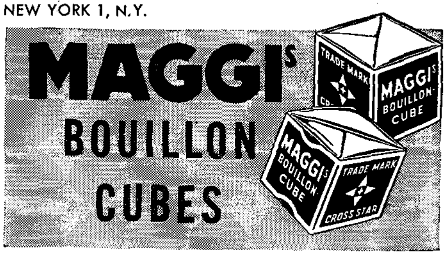

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money on Western Union. I'd be a fool."

"So you would," McCaleb agreed cheerfully. "Western Union does all right as it is."

"Come Saturday," Christian continued, "I picked up Dan in my car and we drove to the post office. Nevins and this young fellow were waiting for us, sitting in a new automobile that Nevins has. They'd come up from New York that morning, Nevins said, starting off around five o'clock. He introduced the young fellow to Dan and me, but I didn't catch the name. He was about five foot seven and husky for his size. He'd just come back from China, Nevins said. I gathered he'd been there in the Army."

"The poor guy," McCaleb said, remembering his own days in China in the Army. "I feel sorry for him."

"What happened then?" I asked.

"We went to the mooring," Christian said, "and I tinkered with the motor of the launch while Dan bailed out the two skiffs and tied them onto the stern. The young fellow helped him bail. After I got the launch started, we went up the river until we came to the part of the marsh where I generally take you fellows. That's where I figured we'd find the most birds. We got there a little after ten o'clock. It was high tide, the way it should be for poling through the marsh. We dropped anchor and paired off. By rights, I should have gone with Nevins, since he was one of my regulars, but he had to have it the other way around. He wanted the young fellow to be sure to get some shooting, he said, since he'd never been out after rails before. Dan took one skiff and poled Nevins into the south side of the marsh, and I took the other and poled this young fellow into the north side. Poling, I was behind him. He was sitting on the stool that's fastened to the bottom of the skiff, and I couldn't see his face. He had his gun across his knees—a 12-gauge Remington pump fixed so it could only hold three shells, according to law—and a box of shells open at his feet. It was the first time he'd ever been railbirding, like Nevins said, but, unlike most of them, he didn't ask a lot of questions."

Christian drank more beer and shook his head solemnly. "God Almighty," he said, "the questions they ask! I've got so that I know what they're going to say before they say it—why do I have the stool fastened to the bottom of the boat, and is it all right to shoot standing up, and was the wild rice always wild or did somebody have to plant it, and how

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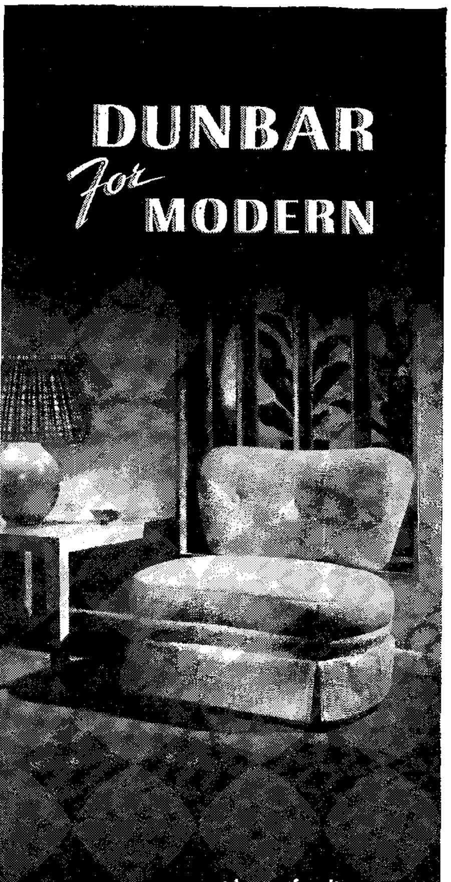

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can they tell a rail when they see one, and more things than you could think up in a hundred years. This young fellow, though, was different. All he wanted to know was how fast the birds flew and how far did he have to lead them. He seemed to know what he was about."

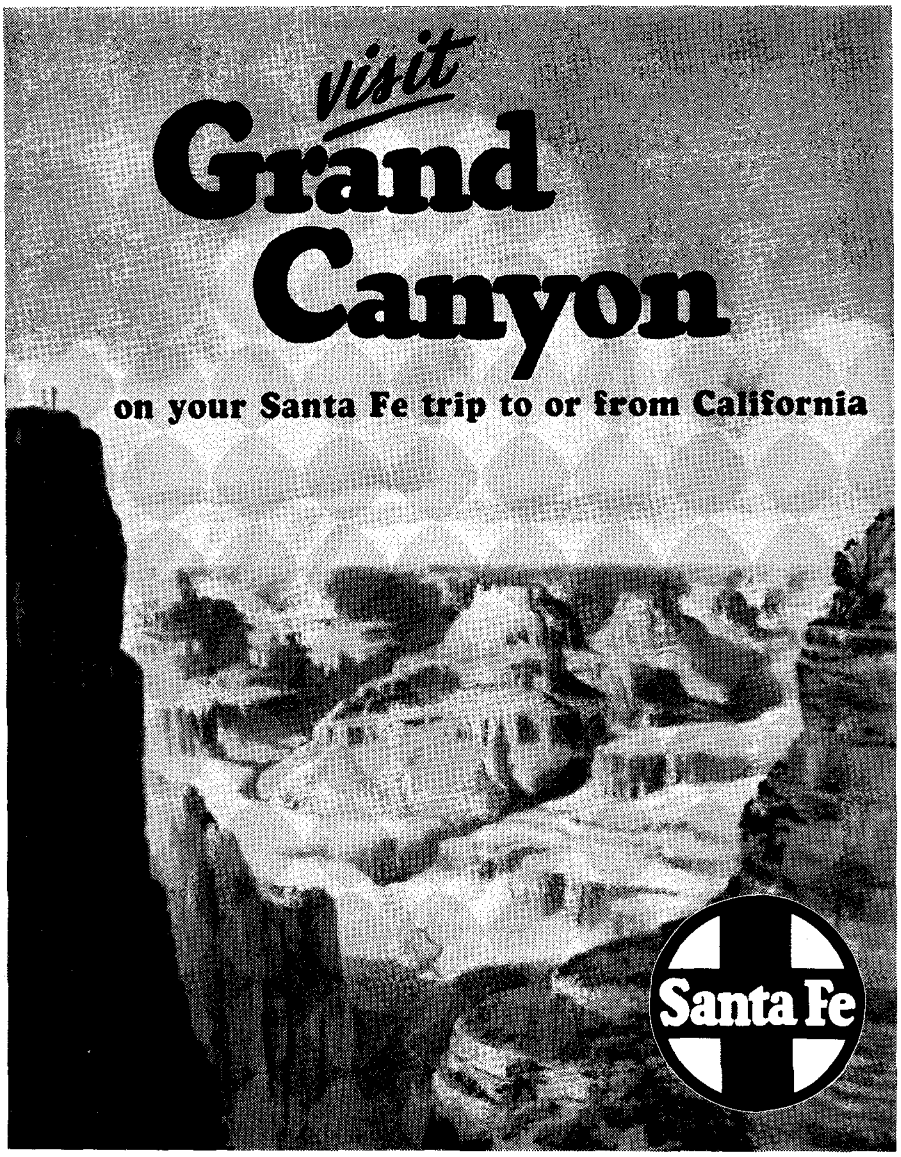
"Did he?" I asked.

"I'm coming to that. Well, soon as I poled the skiff into the marsh, we raised one. It flew out of the reeds about five feet to our right. I called out to the young fellow, but he didn't even lift his gun. 'Was that a rail?' he said. 'I didn't know they'd be so small.' That's another thing they all say the first time—how small the birds are. You'd think that they expected them to be as big as Canada geese. Instead of answering, I poled over to the place where I saw the rail drop back into the reeds. But I couldn't raise him again. You know how it is. They hide in the water with just enough of their bills showing for them to breathe, and you can pole within two inches of them without getting them up.

"It wasn't a good day for rails. They don't fly unless there's some bad weather to stir them up, and last year, you remember, it stayed bright and warm till Christmas. I took a party out nearly every day during the season, and most of them got their limits, but I had to work for them to do it. Not that I minded that—that's what I get paid for, and when a man comes to me to go railing or ducking or anything else, I like to see him get some sport."

CHRISTIAN raised his glass and finished his beer. "I must have poled five minutes steady without raising a bird," he went on. "Over on the other side of the river, in the south side of the marsh, Nevins' gun went off twice, one shot after the other. Rails are not hard to hit once you get on to them, and since Nevins is a good shot, I figured he'd got himself a double. I kept poling, bearing down hard, but I didn't raise a bird. Then as I stopped to rest, one flew out of the reeds right in front of us. The young fellow got his gun up in time and got off one shot, but he missed it a mile. I told him not to lead them so much and started poling again. The sun was hot as summer and my shirt was soaked with sweat. I took it off and poled in my undershirt. We heard Nevins' gun go off several times, but we didn't see so much as a feather to shoot at. It made me feel bad. I wanted my man to get some shooting, too.

"I turned the skiff around and started



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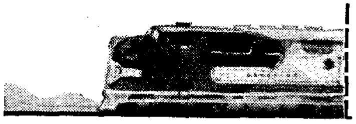

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poling back toward where we'd left the launch, and then we raised another one. The young fellow took so long to pull the trigger that I thought it was going to get away, but he knocked it down with one shot. I threw a float to mark the place where I saw it fall and poled over to get it. It was lying in a little pool of water. I picked it up and handed it to the young fellow and wiped my face with my shirt. Sweat was rolling into my eyes. The young fellow looked at the bird and then at me. Something was eating him, I saw. He put the rail down and emptied his gun.

" 'This is like shooting sparrows from a rickshaw,' he said. 'Let's go back to the launch.'

"Well, damn it, I got sore. I didn't know what the hell he was talking about, but I knew it was the first time anybody ever complained about me in all the years I've been a guide. I'd raised only three birds for him, that I was ready to admit, but it wasn't because I was loafing on the job. That's one thing I don't do, loaf, even if I have to say it myself. Given time, I'd have scared up enough for him to get his limit, even if it had taken me all day. I was so damn mad, and boiling on the inside, that when the king jumped up, I couldn't even open my mouth. He looked big as a rooster—ten times the size of an ordinary rail—and he was so close that I could see a little bit of something hanging from his bill. And there was that young fellow without a single shell in his gun! I thought about old Mr. Morrison in New Haven, who's been coming up here for fifteen years trying to get himself a king—fifteen years, mind you!—and I thought of the other men I know, men who'd give twenty dollars just to have a shot at one. It was enough to make you sick! I bore down on that pole like I never bore before, and

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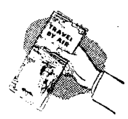

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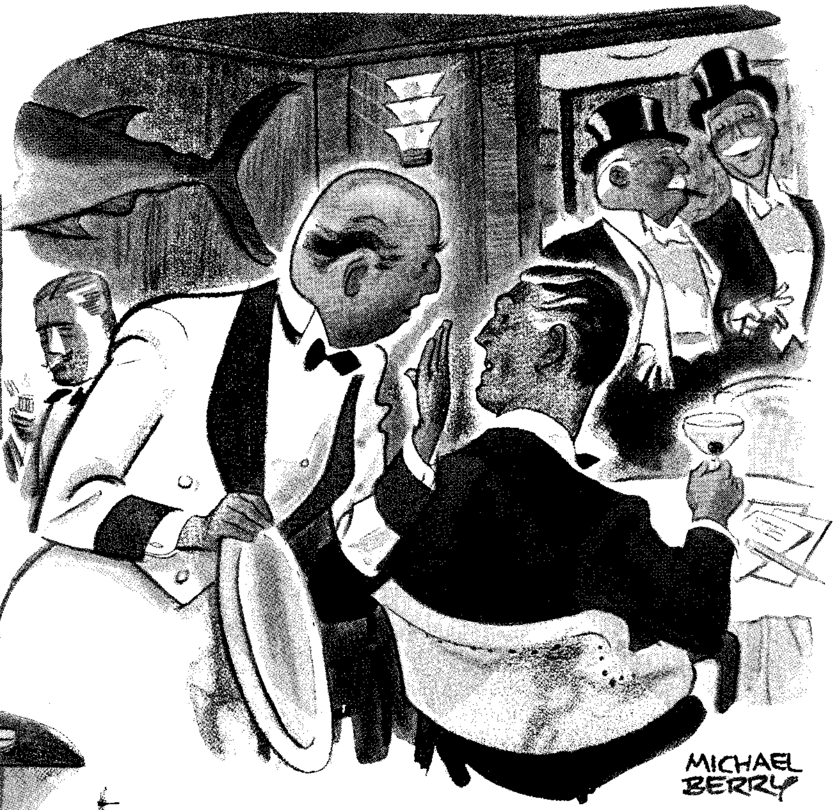
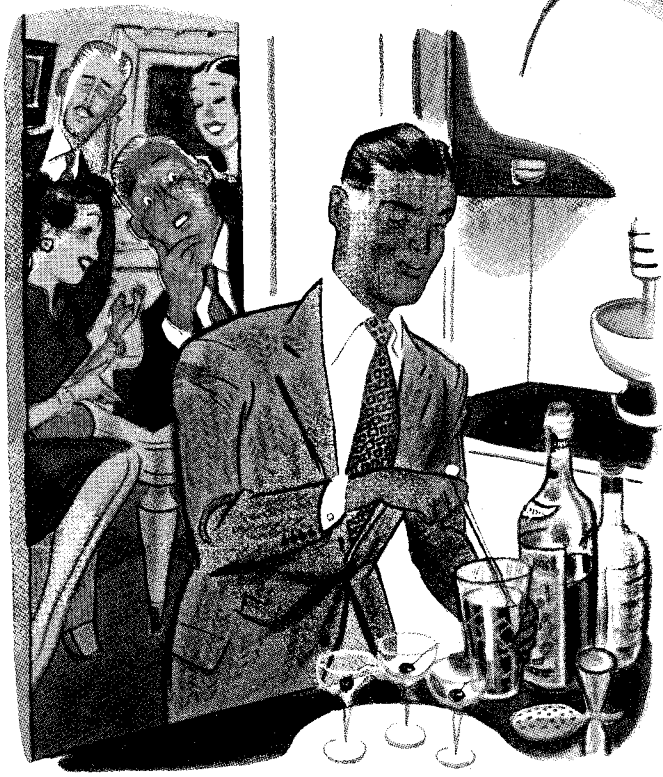

MICHAEL BERRY

Well-known newspaper columnist picks up important inside information at the men's bar of the B— Hotel when he learns the secret of their famous Dry Martinis. Is told they use Martini & Rossi EXTRA DRY *Vermouth.*



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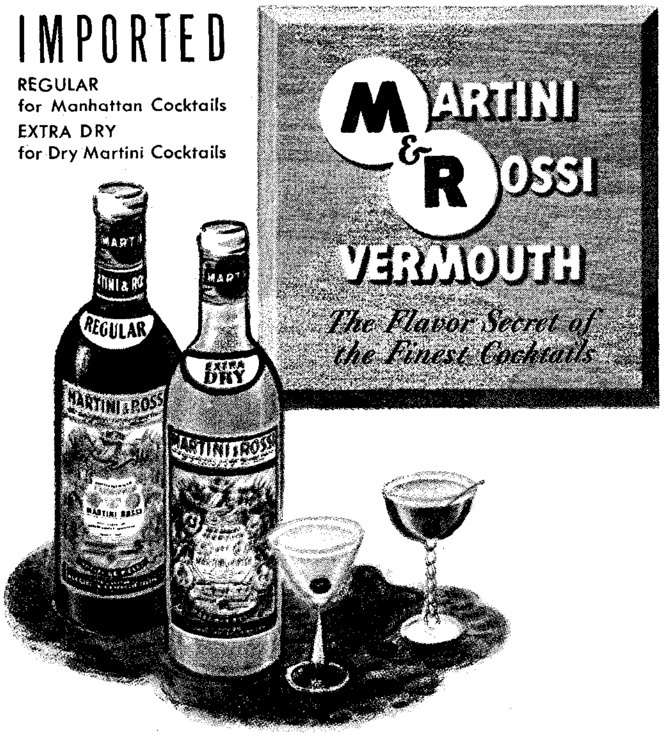
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didn't stop until I had that young fellow back on the launch. Then I poled back into the marsh again. I had to cool off. I was afraid I'd say something I'd be sorry about afterwards."

Christian tilted his glass and drank the few drops of beer that remained in it. "Five or six weeks later," he said after a time, "Nevins came up to go ducking. I wasn't going to say a word about that young fellow, but Nevins seemed to have him on his mind. He said that I got him all wrong. That young fellow didn't like the idea of me working so hard, he said, with him just sitting there. It sounded all right, even though I knew Nevins was just trying to smooth it over, and I was willing to let it go by until he told me that that young fellow said I reminded him of a Chinaman. How do you like that? Me, a Chinaman! Sam Coolidge was with me at the time. Mollie, over there, is his niece. She lives with him and his old lady. He told it to her, and next thing I knew, she'd started this Gung Ho business. Now the kids have taken it up." He looked into his glass to make sure there wasn't any beer left in it. "I guess I ought to be sore at that young fellow still, but I'm not. I'm just sorry I didn't have old Mr. Morrison out with me that day, that's all. I got a letter from him last week saying he'd had another heart attack and wouldn't be able to come up here any more. Now he won't ever get his king. Well, what do you fellows say to another bottle of beer?"

—Hamilton Basso

•

Kindergartner for private school in New York; diploma, early childhood necessary; good salary. Z3110 Times.
—*Adv. in the Times.*

We had an early childhood, but it doesn't bear looking into.

•

In the course of the year the national debt was reduced from $258,682,000,000 to $269,422,000,000. By the end of the year there was little possibility of further reduction of the debt by this method.—*Britannica Book of the Year for 1947.*

Thank God for that.

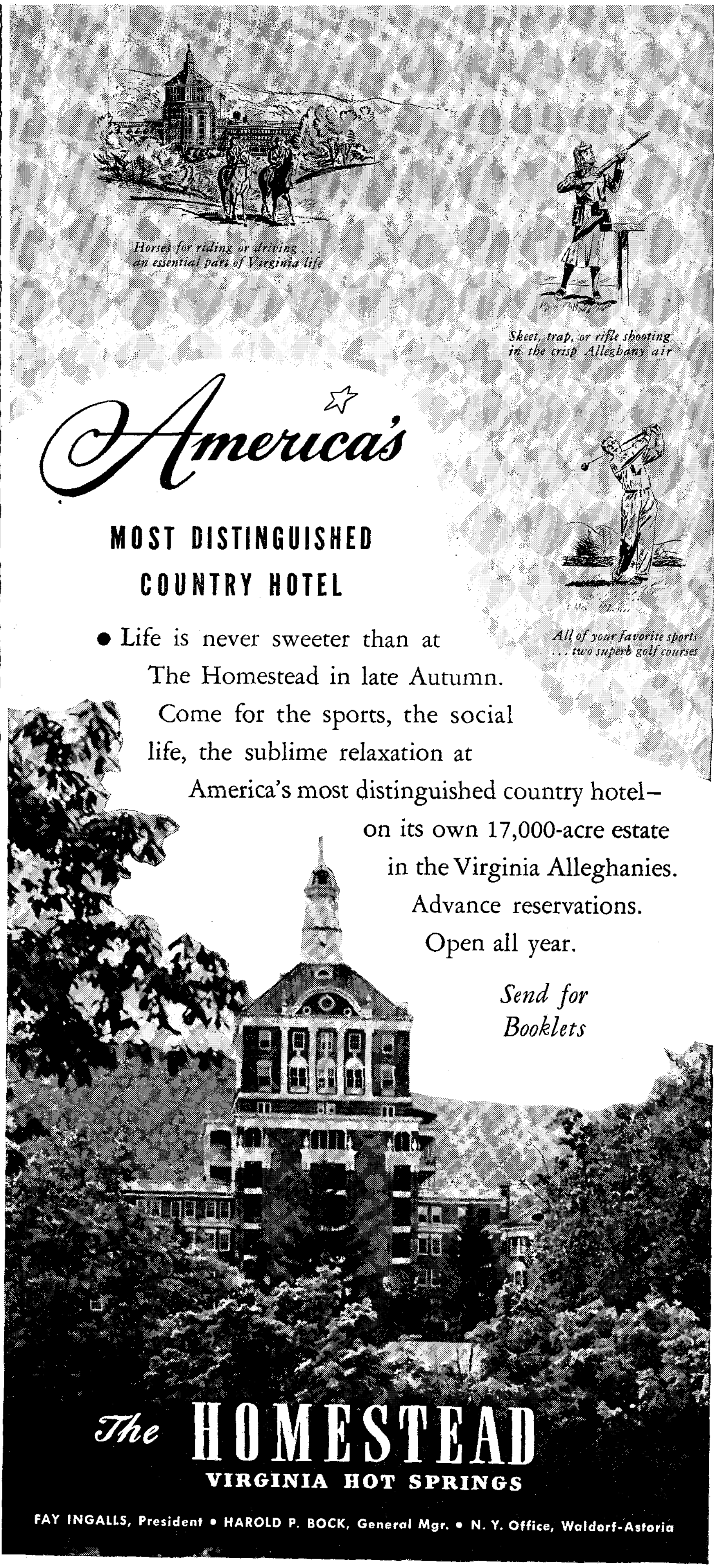
•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "The Bright Passage," by Maurice Hindus*]

. . . he [Thomas Masaryk] fell in love with Charlotte Garrigue, a Boston girl.
—*Page 151.*

The wife of Thomas Masaryk . . . was a girl named Charlotte Garrigue from Brooklyn, New York. —*Page 307.*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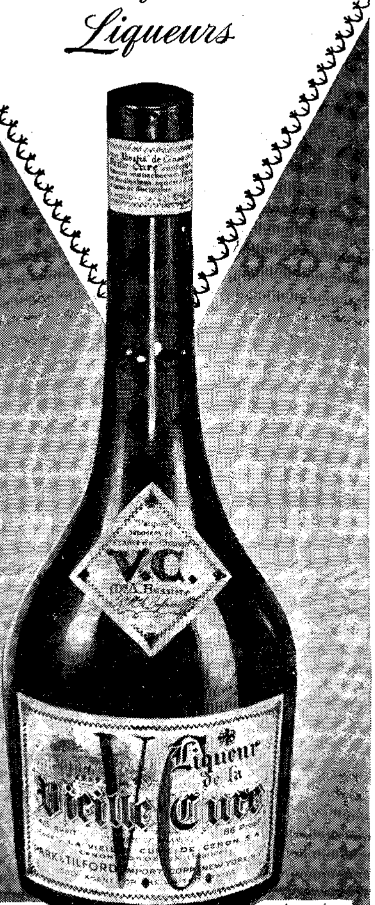

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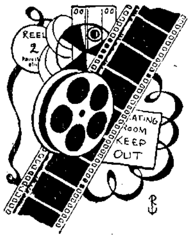
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Come In, Mr. Lang



TYRONE POWER, who last turned up as a pious yogi, in "The Razor's Edge," has reversed his field in "Nightmare Alley," where he portrays the rise and fall of a fraudulent practitioner of telepathy. The picture, based on the shocking and often effective novel of the same title, presents Mr. Power as one of those doomed characters who pursue their awful destiny with the enthusiasm of whippets chasing mechanical rabbits. Such a theme is bound to be episodic and, of course, is just the sort of thing the movies are best equipped to handle, since the freely ranging camera can pile incident upon incident to make a point. I suppose it was hopeless, though, to expect that Hollywood's version of "Nightmare Alley" would be anything but a routine West Coast morality play. At the outset, however, the producers shrewdly get a grip on your interest by intimating that they are prepared to deliver more than they ever do.

The piece is an account of a carnival worker who claws his way up from a second-rate magic act to a white-tie routine in a princely night club. On the way, he manages to double-cross everyone from an accessible lady mind reader to a wealthy loon who believes that his sweetheart, dead thirty years, can be materialized. In fact, the one person in "Nightmare Alley" who never has cause to regret the blandishments of the hero is a fellow known as the Geek. A geek, if you'll permit a small but necessary excursion into the argot of carnivals, is a performer so far gone in alcohol and despair that he can be persuaded, for the sake of a bottle, to entertain the customers by biting the heads off live chickens. It is the hero's dimly felt conviction that someday, somehow, he'll wind up as a geek, and, sure enough, he does, but not for long. In the end, he is saved from this gruesome fate by—you'll have guessed this—the love of a good woman.

After this vague and brief synopsis, "Nightmare Alley" may sound as foolish as most Hollywood scripts. But in the hands of a director like Fritz Lang, in the days before he came to Hollywood, it might have been made into

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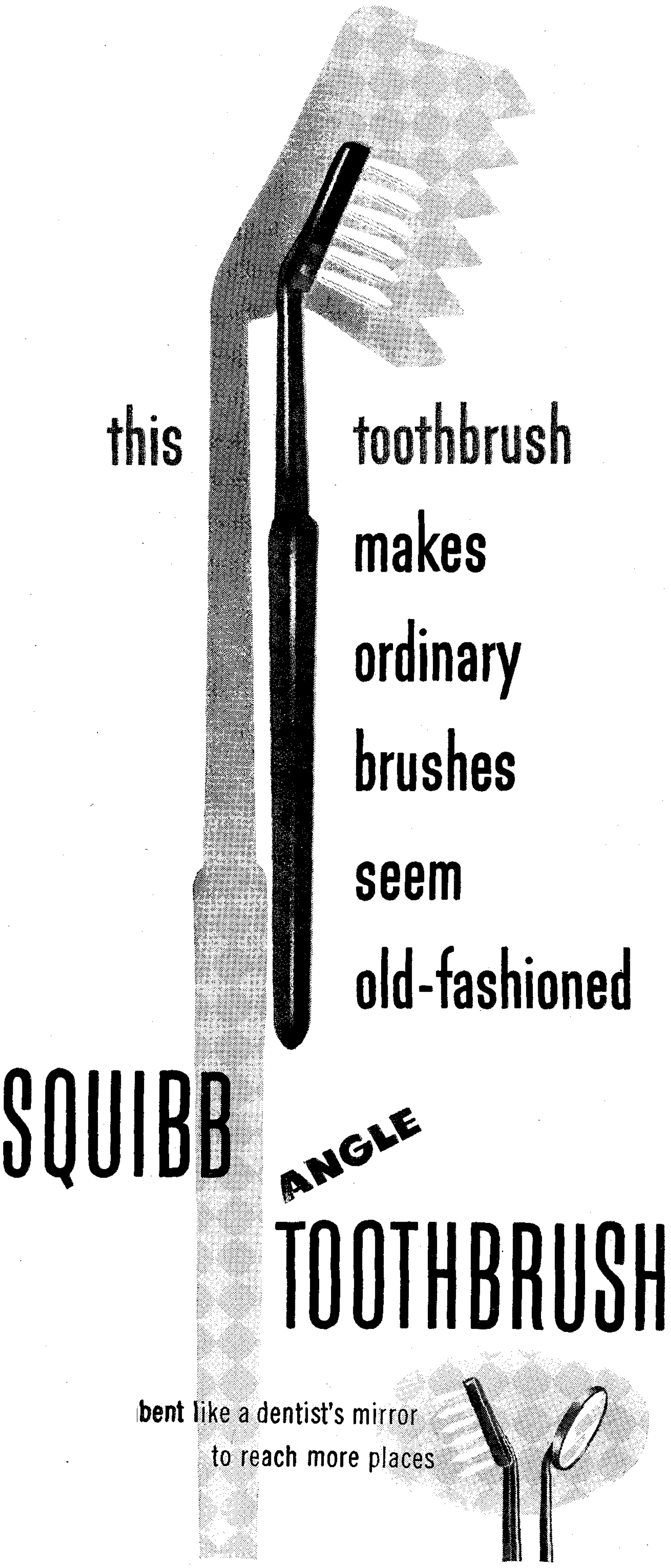
something quite remarkable. As directed by Edmund Goulding, it bogs down after those promising initial scenes I mentioned, in which the life of carnival people is outlined with some imagination. Mr. Goulding's incapacities cannot be attributed, even in part, to the cast that was provided for him. Mr. Power is excellent in the leading role, except when overzealous supervision compels him to establish motivations that he has already thoroughly indicated, and as a victim of his slickness Joan Blondell gives what is probably the best performance of her career. The rest of the cast does right well, too, particularly Helen Walker, as an incredibly beautiful psychoanalyst willing to sell the confidences of the couch for cash. I am still stunned at Hollywood's audacity in attacking a profession that has provided it with so many plots in the past couple of years.

THERE is nobody else, I'm convinced—not even Clifford Odets—who can devise such weird metaphors in movie dialogue as Ben Hecht, and in "Ride the Pink Horse," on which he collaborated with Charles Lederer, Mr. Hecht has let himself go. Robert Montgomery, the hero of the film, says of a lady he does not like, "She has a dead fish where her heart ought to be." This doesn't quite satisfy him or Mr. Hecht, apparently, because he immediately expands the idea. "A dead fish," he goes on, "with a bit of perfume on it." This sort of jabberwocky is not infrequent in "Ride the Pink Horse," which deals with some obscure doings among gangsters in a Southwestern town populated largely by Mexicans who speak standard Hollywood broken English. Mr. Montgomery himself speaks a kind of broken English, using a tongue-tied, infantile lingo to persuade you that he's a very tough fellow. The title of the picture derives from the fact that one of Mr. Montgomery's pals runs a merry-go-round. Simply by giving the heroine, Wanda Hendrix, a ride on the machine, Mr. Montgomery endears himself to her forever. Shall we all head for Coney Island?

"HUNGRY HILL" is an interminable British saga about generation after generation of a family whose affairs could be of interest only to someone mentioned in one of their wills. It was taken from a novel by the indefatigable Daphne du Maurier and shows what happens to a clan that flattens a hill in Ireland in the process of mining the copper underneath it. I was sur-



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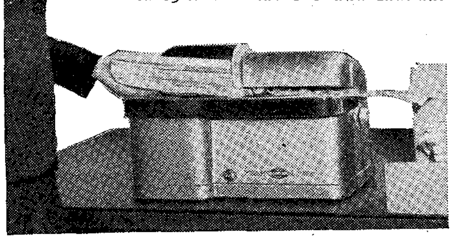

prised to discover that there is copper in Ireland, but everything else about "Hungry Hill" seemed quite threadbare. The gruff old capitalist and his idealistic son, the flighty sweetheart, the resentful peasants, the faithful retainers—all are here, the old, familiar faces. One face among them, though, that should give you pleasure to see belongs to Eileen Crowe, the Abbey Player, who ambles through the part of a maid with all her customary skill.

ROBERT RISKIN, who thought up "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," "Meet John Doe," and other hymns to simple farm youths, has tried to give a lot of rural idiots another big hug in "Magic Town." Even though James Stewart, who is generally fairly competent at jobs like this, is in the leading role, the picture is a profound bore. Jane Wyman plays Mr. Stewart's girl. She's sweet. Mr. Stewart is sweet, and everybody else connected with the enterprise is sweet, except Mr. Riskin. He's pretty sour.

"VARIETY GIRL" is one of those vast Paramount features in which all the people on the payroll participate and which are about as entertaining as plowing through the pages of a fan magazine. Among those who appear in it, so fleetingly that their parts could have been written on the head of a pin, are Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, Alan Ladd, Barbara Stanwyck, Paulette Goddard, Dorothy Lamour, Veronica Lake, Sonny Tufts, Joan Caulfield—ah, the hell with it.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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We say "Bravado" to members of the Alpha Mu chapter of the Tri Kappa sorority.—*Logansport (Ind.) Pharos-Tribune.*

That ought to make 'em think.

•

WASHINGTON—(UP)—President Truman has cancelled plans to attend the President's Cup Regatta at Washington, D.C., yesterday. Instead he'll devote all his time to the problem of raising prices at home and the situation abroad.—*Navy News, Guam.*

Maybe a boat race wasn't such a bad idea.

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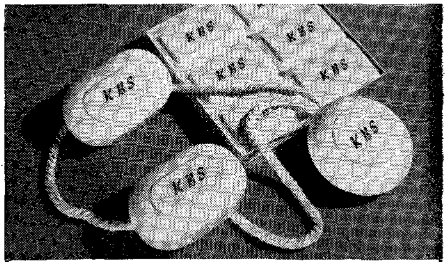

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THE RACE TRACK

Argentine Runner

IN what's left of this waning season, there may be races as exciting as the New York Handicap, which Rico Monte won at Belmont last weekend, but don't gamble on it. As a matter of fact, this two-mile-and-a-quarter quickstep is never dull. Usually, the reason it's lively is that the jockeys lose all sense of pace and distance, and consequently the most extraordinary things happen; three years ago, for instance, Caribou, a jumper and not an especially good one, finished first. It was different this time; the race was exciting *and* cleverly run. When Calvados, a second-rate lightweight—who, by the way, was the hot paddock tip—stole off to a long early lead, nobody tried to catch him. He ran out of speed after about a mile and a half, and at that point Rico Monte took over. Then, a bit farther on, Talon came up and ran head and head with Rico Monte the rest of the way, far in front of the others. Rico Monte and Talon were coupled in the betting, because Horatio Luro trains both, and horseplayers who were backing them were shouting, "Come on, horses!" I daresay Arnold Hanger, who owns Rico Monte, and Richard Ryan, who owns Talon, watched the finish with less impartiality. After all, a purse of $73,700 was at stake.

As I've probably said before, Rico Monte is my favorite Argentine racer. He's the handsomest of the lot, and maybe the best. He has won his last four starts, all major sweepstakes, which isn't bad going. Obviously, Phalanx, who finished third in the Handicap, missed the handling of Donoso, his regular rider, who was laid up with something called muscle spasm, apparently a new occupational ailment of jockeys. If the few who are still faithful to Stymie—and I suspect that they are even fewer since he finished fourth—care to know what I think about him, I'd say that he's fed up with racing. One really can't blame him if he is. He's run in seventeen races this season, and none of them were easy. There were dark rumors before the New York Handicap that he was sulking in his work. These were confirmed when his trainer sent a stable pony with him to the post, a common practice

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when horses are on the fret. It quiets them, horsemen say. Anyhow, Stymie picked up fourth money, which was $5,000. He's earned $759,710 altogether, and still is in second place on the money-winning list.

THERE'S no getting away from the fact—and who wants to?—that Armed ran a wonderful race in the Sysonby Mile, earlier in the week. As I saw it, the celebrated money spinner from Calumet Farm had scarcely more difficulty beating With Pleasure than he had winning that special number from Assault a couple of weeks ago. The only difference was that the two horses ran side by side until, in the stretch, Snyder, Armed's jockey, let up a little on the reins; then Armed simply bounded away. There was one other starter in the Sysonby, Ensueño, but he was so far behind that hardly anyone noticed him. In case you haven't heard, the purse of $18,600 gave Armed a total of $761,500, the world's highest.

AMONG the unpredictable happenings at Belmont last week was the victory of Vulcan's Forge in the Champagne Stakes. Nobody in C. V. Whitney's stable except Kirkland, the jockey who rode the colt, believed before the race that he could do more than run fairly well—and you know what that means. Everyone liked Ready Jack, Phalanx's brother. Well, he finished seventh. Other disappointments were Gangway, who also was out of the money, and My Request, who ran third. And, still speaking of unpredictable happenings, I'm afraid that I can't dance in the streets over the fact that Snow Goose won the Ladies Handicap. After all, she had an eight-pound advantage in the weights over But Why Not, who was second. —AUDAX MINOR

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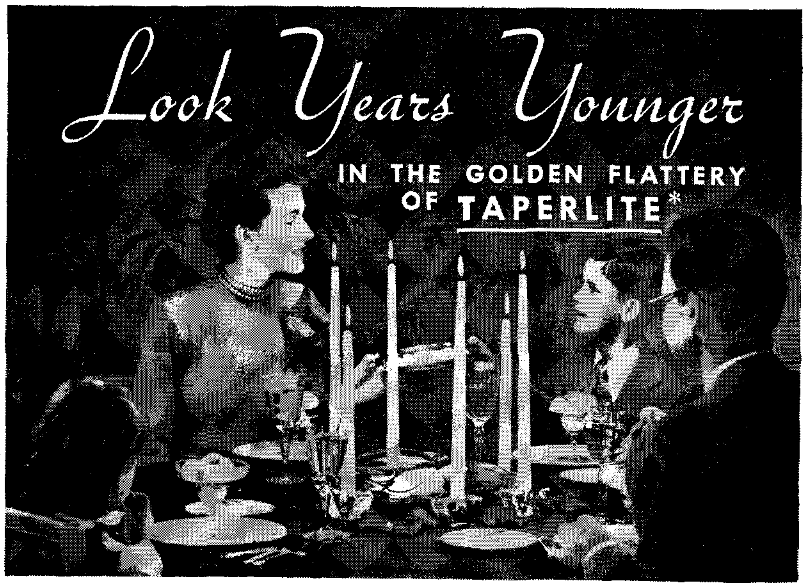
MUSICAL EVENTS

Nothing New

THE Philharmonic-Symphony got its 106th season off to a suave and sonorous start last week with a program of music, for the most part familiar, by Bach, Brahms, Debussy, and Ravel, played under the direction of Leopold Stokowski, one of a string of conductors who will appear with the orchestra this year. The concert, which was the Philharmonic's 4,498th, began in a lyrical fashion with the "Sinfonia" from Bach's Church Cantata No. 156 (a melody you may know better as the "Arioso"), in Mr. Stokowski's own serene and attractive orchestral version. Brahms' Second Symphony, which followed, was projected with clarity and beauty of tone, but a few passages were a trifle more subdued than they should be. After intermission, the orchestra came up with Debussy's three "Nocturnes"—"Sirènes" isn't performed as often as its companion pieces, "Nuages" and "Fêtes," but certainly deserves to be—and Ravel's second "Daphnis et Chloé" suite. They were all executed brilliantly.

LIKE the Philharmonic, the Philadelphia Orchestra, which turned up at Carnegie Hall last week for its first concert of the season, played nothing new (as a matter of fact, the opening week of the semester can be set down as freakish because of its lack of premières), but it did revive three fragments from Alban Berg's "Wozzeck," an opera that probably hadn't been heard, even in part, by many in the audience. When the work was first played here, seventeen years ago, there was, you may remember, a good bit of argument about some of its technical and stylistic features. To some ears, Berg's music was at that time a puzzle, not insoluble but baffling enough. Last week, however, it didn't seem to touch off any furious controversy. The composition is so highly integrated that it's somewhat dangerous to play only excerpts, but these fragments have a sensitivity, a tonal appeal, and a sort of unhurried terseness that won them favorable attention. The reading by the conductor, Eugene Ormandy; the assisting soprano, Gertrude Ribla; and the or-



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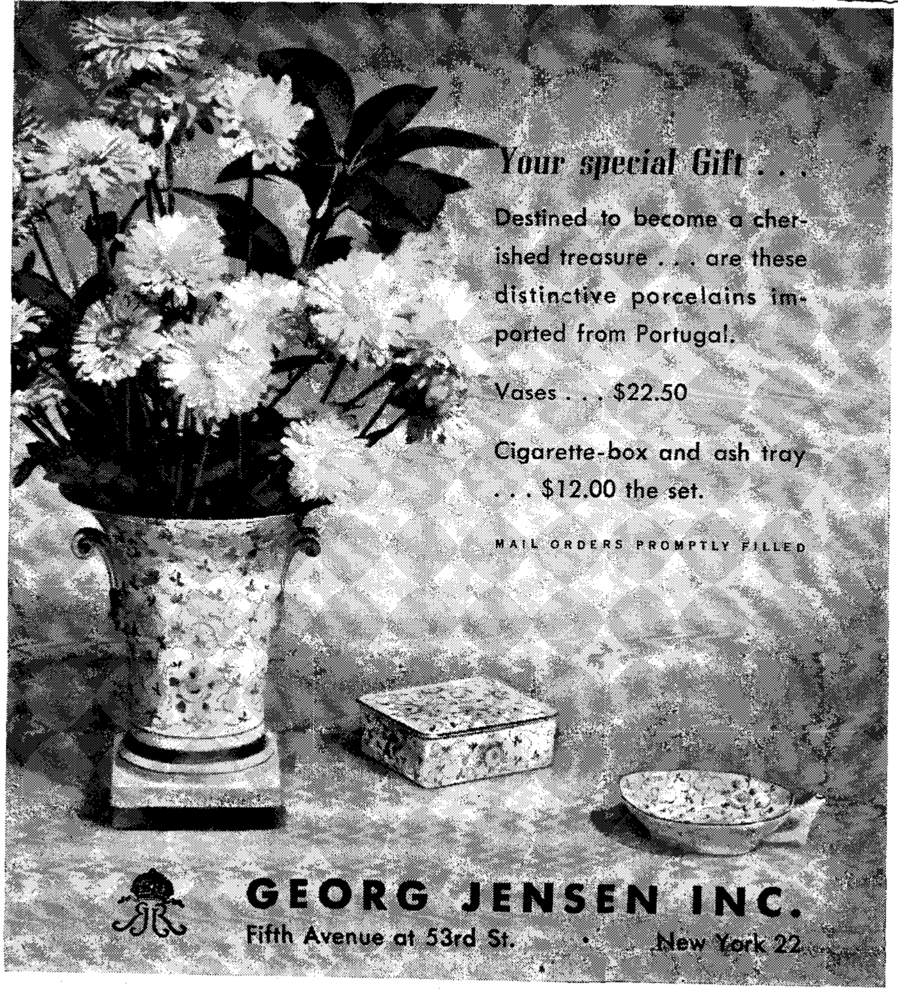

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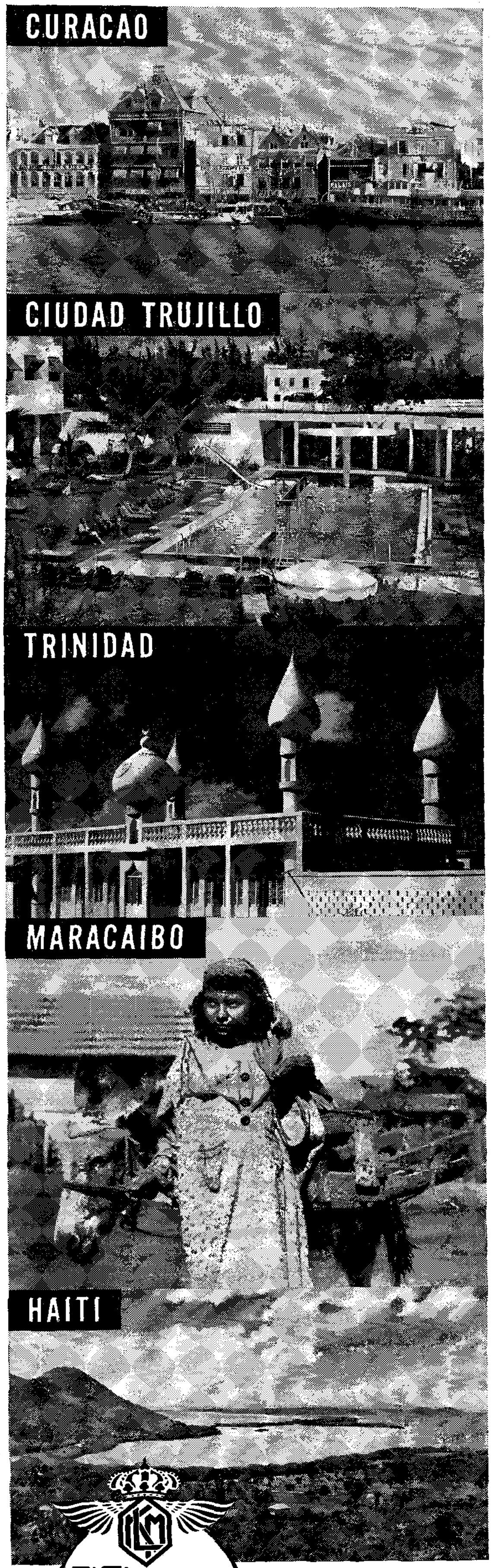

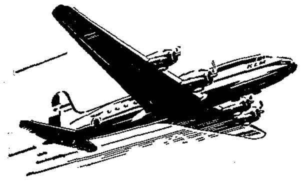

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chestra was as expressive and dramatic as a concert presentation of stage music can be.

In addition to the excerpts from "Wozzeck," the Philadelphians offered Bach's D-Minor Toccata and Fugue, in Mr. Ormandy's effective orchestral setting; a compelling, if sometimes over-operatic, performance of Sibelius's Second Symphony; and Ravel's second "Daphnis et Chloé" suite, which seems to have been the symphony orchestras' composition of the week.

AT the City Center, the New York City Symphony, directed by Leonard Bernstein, devoted its program last week to three pieces by Igor Stravinsky, two of which haven't appeared on orchestral programs here very often. The first of these, "Scènes de Ballet," which was composed for Billy Rose's revue "Seven Lively Arts," moved swiftly and had persuasive dance inflections. The other, a violin concerto that once was considered particularly abstruse, even for Stravinsky (it's another of those pieces that have lost their reputation for complexity), was performed with virtuosity and vivacity by Tossy Spivakovsky, who was the soloist, and the orchestra. The concert concluded with the "Petrouchka" ballet score, which had enormous impact. To my mind, it was the best job of the evening.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

World War III—World War III—World War III!

This sinister repetition in newspapers, magazines, radio, and the conversations of men and women throbs painfully in the worried minds of all young mothers, settling down to anything resembling a normal existence for the first time in their married lives. . . .

These women—mothers who don't belong to any particular group—agree with more voluble clubwomen that some measures must be taken straightway. They admit that anything like refusing sex relations with men—as was done in the Greek play "Lysistrata"—is impractical . . .—*Margaret Elliott in the World-Telegram.*

Well, that's one bridge crossed.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Hempstead (N. Y.) Newsday*]

ST. JOSEPH, MO. (AP)—Dr. Orr Mullinax, superintendent of a state hospital here, is a patient but persistent man.

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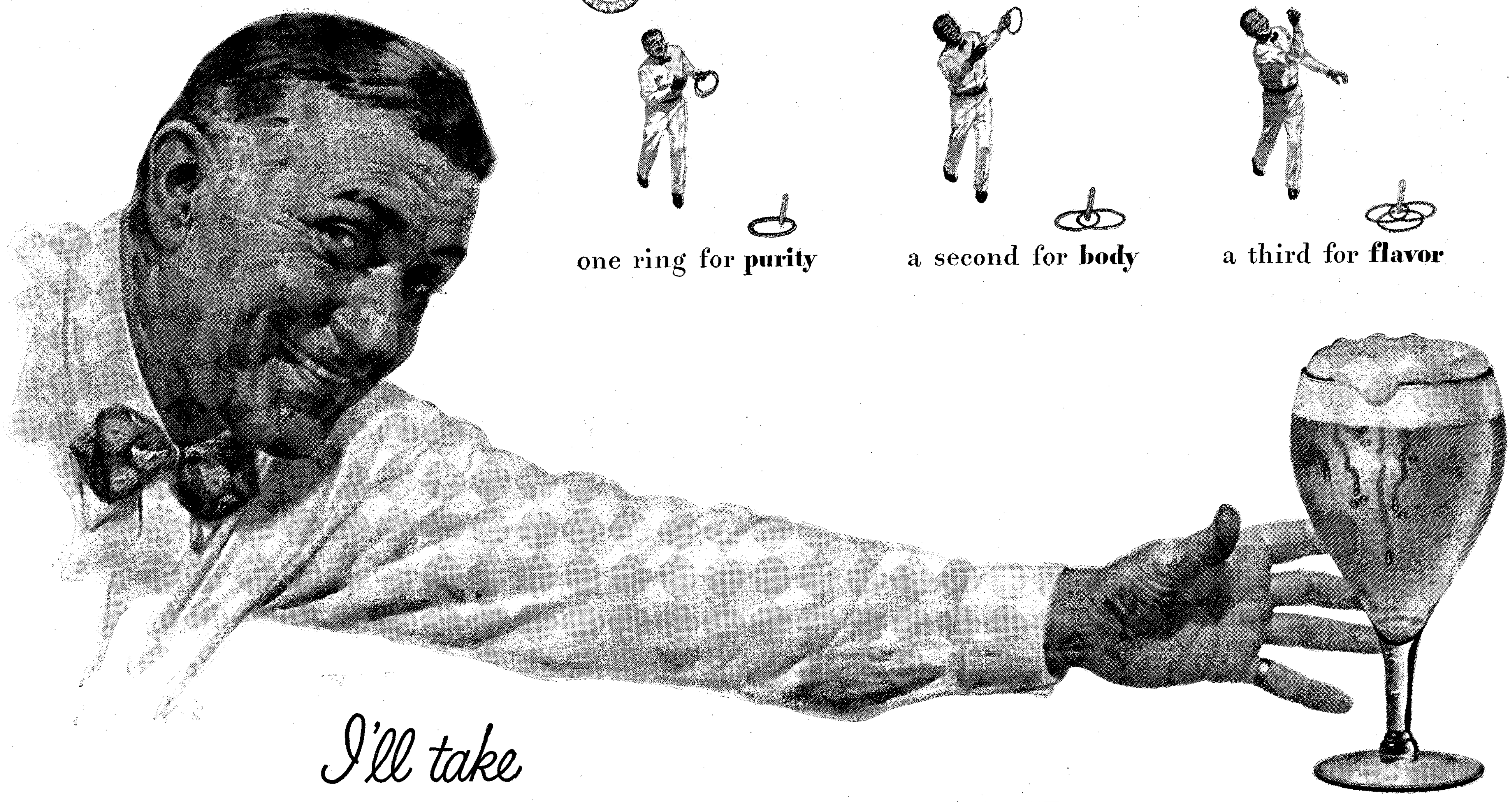

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Something more than bread, butter, and meat are needed, in effect said one whom civilized people, almost the world over, honor as prophet, teacher, altruist, and inspirer of our better selves.

What occasion more appropriate than the twilight hour of the day of the week on which many of us give some thought to his life and words, to feed ourselves on what is beautiful and harmonious?

What place more fitting than Lester Little's Paradise Woods Studio on the beautiful shorefront estate of his aunt, Mrs. C. B. Byron, on the old Hallock property near the Point of that name facing due east to Shelter Island?

Half a hundred of privileged ones from Greenport and Southold were the guests last Sunday afternoon of Mr. and Mrs. Little at the fifteenth annual autumnal recital given since their unique organ with its double bank of keys was dedicated.

The program rendered was based upon the music of Tschaikowski, Rossini, Chopin, Sibelius, Strauss, Coates, and other leading contemporaries. Sonia (Mrs. Kenneth) Thornhill of the Gardiner Bay Estates, East Marion, and New York City, the guest artist of the occasion—an internationally known soprano singer of Estonian birth, captivated her auditors by her gracious personality and delightful voice. It was her third appearance at the studio in the woods.

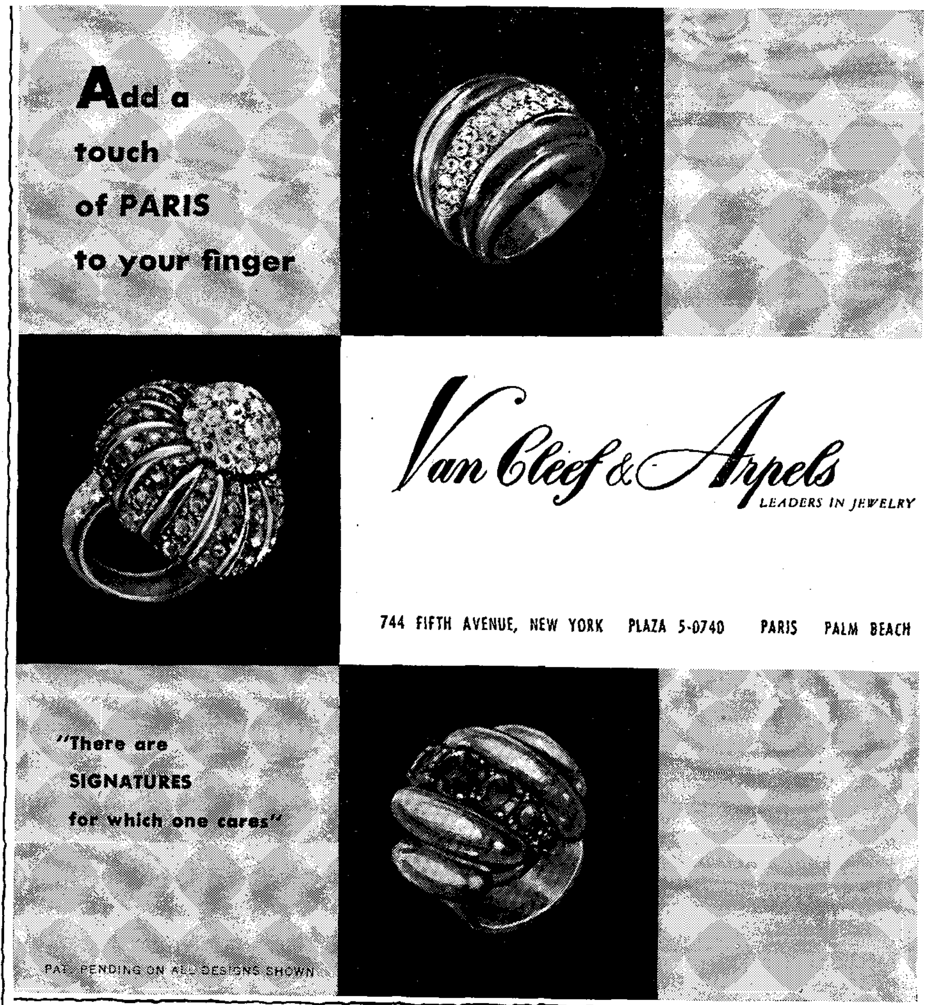
Ruth Langlois (Mrs. Whitney) Hubbard of Greenport, known to music lovers throughout the Island and in the Metropolitan area and the studio organist ever since its dedication in 1931, presided as usual at the keyboard. She was assisted by several young members of her tutelage at Greenport known as the Professional Young Singers Group. These young people have already won the highest rating in the State competition for junior choirs held in New York City. They also gave exhibition numbers in the Garden City Cathedral last June before eminent boy choir conductors.

The program opened with Symphonie No. 6, Widor, and Finlandia, Sibelius, on the organ. Mrs. Thornhill's numbers were Etude, Chopin, and Evening Bells, both sung in Russian. This was followed by Reviews in French and numbers by Eric Coates and Noel Coward.

The Young Singers' Group sang Pearl Curran's Blessing, Deep Purple, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, and numbers by Strauss. The chorus sang in four parts, Panis Angelicus and Inflammatus in correct Ecclesiastical Latin and the Waltz of the Flowers by Tschaikowski. . . .

Mrs. Hubbard's concluding numbers were Chinese Garden and a new Friml number. To new friends of Mrs. Hubbard it may not be amiss to state that she came to Southold village as the daughter of Rev. John T. Langlois and wife. . . .

The atmosphere of the studio was cheery, comfortable, and most homey and informal. With ears attuned to the harmony of instrument and voices, our eyes also feasted on the mural representation of the nearby wooded shore, depicted by Mr. Hubbard serving as a background for the young singers.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BOOKS

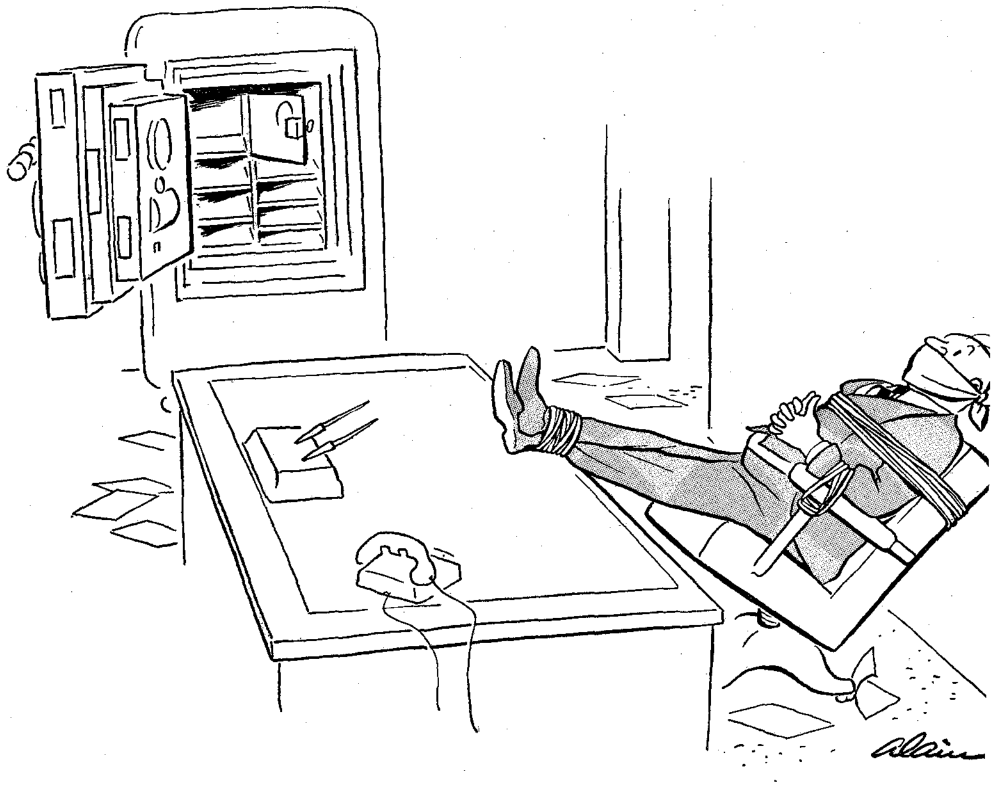
War and Peace

"SPEAKING FRANKLY" (Harper), which is the diplomatic testament of Mr. James F. Byrnes, contains considerable evidence of having been put together in a great hurry, with no more than superficial editing and revision. Perhaps Mr. Byrnes' political critics will say that this gives it an appropriate resemblance to American foreign policy in the fateful last few years, with which the book is concerned. But neither the clumsiness of its arrangement nor the crudities of Mr. Byrnes' diction can quite obscure the historical interest of his revelations.

When Mr. Byrnes returned from Yalta, early in 1945, he believed, like the rest of the Presidential party, that the foundation of peace had been firmly established on the principle of continued collaboration between Russia, Great Britain, and the United States. At the four-hour banquet with which the conference concluded, he had heard Stalin solemnly assert that "it is our duty to see that our relations in peacetime are as strong as they have been in war." If there had been any misgivings about the Polish settlement, they were removed by Russia's ready acceptance of the principle of free elections in all the liberated countries. It was not until much later that Mr. Byrnes became aware that phrases that have one meaning in the English and the American frame of reference may have quite another in the Russian. Mr. Byrnes, of course, was not responsible for any of the decisions reached at Yalta; he was there merely as a consultant. Since he took no part in the actual discussions, he occupied himself by making a stenographic record of them for his own use. (In his earlier days, Mr. Byrnes was a court reporter.)

Nothing in his account gives any substance to the gossip still current in Washington that at Yalta Mr. Roosevelt showed symptoms of mental confusion, as a result of strain and fatigue and perhaps even a mild apoplexy, yet Mr. Byrnes makes it plain that the President was already an extremely sick man. During most of the journey to the Crimea, Mr. Roosevelt stayed in his stateroom, nursing what seemed only a severe cold. From time to time, Mr. Byrnes was, however, troubled about the President's health. At one of the movie exhibitions aboard the Quincy, Mr. Byrnes observed Mr. Roosevelt sitting in the darkness with jaws relaxed and mouth gaping, but Mrs. Boettiger, who saw the same thing, assured Mr. Byrnes that it was merely because of the President's sinus disorder. Admiral McIntire was also reassuring. Washington gossip is still saying, too, that Mr. Roosevelt's death, not many weeks after his return from Yalta, was hastened by his sudden fear that his hope of winning Russian confidence and coöperation by making concessions was unwarranted. Such stories are, naturally, based on nothing but conjecture. Mr. Byrnes does, though, testify to the President's rising anxiety and indignation over Russian political actions in Poland and Rumania. Mr. Churchill, if possibly less surprised, was no less alarmed. Mr. Roosevelt, only a week before his death, warned Stalin that if the Lublin government were installed as the provisional government of Poland, it would "cause our people to regard the Yalta agreement as a failure." But it was already clear to Mr. Roosevelt that American opinion on such matters had become one of the lesser concerns of Stalin; not many days earlier, indeed, Stalin had sent the President an insulting message, accusing the British and American commanders in Italy of conniving at a separate armistice to permit Marshal Kesselring to remove his divisions to the Russian front.

These incidents, and the message about the "Soviet problem" sent to Mr. Churchill by Mr. Roosevelt from Warm Springs a few hours before the fatal stroke, destroy, as the author of this book points out, "the legend that our relations with the Soviet Union began to deteriorate only after his death." In fact, Mr. Byrnes assures us that Soviet-American relations seemed to improve a bit after the accession of Mr. Truman and after he himself was appointed Secretary of State. A conversation in Moscow between Ambassador Harriman, Harry Hopkins, and Stalin cleared the air considerably, and Stalin agreed, on certain conditions, to invite Stanislaw Mikolajczyk to join the Polish Committee. It was because of this that Poland was admitted to the United Nations. The San Francisco Conference, despite the many fundamental conflicts revealed there, seemed, on the whole, a great success. The plan drawn up by the Messrs. Byrnes and



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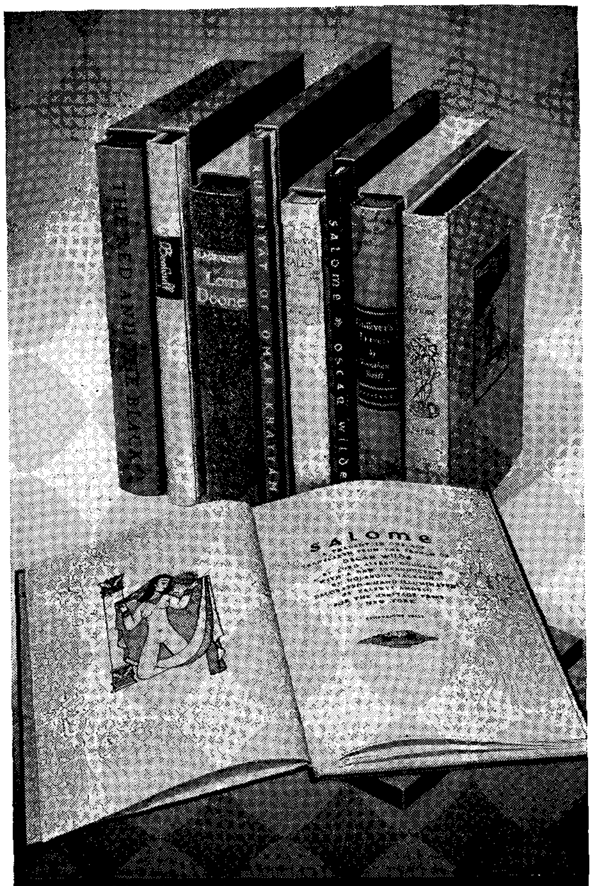

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NYTL-2

Ben Cohen, for a Council of Foreign Ministers to expedite the work of making peace treaties with the defeated nations, was quickly approved by a meeting of the three great powers in Potsdam, and the other agreements made there afforded, Mr. Byrnes believed, "the basis for the early restoration of stability to Europe."

Mr. Byrnes' disillusionment on this point appears to have begun at the London Conference of the Council of Foreign Ministers, at which his education in diplomacy proceeded rapidly under the tutelage of Mr. Molotov. Mr. Byrnes, a seasoned parliamentarian, soon discovered that it was Mr. Molotov's technique to raise incessant objections about questions of no real interest or importance to him in the expectation of extorting further concessions as the price of withdrawing the objections. Mr. Molotov, in a word, made an art of being a nuisance. The conference was a complete failure, as Mr. Molotov may have intended that it should be. The subsequent conferences in Moscow and Paris were no more successful, and at the Paris Peace Conference, Messrs. Byrnes, Connally, and Vandenberg were, says the author, about to perish of boredom and frustration because of Mr. Molotov's quibbles and tactical accusations when they learned, to their consternation, that his remarks were being echoed in the United States by Secretary Wallace. The conference at last adjourned, after having worked out only five of the treaties, with minor enemy nations. Later, in New York, the Council assembled for another meeting, but the checkmating continued. Mr. Byrnes, at the end of his patience and resources, finally told Mr. Molotov that further discussion was futile, and informed the Yugoslav Ambassador that he considered that it would be better to have no treaties at all than to approve any that the Soviet government and its satellites would be likely to agree to. Mr. Molotov then abruptly modified his position, and the proposals of the Peace Conference, after some unimportant amendments, were quickly adopted.

So much for Mr. Molotov's tactics to date. But what are his ultimate purposes, which, presumably, are also Stalin's? Mr. Byrnes believes that he discovered the answer in some documents found among the captured Nazi archives. These documents touch on the Ribbentrop-Molotov treaty of 1939, which was violated by the Germans in June of 1941. Mr. Byrnes thinks that it was Mr. Molotov, and not Hitler,

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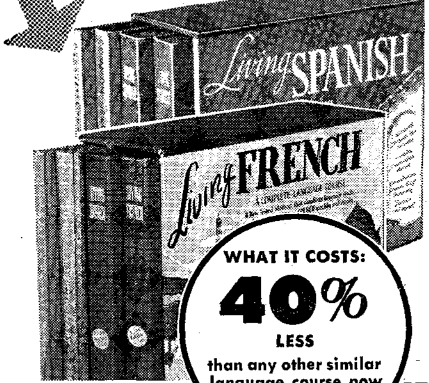

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who precipitated the break. In Berlin, in November of 1940, at the moment when Germany looked her strongest and Hitler was planning the division of the British Empire, Mr. Molotov chose to raise some awkward questions about the presence of German troops in Finland, about the Rumanian boundary, and about the control of the Dardanelles. Hitler answered him irritably and evasively, but Mr. Molotov persisted, demanding explicit guarantees on all three matters, and the Führer became angry. It was then, Mr. Byrnes is persuaded, that Hitler decided to make war on Russia. But of this Mr. Molotov could have had no suspicion, for not long afterward, in a memorandum to Ribbentrop, he repeated his demands and also asked that recognition of Russian rights in Iran and the Persian Gulf be a condition of the proposed four-power treaty between Germany, Italy, Russia, and Japan. Soviet policy under Stalin, then, has resurrected, says Mr. Byrnes, the imperial aspirations of the czars and has added to them, since the war, various other ambitions, engendered by Russia's military success. While Germany and Russia were at peace, Mr. Molotov thought it wise to inform Hitler of these aspirations, for fear of what he might do if the Soviets attempted to seize territory without his permission. Today, the author points out, the Soviets need no one's permission; there is no power in Europe capable of preventing them from taking whatever they want. Only the United Nations, Mr. Byrnes believes, can restrain them, and only if supported by the entire military, economic, and moral power of the United States. —J. M. LALLEY

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

NOTHING SO STRANGE, by James Hilton (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Mr. Hilton's latest work—the Literary Guild selection for November—is hardly a contribution to our permanent literature, but it is a first-class demonstration of how an old hand at slick writing can make fictional use of the atomic bomb. Very simply, it is the story of a crafty young American scientist who, just before the war, manages to throw the Germans off the track during their feverish experiments to develop the bomb. He is in a position to perform this service because of his job as an assistant to a noted German scientist, and his reason for going to the trouble is personal rather than patriotic: the

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German scientist was responsible for the death of his wife. Smoothly written, but very, very flimsy.

Alexandra, by Gladys Schmitt (Dial). A novel about an intense young lady with a great hankering to be an actress. After coming off second-best in a couple of love affairs, with a music student and with a faded actor, in her home town, she heads for New York to make her way in the theatre. A successful career, she believes, will revive the interest of her straying lovers and at the same time bring her a rich share of public admiration. She does extremely well on the stage, but the public admiration she had yearned for turns out to be pretty shoddy, a reunion with the music student is disappointing, and the actor's behavior, when *he* finally reappears, is so depressing that it drives her—in spite of a new love affair, with a painter—to a disastrous end. The plot, as you can see, is not startling, but the author's breathless style makes it seem quite fresh and vital.

Shadow of Heaven, by Alfred Hayes (Howell). The major figure of this novel, by the author of "All Thy Conquests," is a labor organizer who has had all he can stand of the contemporary American scene and his own inadequate part in it. He is prevented from doing anything very spectacular about either one, however, by a grotesque accident that befalls him while he is attempting to extricate himself from a love affair. A sound and disturbing story, marred only by Mr. Hayes' tendency to envelop the labor organizer's reactions to his surroundings in quasi-poetic mist.

The Judge's Story, by Charles Morgan (Macmillan). Another of Mr. Morgan's exasperating double-purpose stories. On the surface, the narrative deals with a wealthy British industrialist's efforts to tempt a retired judge into giving up a treasured copy of "Marius the Epicurean;" underneath, it is intended to represent the struggle between the forces of light and darkness for possession of a man's soul. The judge comes through the test with his principles intact, but, despite the author's sombre hints about good and evil, his victory may strike you as nothing more significant than a hardy Victorian's triumph over vulgarity.

Adversary in the House, by Irving Stone (Doubleday). A life of Eugene Debs, done in the hybrid literary form, part biography and part novel, that the author employed in "Lust for Life," his fanciful version of the career of Vincent van Gogh. Mr. Debs emerges from the treatment transformed into the kind of Socialist and labor leader that would appeal to the members of any women's club—a man whose progress was hampered by a wife who failed to understand him. Banal and disappointing.

The Passion Left Behind, by Lewis Crommelin Masefield (Macmillan). This mannerly story of two ambitious young men fumbling about as minor employees in a modern London publishing house is so nicely fitted together that you probably won't mind the lack of action. The two principal characters quarrel with intensity at one point in the book, and later on one of them concludes, turbulently, that the traditional notion of what constitutes getting on in the world is nonsense. Otherwise, it's all placid, civil going; in fact, even a publisher who markets second-rate books that make money is let off with some very light goring. The author, who was killed in action in 1942, was the son of John Masefield, who has written a preface to the book.

The Wild Sweet Witch, by Philip Woodruff (Harcourt, Brace). A novel, set in the foothills of the Himalayas and covering the period from 1875 to 1938, that deals with the deterioration of the relations, over a period of three generations, between an Indian family and a succession of British civil servants. The British officials, who are uniformly genial and humane, are not particularly memorable, and you may not be greatly interested in descriptions of native dances and festivals, but the author's account of the pathetic entanglements that culminate in the undoing of the third-generation head of the Indian family is unusually exciting.

Zotz!, by Walter Karig (Rinehart). A humorous novel—the Book-of-the Month Club selection for November—about a professor at a Southern theological college who discovers during the war that he possesses the worrisome ability to exterminate animal life in an amazing, bloodless manner. The book, which is mainly an account of the professor's frustrated attempts to impress officials of our government with the wartime usefulness of his strange knack, contains some of the least felicitous

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satirical writing of the season. Illustrations by the author.

GENERAL

ORDEAL OF THE UNION, by Allan Nevins (Scribner). The first two volumes of a history that will eventually take in the entire Civil War era. This installment, which covers the period between the end of the Mexican War and the eve of the Dred Scott decision, is substantial, objective, and illuminated by a lively intelligence.

THIS IS PEARL!, by Walter Millis (Morrow). An admirably straightforward and concise review of Japanese-American relations during 1941, with a minimum of editorializing. The forty-volume report of the joint committee of Congress that investigated the Pearl Harbor attack is the author's chief source, supplemented by related documents and interviews with Japanese prisoners. On the touchy subject of the responsibility for Pearl Harbor, Mr. Millis concludes that President Roosevelt and his advisers followed policies that made the attack practically inevitable, but that they did so only because all alternative courses were intolerable.

GREAT MORNING!, by Osbert Sitwell (Little, Brown). Sir Osbert is certainly taking his time getting through his autobiography; this is Volume III, and at the end of it he is only twenty-one. Still, he never seems to bore himself, and, indeed, his leisurely memoirs, including many digressions into such things as painting, Sicilian acting, the writing habits of English servants, and the personality of Margot Asquith, are very diverting. Everything, of course, is given the fine gloss of the famous Sitwell style.

GALLANT REBEL, by Stanley F. Horn (Rutgers). A chronicle of the Confederate cruiser Shenandoah, a fast steam-and-sail merchant vessel bought by Southern agents in England and converted, with great secrecy, into an armed commerce raider. During her one cruise, the Shenandoah went around the world, destroying Yankee shipping, and capped her career by setting fire to practically the entire New England whaling fleet in Arctic waters, even though the war had ended some months before, a circumstance of which the cruiser's skipper was unaware. The book is based on fact but dressed up here and there with

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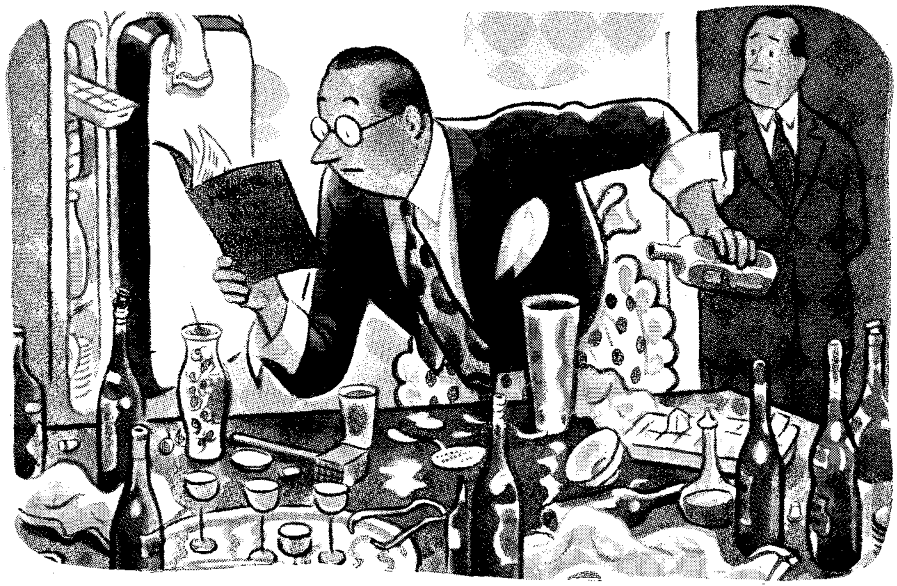

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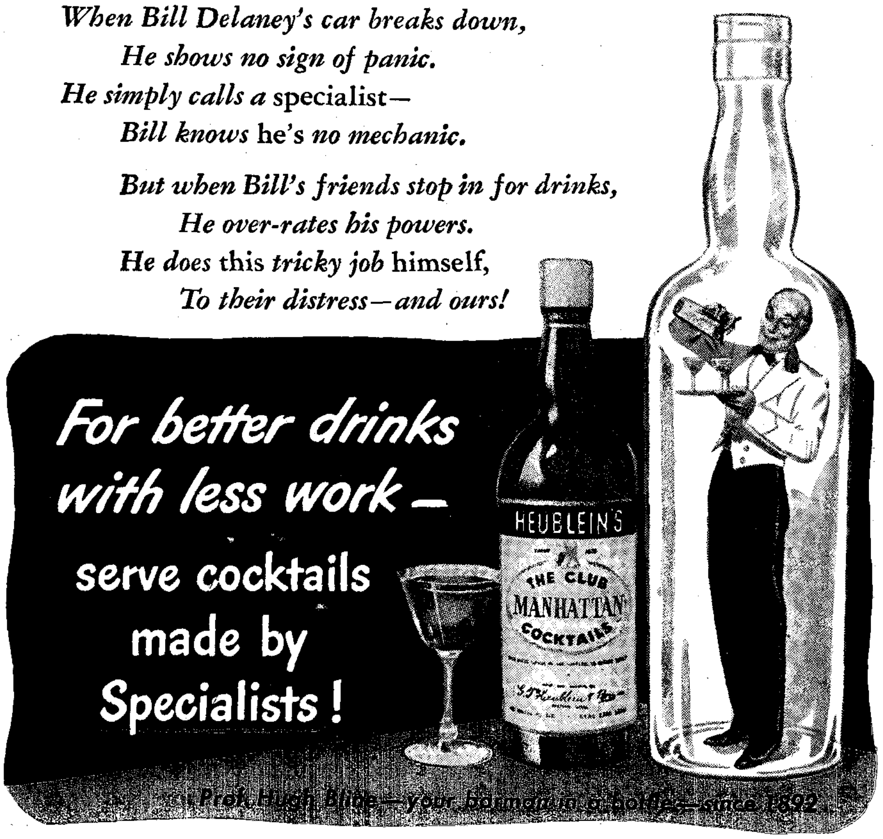
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patently fictional embellishments; the style is that of a book for boys, and, considering the subject, it's quite suitable.

Men of Taste, by Martin S. Briggs (Scribner). Twenty-three pleasantly informative essays on people who have influenced public taste in art, concentrating on men—Charlemagne, Cosimo de Medici, Napoleon, and George III among them—who patronized art and artists, rather than on the artists themselves. Mr. Briggs, an English critic, begins with a necessarily speculative chapter on Rameses II as the first great art patron, and gets increasingly insular as he approaches modern times. He seems to be in considerable awe of royalty; his defense of Prince Consort Albert as an arbiter of taste, for instance, is a little hard to take. The book is entertaining, though, and well illustrated.

Literary Sources of Art History, edited by Elizabeth Gilmore Holt (Princeton). The subtitle of this book, "An Anthology of Texts from Theophilus to Goethe," indicates that it is a reference work addressed primarily to the scholarly reader, but the material it touches on (from the monkish chronicles of the tenth century down through Shaftesbury, Hogarth, Diderot, and other eighteenth-century writers on art) is frequently so fascinating that any serious amateur could hardly fail to be interested, too. In the book, you will find curious, recondite information on such matters as Michelangelo's poems, the form of contracts for religious paintings during the Renaissance, and medieval rules for the construction of arches. Illustrated.

Pavel Tchelitchew Drawings, edited by Lincoln Kirstein (Bittner). A series of forty-eight full-page plates, ranging from 1926 to the present, and showing the development of Tchelitchew's precious but undeniably impressive skill in draftsmanship. A brief, rather high-toned introductory essay outlines the aesthetics of drawing in general.

VERSE

Pencil in the Air, by Samuel Hoffenstein (Doubleday). This book appears, unhappily, at almost the same time as its author's obituaries. Under the circumstances, it is an appropriate obituary itself, since it shows that Mr. Hoffenstein lost none of his expertness as a poet during his long stay in Hollywood. His new poems have all the old technical mastery and other characteristics—the surprise attack, the epigrammatic grimace, the seemingly inadvertent poetic doubletake ("My heart leaped up when I beheld A friend of mine named Katzenfeld"). But the pieces aren't all light; the author included some very sober, and excellent, verse on matters that bother poets and other people these days, along with some mournful and quite lovely lyrics.

Poems, by Tristan Corbière, translation and introduction by Walter McElroy (Banyan Press). A selection from the writings of the Breton poet, whose work, complex and primitive, sincere and harsh, has induced the admiration (and imitation) of modern English as well as French poets, notably T. S. Eliot. Corbière, until his death in 1875, at the age of thirty, conducted a continual rebellion against life's more hypocritical and hideous aspects. The translations are clear and direct.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Voice of the Corpse, by Max Murray (Farrar, Straus). A familiar assortment of English village people, here installed in a place called Inching Round, undergo great nervous strain when the local gossip, a Miss Pewsey, is knocked off by someone who apparently felt that she kept her ear entirely too close to the ground. The police look into the matter, and so does an admirer of a young lady who had received a virulent letter in Miss Pewsey's hand. An easy, expert treatment of the kind of material that never seems to pall on mystery fans.

One More Unfortunate, by Edgar Lustgarten (Scribner). Miss Kate Haggerty, one of Soho's flashier residents, is found in her rooming house hacked up in a manner that suggests the handiwork of a latter-day Jack the Ripper. The trial of a respectable financial man charged with the crime provides the backbone of this thriller, which would have been strong enough without its trick ending. A first-rate job, recommended even for those who dislike fictional trial scenes.

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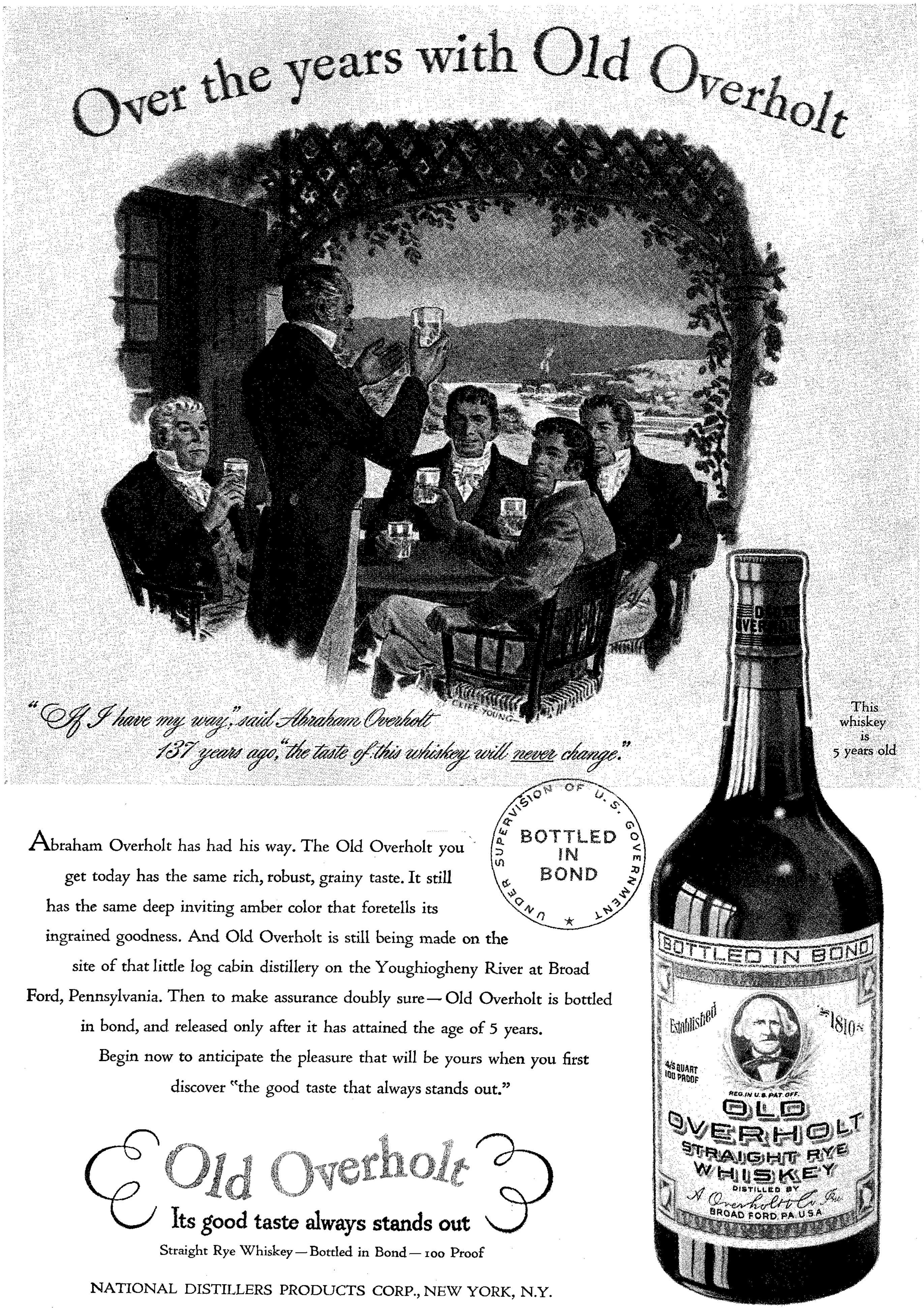
CLIFF YOUNG
BOTTLED IN BOND
Established 1810
4/5 QUART 100 PROOF
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
A. Overholt & Co. Inc.
BROAD FORD, PA. U.S.A.

Over the years with Old Overholt

"If I have my way," said Abraham Overholt 137 years ago, "the taste of this whiskey will never change."

This whiskey is 5 years old

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND

Abraham Overholt has had his way. The Old Overholt you get today has the same rich, robust, grainy taste. It still has the same deep inviting amber color that foretells its ingrained goodness. And Old Overholt is still being made on the site of that little log cabin distillery on the Youghiogheny River at Broad Ford, Pennsylvania. Then to make assurance doubly sure—Old Overholt is bottled in bond, and released only after it has attained the age of 5 years.

Begin now to anticipate the pleasure that will be yours when you first discover "the good taste that always stands out."

Old Overholt

Its good taste always stands out

Straight Rye Whiskey—Bottled in Bond—100 Proof

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., NEW YORK, N.Y.

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